The Murphy Movement and Gospel Temperance

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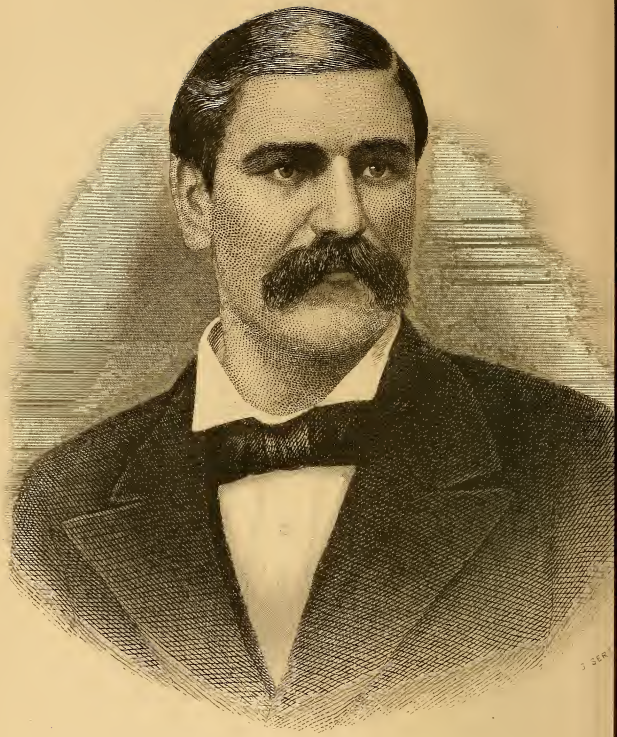

Francis Murphy.

THE TRUE PATH;

OR, THE

MURPHY MOVEMENT

AND

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE RISE, PROGRESS AND WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE GREAT REFORMATORY WAVE NOW DELUGING OUR LAND;

TOGETHER WITH THE

BIOGRAPHY, ADDRESSES, INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF

FRANCIS MURPHY,

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

THE MOST TELLING SPEECHES AND APPEALS OF PROMINENT LEADERS AND HELPERS IN VARIOUS PARTS, WITH THE INTENSELY INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE REFORMED MEN.

BY REV. J. SAML. VANDERSLOOT,

AUTHOR OF "COMPREHENSIVE BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA;" "EXPLANATORY BIBLE DICTIONARY;" "BIBLE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS;" "BOOK OF BIBLICAL ANTIQUITIES;" "NEW AND IMPROVED DICTIONARY OF BIBLE NAMES;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me."—Ps. xliii. 3.

"I have chosen the way of truth."—Ps. cxix. 30.

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TO

CYRUS STURDIVANT,

THE MODEST

HERO AND CHRISTIAN REFORMER,

WHOSE WORTH AND SACRIFICES—THOUGH ALMOST LOST SIGHT OF IN THE MAGNITUDE OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE—HAVE BROUGHT, UNDER GOD,

FRANCIS MURPHY

FROM THE POWER OF RUM TO TEMPERANCE,

AND OF

SIN TO RIGHTEOUSNESS,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS AN ACT OF JUSTICE AND KINDLY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

BY THE AUTHOR.

National Christian Temperance Union

"With Malice toward None, and Charity for All."

I, the undersigned, do PLEDGE my word and honor,

GOD HELPING ME,

to abstain from ALL Intoxicating Liquors as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.

Francis Murphy.

.....

PREFACE.

Great movements have their literature. It has invariably been so. And it would be strange if, in our civilization, the Murphy Temperance Reform should prove an exception. It is not enough that books should be published in support of the holy cause. The popular mind will not rest here. Its special and wonderful achievements must be recorded. The needed truths must be heralded and preserved.

In deference to these reflections this book is sent forth. It has only been prepared, however, in the spirit that should be dominant in every work of life—that of *doing good.* We have had nothing narrower to inspire us. The thought that what Francis Murphy has done, in particular places, both of himself and through his followers, might not be ineffectual in its saving influence among the quiet villages and humble homes throughout our beloved borders, has nerved the writer to his task along many weary hours before daylight and after nightfall. For, let it be remembered, that "The True Path" was written, arranged and completed inside the remarkably short period of thirty days.

After considering this last statement, it will surprise us if errors and defects do not appear. And it will further surprise us if the clear-headed critics and reviewers, at any time, exceed the proper bounds of a commensurate charity in pointing out our shortcomings.

We have had something of difficulty, and expended somewhat of our limited time and means, in obtaining the necessary information. Letters have been written to, and papers received from, various parts, that all the facts of our subject might appear. And not a few gentlemen, who have been most intimate with Mr. Murphy, and other leaders in the recent moral conflict, have favored us to the extent of their ability; but the success we have attained is mainly due to the assiduous aid of our publisher, and the persistent labors and sacrifices we have confronted. To all we freely make obeisance.

In the writing out of Part I., entitled "The Subject as Presented To-day," we did not yet have in our possession the required events for the biography following it. On this account we were urged to consider introductorily such incidental, and more or less important matters, as "Mr. Murphy's Influence," "His Success," "His Difficulties," etc. We assented, to some extent, under the protest of our calm judgment. Nevertheless, as our sole aim is to confer, in our weak way, blessings on our fellow-man, we are willing to fall under any merited condemnation. There are those who may

meekly arch their brows and say they "could have done better." Very likely they could. But let them be harnessed up, for *one month*, under a like burden, and try.

Many facts furnished in this volume have been gathered from Mr. Murphy's lips, by a reporter specially employed, and have never heretofore found their way into print. They have also, in different instances, been properly clothed by ourselves, in such a way as not to mislead—either by undue exaltation or any attempt at their abasement. Thus they are peculiar, and individual property. The speeches we present have been, in cases, solely procured through personal painstaking and expense. They can be found nowhere else.

Not a few of the reformed men, being familiar with Mr. Murphy's reticence upon things relating to his career, have, in looking over some of the advance sheets, been amazed at the fulness and evident completeness of our history of the Apostle's life. They have conceded that it gives every indication of a connected narration of all the circumstances most important to the general reader. And such we believe to be the fact. Certainly we have done all that Mr. Murphy can or will look for, everything considered. We have attempted, at every turn, to hold up the hands of the prophet; and, although not a famous Aaron, we have assumed the role of an unpretending Hur.

Our mind has been no little encouraged by the report

that not a few of Mr. Murphy's friends have ordered many copies of the work, and that they are unreserved in their avowed purpose to regard it as a *vade mecum* in this gigantic campaign.

Finally, we have not written for compensation. This concerns only one—a grain in the desert of life—a drop in the ocean of time. But we have fitted up what we would modestly regard as a "little labor of love." Had our spiritual desires and advantages not appeared, we would never have begun it. We have looked out upon the hundreds of thousands going along in the deep current of sin to the yawning and seething cataract of destruction, and we have thrown out this life-line to them—not without many anxious prayers and tears—in the hope that some, yea, many, might grasp it and be saved. And we have lifted up our eyes and heart "unto the hills, from whence cometh our help," and seen the golden wreaths of eternal royalty waving above them; and have heard the words, so prophetically scintillating through the swift rolling centuries, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

J. SAML. V.

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THE TRUE PATH;

OR, THE

MURPHY MOVEMENT

AND GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

PART I.—THE SUBJECT AS PRESENTED TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MURPHY'S INFLUENCE.

FRANCIS MURPHY is a surprise. Within a comparatively short time he has astonished the whole country. He has effectually gained the popular ear, and almost as readily won its heart. Certainly, his success is unequalled in the annals of reform. No other man has risen so high as a public benefactor, and a real friend of the most degraded and wretched among men.

Thus, already, his influence is wonderful. It is of a most commanding character. Not only do leading men, among ministers, merchants and others—of both great mental culture, and wealth—subscribe

to his plans and conform to all his most reasonable wishes; but his influence extends to every grade and character of our people. It brings thousands of eager and devoted disciples to his feet. It goes beyond the bold and impertinent stare of the public eye, and enters into the privacy and sanctity of the most humble homes. It finds firm anchorage in the shadow-land of family trials, and carries with it the needful balm that issues only from Divine Truth and its association with human effort. It rests complacently in chambers where once sadness, fear and squalid misery held carnival. It establishes the true human helper and friend—though but a pliant instrument in the Omnipotent hand—in the hearts of countless thousands of innocent and dependent ones, far outnumbering the fathers, husbands and brothers redeemed.

The reason for all this is plain. It is in the fact that through his remarkable exertions there has been lifted from priceless souls the suffering of lives more intolerable than any death, and instead thereof the unbounded happiness dispensed that only those long denied it can fully experience. And it is further in the fact that the number of souls so reclaimed and freed are known to be legion.

The speediest and most effective way to the interests, sympathies and affections of an intelligent people, is the salvation of its unfortunates. Great men have often become so by saving the lives of a few hundred or thousand persons. But here is an instance of a man, under God, saving thousands

upon thousands of lives—both for time and eternity. People see and feel this, and are awakened to a sense of what is due such an one.

Nor is this appreciation limited to the immediate fields of Mr. Murphy's labor. His influence is almost equally powerful and far reaching in every community. His name—with his words of kindness and wisdom, and deeds of love—has been well heralded throughout our borders. It seems as if the whole nation of Intemperance and Vice is beginning to fret and heave from the enormous load his skill and struggles have put upon it. And it is plain that Christianity and Morality have been stirred up to the importance of a hearty co-operation with a plan that human wisdom can in no way condemn.

All feel the magnitude of the work now fairly inaugurated. Every atmosphere is full of the movement our hero has championed. The millions are only waiting—and anxiously—to know who, and what, he really is who has been able to so trouble the pools throughout our great social system.

HIS SUCCESS.

As already intimated, Mr. Murphy is a new star in the canopy of our era—a brilliant gladiator in the arena of American life. He is both a leader of great promise, and a general of prodigious victories. His success is assured for the time to come. He has taken firm root in the soil of the whole people. Even now the plant fills the air with the perfume of

its blossoms and fruit. All concede the fact that neither tongue nor pen can do justice to either the worker or his work.

It is evident that more than one million persons have signed the Murphy pledge. Among these is a large proportion of men and women who were slaves to their appetites for strong drink. Not a few were confirmed drunkards and outcasts. This is a glorious record—one that should cause the people in the true path—they of the Gates of Zion—to be filled with pleasure and songs of thanksgiving.

Through this unprecedented success—we may say, this extraordinary share of Divine blessing—the people are largely aglow with earnestness and enthusiasm. There is a disposition on the part of many to yield personal tastes and convictions, and subscribe to anything that will add to the general result. The tendency of the Church is toward more of prayer and labor and faith. And what may we not expect when the hearts of the Christian public are turned, from day to day, toward God—He who redeems more willingly than men receive his inestimable blessings.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS.

One of the things constantly developed in Mr. Murphy's labors is his unfaltering faith. He clearly has his convictions fixed upon the willingness of the Divine Spirit to aid every noble enterprise—especially that having for its purpose purely the elevation into

spiritual life and activity of his unfortunate fellow-men.

He also has confidence in the fact that something of good, however small or flickering, exists down somewhere in every soul—something which can be fanned into a flame sufficient to light up the whole being and fill it with righteousness and truth. He has faith that, hard by the refreshing and enkindling power of the Almighty, on the one hand, and the feeble desires and latent sympathies of the fallen, on the other, there flows a continual stream of salvation; and that a brotherly hand, warmed by a loving heart, may lift into useful manhood hosts of men who have long ceased to look for real friendship upon the earth. He has faith also that even one man, leaning heavily upon Christ, can accomplish more against evil than regiments of men depending solely upon themselves.

Another important feature is his peculiar aptitude at persuasiveness. By this none are harmed by him, in his approaches, or addresses, whilst many are either surprised and impressed, or speedily won to him.

The former method of badgering with inuendos, or even epithets, is disdained. Even the first show of unkindness is studiously avoided. No hostility is awakened in the breast of any one. Threatening is not so much as thought of alongside the better and more potent principle of Kindness—the child of Love—that divine grace and attribute which moves worlds, and heaven itself.

Persuasion is at once carefully and thoroughly employed, adhered to, and held, as the central motive power. Men are taken by the hand. This is the easy and sure way to the heart. And well might religion profit by this, in all its various ecclesiastical methods, while striving for the glory of the Master. There is more hope for the reclamation of thousands in this way than in perhaps most of the denunciatory efforts of the pulpit and rostrum. There is much more of Christianity in the friendly shake of the hand than in many prayers offered. Mr. Murphy not only understands this, but seems to consider that a long and hearty shake of the hand and a short prayer is at no disadvantage over against a long prayer and a short and feeble act of fellowship. He moves toward the erring with a soul running over with a tenderness and persuasiveness that melts them down as effectually as are battalions and brigades decimated before the well-delivered leaden hail of an entrenched enemy.

Thus, where there has been no desire for reformation he excites it. No matter how mean in appearance the man may be, he, the champion, grasps his hand and says, "My brother, come and assert your manhood! Come! You shall be saved!" And he comes—for a ray of hope, for the first time, touches the darkened soul.

There is also presented to us in the man the very essential elements of personality—giving shape and even solidity to a sweeping popular enthusiasm. There can be no doubt as to the possession of this

in a most extraordinary degree. He is at once captivating through his gift of eloquence, his most admirable earnestness, his impressive manner, his delicacy of feeling, his robust and enduring physical organism, and, withal, his singularly magnetic presence. All regard his personal appeals as irresistible, and calculated to thoroughly imbue his hearers with the same spirit by which he is himself moved.

Thoroughness is seen, too, in all Mr. Murphy does. His mind not only expands, in proportion to the demands of his soul, in the great movement, but his plans and their fulfilment are distinguished for precision and effectiveness. Nothing is done loosely or carelessly; not a man is allowed to escape him, if in any way adapted to the work. Is one a good speaker; has he an important and telling experience; has he been distinguished among the intemperate, or frequenters of the drinking saloon, or grogery? At once he is pushed to the front, constrained to tell his sad story and its rejoiceful sequel to the thousands, and then sent into the field to imitate the great leader in urging the necessity for, and value of, Gospel temperance.

Often men have signed the pledge, and then walked away from philanthropic workers, as if all was done that it was possible for them to do. That act ended, the signer was left to himself, and a world of snares and false friends. No interest was taken in them, and they were not encouraged to keep their solemn pledge by subsequent words or efforts.

Not so, is Mr. Murphy's work done. Men are clothed, fed, employed, encouraged, and drilled to faithfulness. Thus appeal after appeal has been made to the public. The leader himself has gone to private homes soliciting apparel for his converts. His self-sacrificing devotion has driven home to the great public heart the fact of his genuine humanitarianism; and the community of rum-venders and rum-drinkers have silently bowed their heads before him.

One other peculiarity requires, at our hands, a few reflections. It is that of a deep, personal experience. This has made Mr. Murphy bold, strong and shrewd. It is the band that encircles his soul, and whatever of gifts and graces he possesses. He was saved from a terrible end. His redemption released him from the worst of foes. His tender nature and sympathies were caught up by the power of the Holy Spirit. His prayers carried him from a familiar degradation to peace and happiness in believing. His very cruelties to others, especially the objects of his love, brought to him a more persistent interest and affection in their behalf.

Through this last characteristic, Mr. Murphy stepped out not only upon the broad platform, and into the pure air of universal manhood, but—as by an unseen impetus—began to ascend the heights by which he might more perfectly measure his privileges and opportunities, and from which he might call to him those of like perils and misfortunes.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MURPHY'S DIFFICULTIES.

It is well that the world has its generous and noble natures which press beyond the narrow confines of the cynics and fault-finders—a class seldom pleased with anything unless they do it themselves, although eager to enjoy the good opinions of others. It is well that there are men who consider and remember their duty to God and humanity; who are willing to be held up to the contempt of some so that others may be profited, and who are ready to endure as good soldiers, for the honor of the name of Christ. It even seems well, also, that there are at times difficulties before such valiant defenders of truth, by the overcoming of which we are led to know that the wisdom of man is as foolishness before Him who gives to all their talents, and whose spiritual gifts and blessings are greatly above the highest advantages of a carnal nature.

Thus are we brought to ourselves. Thus does God humble the lofty and instruct the despised. And thus, while we see hundreds of the most learned and skilled from distinguished "Alma Maters" pass through lives full of golden opportunities, without acquiring a name beyond the slender fields of their professional or business engagements, we are now and then amazed at the splendid acts of such as have risen from obscurity and disadvan-

tages—as have asked no mercy of the proud wave above the surface, and yet transcended them all.

Few persons, having such obstacles before them as had Francis Murphy, ever conceive of, or attempt, great popular movements. Fewer still meet with any respectable success in the attempts made. They who succeed, however—and especially who do so signally and continuously—must be great, find them what and where you will. God reigns among men, and no one can accomplish such results, unless he is a chosen vessel—having the peculiar characteristics of mind and soul most essential, however they may be hidden from human ken.

It is neither an easy nor common thing for men, having the advantages of influence and education, to rise to prominence in our large communities. But for men to come from the depths of debauchery and the prison house, and without so much as an ordinary mental outfit, and then hew their way up to a place alongside the ablest and most distinguished of our citizens, is truly marvellous, and demands our attention and respect.

It may be objected by some, that such men are only great, because they meet the tastes, views, feelings and training of the crowd. Be it so. The most distinguished of our countrymen, generally, in all departments of usefulness, have become so by consulting the requirements of the masses. Great minds must bend to those around and beneath them, or their very greatness becomes a source of reproach. Truly popular men are more surely great than those

who despise the opinions of the world, simply because of a consciousness of their superior personal attainments.

There is a greatness that the schools cannot give —that the most exquisite preparation cannot procure—and that rises in intrinsic merit and importance above all mind culture. It is born, and is somewhat of a rare production. It has to do with the soul.

Education might have raised a mind and soul like Mr. Murphy's high up among the people with but little effort. But then his usefulness might have been thwarted. Difficulties make some men all the greater—often much more useful. His strength is seen more prominently in the indifference with which he treats the very qualification held to be so essential. He doubtless knows of his misfortune—if such it be—perhaps, feels it for the moment; but then led, as by a superhuman impulse, and a keen appreciation of his duty in behalf of suffering and erring humanity, he springs forward, appeals pointedly to men, catches their ears, wins their hearts, and holds them till he slays the enemy of their souls; and then anoints and bandages them for their new existence.

The questions have been recently asked, "Whether men, having little more than dissolute lives to commend them to the public, are the proper persons to be recognized as leaders in important public movements?"—"Whether wickedness should be made a vestibule to popularity?"—"Whether those of offen-

sive antecedents should not be kept upon the stool of repentance for a goodly season, and held at a discount in matters of general interest?"

In answer to such inquiries, we scarcely know what to say. We would not utter anything having the appearance of unkindness in it. And yet we feel a deep sense of indignation in an attempt at their consideration. We regard them as an impeachment of the common-sense of our people generally. Yea, more!—they seem to be an arraignment of the government of God among men!

When our Lord called Saul, the "chief of sinners," He did no more than He is doing to-day, both in the Church and out of it. And when He does so call, shall men shake their heads impiously and declare that wickedness with Jehovah is at a premium?

We will use a homely illustration, and urge, that there are very many tame crows sitting cozily and lazily upon the fence, which are only innocent of the decaying carcass of sin because it did not lie within easy range of their flight. Perhaps if they had tasted it, they would enjoy more of active usefulness; would desert their complacent and self-important habits; would entertain more charitable opinions of the world around them; and would more actively and truthfully engage in the great conflict of life. The worst sinners have been made so by the very soul qualities that—once subjected to the light and heat of God's Spirit—make them the best and most noble Christians.

Again, we think it is no reflection upon the educational interests of our day to say that sound, practical sense flourishes most outside the range of our more prominent schools of learning. Nor do we violate the sentiments of the most experienced of intelligent Christians, when we say that about the worst men in the Church are those who sit in judgment over others—following simply their own uncharitable opinions, and seeking to punish accordingly—taking the whole business out of the hands of Him who hath said, "I will repay."

INFLUENCES AGAINST HIM.

These have evidently escaped the attention of Mr. Murphy. From remarks recently made by him, it is certain that, in his hurried and resistless labors, he has not seen the indifference and obstacles set up by various influences, the moral support of which he should have had.

We would first direct attention, under this caption, to the secular press—that most notable power in the direction of either interesting and arousing the people, or checking and neutralizing public movements. It has to a considerable extent exercised remarkable caution in this entire temperance warfare. The reasons for this we can well understand. Its interests have often been at stake. It has perhaps done all we could reasonably expect. But we are quite sure it might have done abundantly more, had it assumed the independence char-

acteristic of its course upon many other subjects. In numerous instances in the Middle, as also in the Eastern and Western States, it has yielded its favor grudgingly, and as if from the merest compulsion. To these, of course, there have been not a few honorable exceptions. We know of none which have been outspoken in their opposition; yet many have failed in any moral support.

Mr. Murphy has not given this his attention as others have done. And he has been sincere, doubtless, in his declarations that the newspapers were able to render him helpless at any time. But we cannot for a moment believe, that Francis Murphy, in the hands of the Blessed Spirit of God, could be made helpless, although the combined efforts of newspaperdom were levelled squarely against him. At second thought, he will agree with us in this particular. But Mr. Murphy is kind. He hits at no one except to favor. He knows the power of the press, and is even grateful for its silence, where it has avoided support. But there are thousands throughout our nation who will hear of the kind words of the orator in regard to the press, and then conclude that he said all he could say from the kindly swellings of his soul, and could risk little or nothing more.

There are able and noble men in the great editorial fraternity of our country; those who are eager to support every good enterprise; who have rejoiced down in their hearts at Mr. Murphy's success; and who doubtless have sympathetically watched the

tide of general favor, as it rose up wave after wave around the champion, and then dashed from the centres and strongholds of the movement and washed over the suburban, and more remote districts, controlling and converting thousands. Some of them have given full reports at times, and uttered no word of disfavor. But in numerous instances, it is commonly reported and accepted among the people, their influence has not been what might and should have been.

In addition to this, some influential religious newspapers, in various parts, have thus far largely failed in their support of Mr. Murphy. What shall we say of these, after the foregoing remarks? If the secular press has been at fault, what have the Church papers not done, which, by their silence or covert thrusts, have been in the way of the good work? They seem to have forgotten that Temperance and Christianity are of the same household—having the same Author, and Father, and divine relationship; that they live and labor together; that they are united by indissoluble ties, upon which their lives equally depend; that unitedly they go out upon the great mission of alleviating human misery; that they are heaven-appointed, and Jehovah-instructed, for the lifting up and sundering of the network of sin; and that with the trials and misfortunes of one, come suffering and confusion to the other. They are both as needful to the success of every Christian Church, of whatever name, as air and water are to the sustenance of the human body.

The Ministry in our cities has done good service by taking Mr. Murphy and his converts by the hand, and giving them countenance and support. The leader has invoked the help of the watchmen in Zion, and has received it. His gratitude therefor has been unbounded. Yet there are those who have antagonized him in his great work. What their reasons for such a course have been, we cannot understand. Evidently they have seen that the power of the Almighty is freely on the side of a weak vessel—one heretofore full of ignorance and sin. Because, perhaps they are unable to shut their eyes to this last feature, they forsooth resist Him by whom all victory is assured. They appear to turn away from every true and just impulse of a religious nature, and shield themselves behind the false dispositions and tastes of a depraved and flimsy social world.

A WARNING.

A few sentences may well be employed here as notes of warning to such of the ministry as hold in disfavor the Murphy enterprise. For years, not a few of our churches have become cold and negligent of the more responsible duties resting upon them. Thus, in our large cities and throughout the land, the Standard of Christ has frequently been lowered under a system of theological training, recognizing more the doctrines of men—and the need of a successful defence of views, involving the peculiar tenets of certain religious systems—than the high

and holy doctrines of God. We have watched the conflict for some time between human philosophy, and the wisdom of the Divine Spirit. Logic, controversy and schemes have resulted freely from our late methods of seminary training, while the unction from above—so all-essential to true Christianity—has been neglected.

Under such circumstances, God calls from the ranks of the debauched and uneducated, the men who, through His power, accomplish as much in a few short months, as professedly able ministers do in a life-time. Evangelists, brought up under the rays of the eternal sun, are suddenly sent out. They charm and electrify the people, and reflect the truths of the gospel abroad into their hearts. They become the whips in the hands of God, by which the Churches are punished,—or, rather, the goads by which the organized and regular means of salvation are incited to better and greater efforts. Therefore, it is not becoming or wise for those in the pulpit to question, criticise and deny the correctness and expediency of such labors as have recently startled us.

We recognize all good as from God, and especially the kind that carries the Gospel to the crowds, and Christ to the hearts of the people. The feeble and foolish declaration so frequently put forth, that there is no permanence to such efforts as have distinguished Mr. Murphy and his co-laborers is not only erroneous and evil in effect, but contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. It is ours to do all we can for the common good—to preach all of the truth—to

lose no opportunity of conferring blessing upon every condition and degree of sinners. Even the method is, we apprehend, of minor consequence—so that we violate no plain law of Scripture. God will take care of the balance. If we, in good faith, save men for a season from sin, it will secure us as much reward, as if the dews of God's grace, and the Sun of the inner heavens had watered and warmed them all through life. It is not ours to consider the permanence of the thing, or to sit in judgment over times and circumstances which have not transpired, any more than it is right for the farmer to refuse to put his crops into the earth because he believes there will be a plague or a drought. We are commanded to plough, sow and water. We are to leave the increase with God. The duty—the labor—belongs to man; the result belongs solely to Him who knoweth all things, and whose wisdom in not given to another.

CHAPTER III.

PREVIOUS TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

Before considering the Gospel Temperance Plan of Mr. Murphy, it may be well—for the information of the reader—at this point, to consider, as succinctly as possible, the history of the various temperance movements in our own country.

In the year 1651, by direction of a public meeting, the town of East Hampton, L. I., arranged itself

against drunkenness, and a little later limited the amount of liquor to be sold. In 1676 the Legislature of the State of Virginia passed a prohibitory act. In 1700 steps were taken at different points against the use of liquor at funerals. In 1777 the Continental Congress urged upon the State Governments the prevention of "the pernicious practice of distilling grain." In 1789 the first temperance society was formed in Litchfield Co., Conn. In 1794 Dr. Rush advocated total abstinence. In 1797 a religious opposition to the use of liquors made its appearance among the Methodists, Presbyterians and other sects. In 1805 the Philadelphia paper makers formed a temperance association. In 1808, on account of the alarming increase of drunkenness, a Union Temperance Organization was effected in New York. In 1811 reform began in Philadelphia. In 1813 was organized the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Intemperance. In 1825, the advocacy of total abstinence again became somewhat formidable. In 1826 the American Temperance Society of Boston was organized; shortly after which societies sprung up everywhere throughout the country. In 1827 medical societies declared against liquors; religious assemblies declaimed against them; and prominent advocates of total abstinence appeared. Before the close of 1827 two hundred and twenty-two societies were formed, having thirty thousand members. In 1829 one thousand societies existed, and one hundred thousand men were pledged against liquors. In 1831

there were twenty-two hundred local societies and one hundred and seventy thousand members, and the question of license was pressed to the ballot. In 1832 the Secretaries of War and the Navy of the United States substituted coffee and sugar for liquors in the forts, camps, garrisons, navy yards and vessels. In 1833 meetings were general; the first regular total abstinence society was formed; a Congressional Society was organized, with General Cass as president; and the number of societies had increased to five thousand having a membership of one and a quarter million. In this year, also, the first National Temperance Society meeting was held at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. In 1834 the General Government sanctioned prohibition. In 1837 a prohibitory law was offered and defeated in Maine, and Neal Dow began to be conspicuous. In 1838 several states passed stringent liquor laws. In 1839 Mississippi passed a "one gallon law," and Illinois a local option bill. This year news of the work of Father Mathew, in Ireland, reached our country and caused great rejoicing among temperance people. On July 4th, Boston held a Cold Water Jubilee. In 1840 six inebriates inaugurated "The Washingtonians" in Baltimore. The effect of this society was marvellous. Reformed men arose everywhere. Two of these visited various States and obtained thirty-four thousand signatures. The supposition is that one hundred and fifty thousand pledges were obtained from this movement.

A great work began in 1842, in the organization

of the Sons of Temperance, the influence and power of which has continued until the present. In addition to this the Order of Rechabites was introduced from England, and gained considerable favor. John B. Gough, the eloquent, began his labors of reform also during this year. In 1845 the Templar Society began its existence. In 1846 Maine secured a prohibitory law. During this year the Order of Cadets of Temperance was originated, and was followed by the Good Samaritans in New York. In 1848 New Hampshire and other States obtained prohibition. In 1849 Father Mathew landed in New York, through whom was founded the present Total Abstinence Brotherhood. In 1852 the Maine law had its birth. In 1853, a World's Temperance Convention was held in New York. In 1856 the American Juvenile Temperance Society was formed. In 1859, the total abstinence society, called the "Dashaways," was organized by four young men in San Francisco. In 1860 the Temperance Flying Artillery was instituted in Chicago. In 1865 the National Temperance Society was begun, with Hon. W. E. Dodge as president. In the same year, the California Temperance Legion, and Maryland Abstinence League appeared, and Congress excluded liquor from the capitol and grounds. In 1866 the Pennsylvania State Temperance Union was started. In 1868 the Friends of Temperance was begun in Virginia. During the same year the Young Men's Christian Association became first identified with the temperance movement. In 1869 the Ladies

Reform was organized in Ohio. In 1871 Total Abstinence Catholic Societies were formed. In 1873 the Women's Crusade in the West came into prominence, and soon developed into the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In 1875 two National Temperance Conventions met and effected considerable legislation. In 1876, at Independence Hall, a grand International Temperance Convention was held. Since this, and especially during the present year, much has been done through the evangelistic efforts of D. L. Moody and others. But nothing approximating to the present movement has ever transpired in this, or, perhaps, any other country.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS CURRENT.

The Murphy plan is a new one—not theoretically, or even, perhaps, practically, but—in its arrangement, methods and scope. Heretofore, the alarming increase of intemperance, debauchery and crime has given rise to much of serious thought and effort on the part of prominent Christians and Philanthropists. No stone has been left unturned in the search for a remedy; no expenditure of treasure spared in attemps to shield the weak and helpless; no influences withheld from the devotee of the poisoned chalice looking to his liberation from the fangs of the serpent within it. There has been much of anxiety, counselling, and debate, as well as labor. And, as any one would readily conclude, there has been an

endless variety of opinions as to the most proper and effectual course to pursue.

On the part of a great number of persons, legal enactments are the only hope for any permanent or thorough success. The infliction of severe penalties upon all who become intoxicated is esteemed by them the sure way to an abandonment of the evil. Having failed to overcome the great combinations formed by men who traffic in alcoholic and malt liquors—and in wretched, undone souls—and fearing any further attempts against those of the "first cause," in this national evil, as fruitless, on account of the support and protection secured by legislation —they have turned upon the poor creature of his appetite, and would add inhumanity to misery; in other words, using the legal phrase, they would liberate "the party of the first part," on account of his strength of purse, and his hold upon the good-will of the crowd, and visit his act upon one who is scarcely a "particeps criminis"—but little more than a poor dupe. In a word, they would kill the tree by lopping off its outer twigs.

Many others would go further and deeper, in their onslaughts upon the evil, and would cut at the trunk of the tree, and, if possible, sever it from its roots. They would war against the tavern and saloon keepers, and, through ceaseless struggling at the ballot-box, and with our law makers—securing most stringent limitations and barriers, or, further still, a prohibitory law—would annihilate the "middle-man." Their purposes transpired in the Murphy

awakening, and have fairly come to the surface at this stage of the movement. They denounce the seller, as a blot upon society's face, a moral leper in the community, a disgrace to our age, and as one of the worst, and most to be despised of men.

Between these warriors in the cause of prohibition, and Mr. Murphy, there is considerable variance, if not dissension. Mr. Murphy claims—and he speaks from his own experience—that there are thousands of men in the liquor business who have engaged in it because of a seeming necessity; that they have good heads and hearts; that they are capable of becoming ornaments among men; that they are not degraded down in their souls; and that they are no little sinned against in having hurled at them the opprobrious epithets of prohibitionists.

Therefore, while the one side would resort to unrelenting and vigilant legal means, the other would take the purest and broadest spirit of our Christian religion, and aim at the convictions. The prohibitionists carry in their hands the law. Mr. Murphy—disgusted with the moral faithlessness and pusillanimity of law makers—has seized upon the Gospel. Of course, our sympathies are with Mr. Murphy. We believe—yea, we know, from no little of association with Christians—that when the law fails, the Gospel most effectually triumphs.

We cannot agree to the assertion that all who traffic in liquors, are the worst and most despicable of men. Their business is enormously wicked, doubtlessly, on account of many things belong-

ing to, and growing out of it. But the dealer does not so regard it, and is often blind to the injury he does to the cause of God and of humanity. He often does not see the terrors of drunkenness, as they appear in the lives and the families of his customers, and even in the prison-homes of his victims—unless, indeed, he becomes the victim himself. This was the case with Mr. Murphy. Then, when he accidentally awakens to his true situation, he is appalled; his soul is stirred; he abhors the life consequent upon his nefarious pursuit; he catches at new desires; he seeks the only guidance known to man, and humbly falls down before God. Thus it was, also, with Mr. Murphy. And before the prohibition school can fasten upon the average Christian heart its views and claims, and make believe that the liquor venders are a worthless, God-forsaken body, they must hide away the double character of Francis Murphy, the liquor-seller, drunkard, and prisoner, and Francis Murphy, the hero and champion of the grandest temperance reform that has ever visited the centuries.

Far be it from us to attempt to elevate the business of the men who contribute more than all others to the misery of our race. We could not do it, and would flee the very thought. But it is always God-like to elevate men. It is well to degrade the thing that is evil; it is error to degrade the men that do evil. Lift up Christ in all things; and in obedience to His plain teachings, do good to all men. Never hate, despise or condemn, while the blood of the

atonement is sufficient to make as pure as wool the crimson-dyed sinner.

AT THE ROOTS.

There is yet one other class of temperance men. They maintain that it is necessary for us to go beyond both twigs and branches and trunk, and dig out the whole tree—roots and all. They object not only to the license system *in toto*, but are opposed to the distillation and brewing of liquors, and would have severe measures against their manufacture. That this is striking at the roots of the evil, none will question. But effort in this direction, under our present system of government, would seem like endeavoring to dry up the sea by drainage. Our legislators are, to a considerable extent, not only patrons of the tavern-keepers, but dependent upon their favor for a continuance in office. They know—many of them—that if it were not for the interests of rum they would never be allowed to fill their positions; that it is by the way of the bar, and the toddy, they have come—and that everything aimed at these is, to them, a deeply personal affair. How can they break faith with their only friends? We can understand how this would be suicide with them, although they fail to see how the suicide would be a great blessing to the public.

In this connection, we cannot but remark that the present method of holding elections, in many of our cities and populous districts, at hotels, tav-

erns and little groggeries, is an outrage upon Christianity and morality. We care little for the plea that our laws require such places to be closed on election day. The compromise is perhaps an improvement upon the old system, but is only a slight concession on the side of the evil. What was done publicly is now only done privately. No amount of excuse can justify it in a single instance. It would be more profitable to the tax-payer either to have small buildings erected for the purpose, or to remunerate families, having reputation for temperance, for the use of their homes, than to continue a means by which the friends of *in*temperance obtain dominance in local government. For we remember that these make fifty per cent. of our insane—sixty-five per cent. of our paupers—seventy-five per cent. of our murders—eighty per cent. of our criminals—ninety-five per cent. of our vicious youth—and send one every six minutes into a drunkard's grave, or nearly one hundred thousand precious souls a year!

How shameful, then, that our ballot-boxes—designed to be kept sacredly pure—are frequently placed in the houses whence vice, corruption and drunkenness proceed—where the fiery fluid that steals away reason is freely dispensed—where the most profligate and malicious in the community spend their hours—and where there is every incitement to fraud, riot and murder. And to such points Christian Ministers, and all honest and good citizens are compelled to go, if they would exercise the right and duty of franchise! Compelled to

breathe an air vitiated by the peculiar odor of the still product, as well as by the many hot breaths, alike poisoned by rum, cheap tobacco and profanity.

We fancy it would be prudent for the intelligent women of our land to operate loudly and boldly against this evil—in view of its possible effect upon their fathers, husbands and brothers—before seeking to tread themselves—with ballot in hand—the miserable purlieus of the spots where revelry is most unblushing and degenerate.

How can it be otherwise than that liquor dealers and their friends should feel themselves to be the true custodians of the voice and will of the people, while such things are permitted to continue? How can we be surprised at the power of rum in our midst, and the inability of men to overcome the influence of organized distillers, when our highest privileges as citizens are at the mercy of the retailers of the fiery stuff? How can we expect anything else than legislators, councilmen, and aldermen and magistrates of corrupt and bacchanalian sympathies and tendencies?

By all means, then, let the influential classes who are opposed, both to the license system and the manufacture of liquors, go consistently to work, and strive for a divorce of rum and the ballot-box, before looking to the offspring of these—our legislators—for a destruction of the foundation of the whole fabric of King Alcohol. They have been trying to legislate against the distiller and dealer for over half a century and have steadily failed. More

rum is consumed in our country now than ever before. Perhaps, if these extremists had pursued the course referred to, their cause might have been victorious long since.

All parties holding to the various opinions considered have done something of good—must have contributed somewhat to the success of sobriety among us. But they have fallen short, doubtless, of their ability in the premises. Not a few, of our wisest and clearest thinkers, have admitted that none have proven themselves equal to the demands of our times.

CHAPTER IV.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Murphy has been thoroughly convinced of the weakness and ineffectualness of the methods heretofore resorted to. Another must be sought. He, himself, had failed of reformation before invoking the aid of Divine power. Herein was the successful way. It was the true path to him, and would surely be to everyone. He had not the strength of himself, but God gave him freely of grace, and he was thoroughly brought to hate the beastly liquid he once loved. This must be made plain to others. His way was not open to the pulpit, but he could go upon the rostrum and ap-

peal to his fellow-man. He could take his own simple narrative of wretchedness and crime, and of his final salvation at the foot of the Cross. This he would do. The Gospel of the Son of God had brought him to temperance and peace, and now he would lift up a banner that he well knew would save to the uttermost—that of Gospel Temperance.

Counselling the erring—appealing to whatever of manhood remained, inducing them to sign the pledge, assuring them of all needful support from Jehovah, pointing them to the wide mercies of a present Saviour, and turning their attention to a life of prayer and faith—would be the effort of his life, and would necessarily have triumph.

God would thus not only enable the individual convert to stand above his appetite, but would also give encouragement and power to every means put forth for the rescue of others—in a word, would fill the cause with His presence and blessing. Thus he might become an instrument of great good; perhaps, be made a power against evil; might gather into a new plan of reform the masses in the community; and might make, through love and kindness, to the living, active souls within the grasp of Satan, their wicked practices and avocation more unpopular and offensive than ever.

The resolution was taken. His family were informed of it. He plainly and in brief sentences revealed to them the thoughts of his mind and desires of his soul; and they could not but acquiesce in the generous and noble purposes, so new and strange

were they to all they had previously experienced. His soul was evidently on fire—for his language had become thoroughly warmed—and his tones and earnestness reached their hearts. They fell in freely with his sentences of irresistible eloquence. The giant was rising to his task.

Thus the temperance of Mr. Murphy was of the Spirit. When a man becomes a sincere Christian, he is alive to the importance of having others accept his Saviour; he has a hungering for souls. The reformation of this man was complete, being accomplished through the Gospel. The Lord had revealed Himself to him in this way. He desired to know or teach no other method.

And Mr. Murphy has been consistent throughout. He has encountered strong and able advocates of other methods, but he has successfully withstood all their views, prejudices and influences. He adheres to the one plan. He will follow it against all opposition. He regards it as the true path—the Lord's way—and it were violence and crime to leave it. More than this, he is conscious that he has the Divine help, while faithful to it, and believes that his success would cease were he to forsake it. In this he is wise, as the history of all other plans abundantly shows.

When the Washingtonians came into existence, in 1840, multitudes gathered around them. In a short time they numbered two hundred and fifty thousand. The country was largely influenced by the movement. Christians were deeply interested in its

behalf, and the aisles and vestibules of Houses of Worship, as well as the street corners and all gathering places, were the scenes of animated converse and jubilant demonstrations. The Spirit of the Almighty was plainly seen in the work. The effect upon the whole public mind was unmistakable. The Church approached the great work.

But, at this juncture, the members of the organization became narrowed through regarding man, and his extended labors, and forgetting God. Thus, speedily the Gospel was separated from the movement, in deference to those who were unchristian in their views. The Bible, the Cross and Prayer were ignored. Then came a sudden and inglorious failure. This result has attended a similar proceedure in a lesser degree, in various other attempts. And we believe that discomfiture must quickly come in all instances in which the power is other than of God. The will of man is weak in itself. His pledge is not sure. If he fails to look up to the only Helper, he will surely be brought to shame, if not to the complete power of the enemy.

OPPOSITION OF CHRISTIANS.

There is a circumstance in connection with Gospel Temperance to which we believe it necessary to allude. It is in the fact that it is opposed by some who are confessedly Christians, and members of orthodox churches. This appears to us, at a glance, as unaccountably strange.

It is evident that the Gospel is of God; that it reveals the mind and will of our Creator; and that it is good and true, though everything else be false. What objection, then, can a consistent believer offer to Gospel Temperance? If Gospel teachings are right, why not its Temperance?

THE TERM AS USED BY MR. MURPHY.

"But," says the objector, "we do not object to *Gospel* Temperance—only to the term as used by the Murphy school. In their hands it is a misnomer. We believe the Gospel way to be the True Path—but we cannot accept the Murphy abstinence way as such."

Now, let us frankly look at these objections. The Gospel of Christ enjoins temperance. Here none will dissent. Temperance in all things is needful. But it goes further than this. It enforces, at times, abstinence. It requires of us that we be absolutely separated from anything by which we cause a brother to offend. When we, therefore, do that which leads another to sin, we are far from excusable. In such case, if we simply taste, we are intemperate. The Gospel shows us that not only is the excess or abuse of many things intemperance, but also the very use by which we cause stumbling. For this reason Paul declares that if the use of meat causes his brother to offend, then will he never eat it. Therefore, we affirm that the sin is not in the thing itself, it is simply in its injury to ourselves and others.

We are morally and religiously bound to conform to the things that are most expedient, both for ourselves and others. To nothing will this question of expediency more fully and potently apply than to temperance. Strong drink is the bane of our country; is carrying our young men of best promise by thousands into the ranks of sin, that they may be hurried beyond the reach of truth as effectually as was Uriah put away at the command of his unfaithful king. All believers are especially subject to the restraint imposed by the Gospel—which but reflects the safeguards enjoined in even the Old Dispensation. The whole law is clear authority for a total separation from intoxicating beverages, and reveals to us the important truth that there is greater need of special efforts against intemperance than nearly all other sins.

Individual rights cease to be such the moment they ignore the rights of others. The net-work of society is as thoroughly interwoven and identical as that of a great seine, which, when there is a single rent anywhere, is more or less impaired; or, is as sympathetic in its structure as the human body, which, when injured in any part, is made to suffer as a whole. Therefore the entire body of society, in view of the blighting effects of intemperance, and the highly inebriating properties of modern drinks, has the highest and most sacred reasons for requiring a strict enforcement of the abstinence features of Mr. Murphy's Gospel Temperance.

EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.

"But," says the objector, "our Saviour doubtless used wine, permitted others to use it, and even turned water into *good* wine,"—emphasizing with an air of satisfaction the word "good." We will not attempt, at this particular juncture, an argument as to the kind of wine used under the cognizance of Christ. We will, to gratify those of opposite views, just for a few moments, allow what they claim—that it was alcoholic, or fermented wine. What does that prove? Our Lord was hunted and watched throughout His ministry by His enemies, who failed at any time to detect a flaw in His acts or character. Had He shown the least fondness, or favor, for wine, beyond what prudence or unimpeachable sobriety admitted, He would have been quickly assailed therefor, and the circumstances have been put upon record. Had He done anything contrary to the temperance principles set forth throughout His Gospel, He would have lost His hold upon those who thronged His sacred person, and would have caused their hearts to be filled with doubt and unbelief.

On the other hand, where can we find more pronounced declarations against intemperance than in the New Dispensation? By drunkenness we become guilty of the whole law; by it we are shut out of the kingdom of His glory; and by it we are shut out—by the concurrent action of the universal

Christian Church in the ages—of the assemblies of His saints upon the earth.

Certainly, no evil has ever resulted from what Christ did in relation to this entire subject. We have every reason to believe that no drunkenness, or wickedness came from the festivities of Cana; that their effects on those who hung upon the lips and steps of the Master, were harmless; and that the surroundings, the custom of the times, and the wine itself were all such as to forbid anything baneful. Any other conclusion is at variance with the known character and word of Christ.

We know, as is often urged, that the juice of the grape is "the creature of God." We do not regard it as any more so than the gold and silver and copper. He has not intended their use in such a way as to create evil desires in the human heart. If such juice is taken into our bodies simply from the love of it, and because of an evil appetite—which means because of its alcoholic effects, and without some purely sanitary, otherwise, good and important purpose; especially in full knowledge of its evil influence upon ourselves and others—then, we offend. The Gospel is clearly and broadly against everything—whether food or drink—that especially conduces to intemperance in any direction. Our appetites must both be conquered and held under subjection. We must habituate them to denial, whenever the interests of the soul are jeopardized.

The objections to Gospel Temperance, based upon the acts of our Lord, are trifling in their character,

and wicked in fact. Pure grape juice—fermented, or otherwise—is not in the question at issue. It is seized upon to cloak and protect the miserable and powerful distillations and decoctions that alone are found in our public drinking places. Men argue, for effect, and from narrow and improper motives, as well as in ignorance of the real facts, when they urge that because wine was used with the knowledge and consent of our Lord, therefore the Gospel allows stimulating drinks. A comparison of even the pure alcoholic wine, of our own times, with the villainous compounds of nineteen-twentieths or ninety-nine one-hundredths of our bar-rooms, should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of such persons.

In all this we have felt unwilling to admit anything favorable to wine. We apprehend that—in these times of high chemical advancement, and aptitude at imitation, when it is known that there is a surplusage of poison and deception in the "vile stuff" so innocently advertised upon bottles, barrels, and signs—the use of wine, or even colored water, publicly, is an abuse.

CHRIST'S WINE NOT INTOXICATING.

It may be well for us here to adduce the testimony of one of the most learned students of the Bible our country has produced,—a man who battled against both wine and strong drink of all kinds while he lived,—and one of the most effective of that class who believed that the wine of our Lord

was unalcoholic. He says: "The Bible speaks with approbation thirty-six times of substances called *Tirosh* in Hebrew, *Oinos* in Greek, *Vinum* in Latin, and wine in English, and nine times of similar substances called by other names; and fifty times of *Yayin* (Heb.), *Oinos*, *Vinum* and wine, and in every instance meaning either grapes, fresh grape juice, or grape juice boiled to a syrup, so as to prevent fermentation, and often 'mingled' with from three to twelve times its volume of water, forming a delicious drink. In nearly all these cases the substances named would not intoxicate, though freely used as food or drink, and they would not create a morbid craving, which increased as it was gratified until its victims were consumed. On the other hand, *Yayin*, *Oinos*, *Vinum*, wine, or strong drink, and in other words, are named with disapprobation over one hundred times, meaning fermented wines for liquors, or those liquors 'mingled' with drugs. Though in extreme agony, and almost exhausted, Christ rejected the wine 'mingled' with myrrh, which was offered to Him on the cross, though He had often used the unintoxicating wines of Palestine, and even worked his first miracle to turn the water into this *harmless* wine. Christ's wine at Cana was not intoxicating, for it was better than what they had used until they had 'well drunk,' or drank nearly enough; and Philo, a Jew, Plato, a Greek, and Pliny, a Roman, and other eminent ancients, expressly say that 'the best wine would not intoxicate.' At the passover, when Christ instituted the Lord's Supper,

no fermented bread or wine could be used by any Jew."

MR. MURPHY CONSISTENT.

Thus, we believe that the temperance advocated to-day by Mr. Murphy is consistent with the Gospel; that in its prohibitory features it does not transcend, in one iota, the Divine instructions; and that the moral power he invokes in behalf of the cause is the highest and most thorough, as well as the only perfect way. When men have broken resolution after resolution; when they have become miserably besotted and profane; when they have fallen to the depths of intolerable pests; when streams of obscenity and vice flow from their mouths as streams of filth from the public sewers; and when they have nothing of confidence and hope left,—the Gospel is able to redeem, raise up and employ. None, among the worst, are despised by it. Its principles and power are extended to all.

There is but one difficulty in the way of most thorough success, in the advocacy of Gospel Temperance, which Mr. Murphy recognizes as no one before him has so fully done. Men must be consistent. They must not regard *caste*. The acts of temperance people are closely criticised by the subject of reformation, as well as by the reformed drunkard. And the existence of the "I-am-better-than-thou" principle has sent many a good-meaning reformed man back to the haunts of intemperance.

It is not only needful that men lift their fallen brethren up, but that they help to steady them when upon their feet. The humility and kindness, that enable individuals to help others out of the gutter, must not desert them when they happen to catch the eye of a proud and uncharitable world behind them. Faithfulness to the first act only makes the work admirable, successful and noble. Otherwise insult is added to misery, and offence to sin.

NECESSITY FOR GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

Before leaving this branch of our subject it may be well to add a few words in recognition of the vast importance to the public and the world at large of Gospel Temperance. By statistics of the most reliable nature we are assured that various nations of the earth expend annually between one and two billions of money for intoxicating beverages—an amount which would feed and clothe every creature of poverty, educate every young person, furnish a home to every family, provide a Bible for every fireside, and send the tidings of salvation to every part of heathendom. We know, also, by statistics equally authentic, that there are one hundred and fifty thousand drinking saloons in the United States, and five hundred thousand habitual drunkards—of whom fifty thousand die annually.

PART II.—THE BIOGRAPHY

OF

FRANCIS MURPHY.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MURPHY'S EARLY LIFE.

THE GREAT Apostle of Temperance was born on the 24th day of April, 1836, in Wexford, county of Wexford, Ireland. His mother was an humble Irish peasant widow, in rather empoverished circumstances. His father, after a brief illness, died a short time previous to his birth. Often has he made the somewhat pathetic remark that, "he never knew a father's face or a father's smile."

His home belonged to an estate. It was a small, thatched cottage, such as is usually met with among the poorer people of the Green Isle, and as is occasionally seen in our own country, in rural districts, somewhat remote from business centres. This home overlooked the sea, being upon the Harbor of Wexford, not very distant from St. George's Channel, which connects the Irish Sea with the Atlantic Ocean.

On the brow of a small hill, rising from the harbor, was nestled the little cottage, having every appearance of humbleness and quiet. About it was the little garden of the household, in which were grown the most necessary vegetables, together with some beautiful flowers—combining the useful and ornamental—whilst, a little beyond, the golden grain lifted its myriad heads, as if watching the great expanse of water at its feet, and ever and anon bowing and swelling in imitation of its restless motion. Above it was the majestically curved canopy, which nowhere upon the earth has ever looked brighter and bluer than over Erin's hills and slopes, as they descend toward the turbulent sea. Beyond it, and not very distant, running out toward the Channel, appeared the rocky sides which have resisted successfully the tides and waves for centuries, and hurled back their angry and helpless foam. And, more prominently than all these, there loomed up the world of water upon the one side, and the clearly defined hills reposing lazily against the clouds, upon the other. Everything, at once, beautifully conspired together to give character to the scene, and make the home seem most lowly.

Here, in youth, did Mr. Murphy catch the impressions and feelings that have greatly contributed to his effectiveness as a public speaker and worker; here were formed the aspirations and desires that could never be satisfied with mere individual success in life; and here, too, were nourished the soul faculties that have enabled him to look through the

mists of misfortune and the gloom of prison-life, and to rise above the meanness of confirmed dissipation. Certainly, few persons, raised amidst the charms of such natural surroundings, and having aught of spiritual discernment, could fail eventually to step out freely into the majesty of the Divine Spirit.

HIS PARENTS' RELIGION.

Mr. Murphy's parents were of the Roman Catholic persuasion. His mother was a devoted member of the Church, and carried her views and feelings into the family. She was ever ready to call her children to her side in the hour of prayer. "Well do I remember," said the lecturer, on one occasion, "how, when I was a youth, and was kneeling with my mother in silent prayer, she asked God to watch over my helplessness, and guide my riper years into the way of peace." She realized that there was One to whom she should go for direction, in the arduous and responsible duties of her household, and to Him she often went, leading her children by their hands.

STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY.

The lives of the Murphys in Ireland were a connected series of struggles with poverty. The order of each day successively was work—quiet, heavy, steady toil. The children were required to take their share in whatever was to be done. In certain

seasons they had little of substantial rest. And their labors were attended, also, with considerable of inconvenience. At one time, in an address bearing upon these remarks, Mr. Murphy said,—"There is such a thing as decent poverty, but I know, from personal encounter, that it is very inconvenient. I remember of going into the harvest-field, and gleaning, and then taking the grain into the house, pushing away the furniture, and thrashing it out at night."

PECULIAR HOSPITALITY.

Although trials of this kind would indicate to the people in our favored land an extreme condition of poverty; yet, it may be well to remember that the Murphy family, like thousands of others in Ireland, were not the subjects of want. Otherwise, they found occasional opportunity of engaging in a species of hospitality peculiar to the people of that far-off island,—a hospitality occasionally referred to by travellers and tourists in terms of warmest commendation. In reference to this Mr. Murphy spoke as follows in one of his public addresses:

"Public dinners were popular in the old country; and, though we could not afford them, our friends would be invited sometimes, because my mother thought that it would be considered mean if she did not invite them. I enjoyed those days on which the friends would come to be feasted at the little home. And the table might groan beneath

the luxuries, unless there was liquor upon it something seemed needed for the occasion.

"It has been the fashion in my country, from time immemorial, to have liquor on the table; and it is thus that a great many young men have been brought into the habit of drinking, resulting, in the course of time, in their disgrace and shame.

"I remember, when the table was spread, and all the arrangements made, how I was allowed to come into the room and see it. The white Irish linen cover and the little china tea cups, with a gilt rim around the edge, looked beautiful upon it. I remember, that when I only touched one of the cups it would seem to sing like a bird. I could see all the large raisins in the cake; and it was with difficulty I could keep my fingers from them. Of course, I knew that if I touched them my mother would stir me up.

YOUNGSTER'S HUDDLED INTO THE KITCHEN.

"When you have a feast in this country the children are brought into the room and are introduced to the friends. In my country the youngsters are huddled into the kitchen. This was a part of our entertainments I did not like. My mother, when everything was ready, would call me aside and say, 'Come here, be a good boy, keep perfectly still, go straight out of this, and make no noise.' Thus, I remember being turned out into the kitchen, and how my hand doubled in perfect indignation. I can yet feel the scalding tears as I paced back and forth.

WRONG TREATMENT.

"There is no pleasant remembrance about this treatment. Don't ask your friends to come to your house at the expense of your children. If there are no chairs, so that they can be seated at the table, I suggest, that the old folks go out and wait until the children have eaten.

"On the occasion referred to I kept walking back and forth in great restlessness. Often I came to the door and put my ear to it that I might in some way enjoy the laughter and talking. There was a little latch across, and it would open if it was touched. Finally patience ceased to be a virtue, and the latch was touched, whereupon the door opened. At this, some of the friends noticed me, and beckoned to me to come into the room. I entered very cautiously, for if my dear mother had caught me she would have sent me back. The friends had gotten through eating and were quite merry over their drink.

IRISH CUSTOM OF USING LIQUOR.

"Much has been said about the Irish people drinking intoxicating liquor; but, if you were accustomed to the ways in old Ireland, you would say very little about it. If half a dozen friends met together they had to have a drop of the crater, of course; they couldn't get along without it. A man would be considered mean unless he had it on special

occasions upon his table; and no man likes to be called stingy. There is something fascinating to an Irishman in the thought that he is a liberal man, and that his friends will say of him: 'I would like to repeat my visit to his house; what beautiful whiskey; what splendid wine; it was glorious.'

APPETITE FOR LIQUOR FIRST FORMED.

"My friend would take his glass in his hand; he was a dear friend of our family; and, adding a little water to the whiskey, would place it in my hand as I stood by his side. I remember of my looking up in his face and sipping it from a teaspoon. Thus I first learned to love the taste of liquor. It was there the appetite was first formed. It was there the seeds of intemperance were sown which cursed and made a wreck of me thousands of miles from my native land.

A WAY THAT IS NOT THE "TRUE PATH."

"In justice to the memory of my beloved mother—who loved me as affectionately as your parents have loved you—I will say, there is a way that seemeth right to many of us, but the end thereof is death."

LIMITED EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

The family was to a considerable extent deprived of educational advantages. On account of its reli-

gion, the doors of the national schools were closed against the children; and there was no remedy, except in the somewhat indifferent arrangements provided, at times, in the parishes, by the priesthood. In these, the authority of the school-master was often unrestrained—which means that the method and extent of the instruction depended largely on his taste, temperament and caprice. And, to these, the Murphys had recourse.

A "PIGGY-BACK" FLOGGING.

On one occasion, young Francis greatly offended, in some way, the austere man of the birch, and was made to feel the extent of his anger. In violent tone he was ordered from his seat, and astraddle the back of one of the larger boys in the school. In this, what is known among most American children as "piggy-back" position, having his legs held firmly about the body on which he was mounted, he was most mercilessly walloped and welted. The quick and willowy rod cut through the air, until it seemed well-filled with low, crisp whistles; and it fell with visible effect upon the tightly covered rump of Francis, who struggled and fretted terribly under the infliction.

This was an event and scene that could not fail of a lasting impression upon the youth. Aside from his corporeal suffering, his mind was filled with thoughts of the great public disgrace that had be-

fallen him. The words of Addison were true to the letter, and commended themselves most perfectly to the situation:

> "When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honor is a private station."

OUTRAGEOUSLY DEALT WITH.

He was not accustomed to severity of this kind in the little cottage at the hill. There, he was also a subject of discipline, at times, but had not to contend with the two-fold punishment of physical pain and public exposure. There, he knew that, whatever of castigation was administered, and however severe in its character, behind it were only purposes of kindness and love.

While he continued at school he carried with him constantly the conviction that he had been outrageously dealt with, and often appeared to worry under an uncontrollable longing to resent, at some time or other, the gross inhumanity.

Not long since, in a speech, in which Mr. Murphy took occasion to refer to the power of kindness, he not only recited this incident, but made the declaration that, of all the wrong he had ever endured at the hands of any one, this seemed the greatest, and hardest to forget, and that, notwithstanding the flight of time, and change in his experience, he found it "an act most difficult to forgive."

EFFECT OF UNKINDNESS AND INJUSTICE.

And the illustration he thus employed, we may well heartily commend to the attention of our readers. It merits something of serious thought. There is often much of injury done the dependent creatures of households through want of careful judgment in the exercise of authority. When children have advanced to years not only of considerable discretion, but have also become imbued with a sense of honor and manhood—the very qualities that should be most sacredly guarded and trained—the first show of injustice and attempt at degradation should be abhorred. To maltreat and deal with youth as if they were little in advance of the brute, is to dwarf their natures, and disqualify them more for an honorable place in life. Unkindness and injustice, steadily practiced upon tender people, soon fasten themselves upon the whole being as a disease—one of an aggravated and despicable kind. In the words of Milton:

> "The soul grows clotted by contagion,
> Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
> The divine property of her first being."

There is another phase of this subject. The unkindnesses of youthhood are not apt to be forgotten. They may never find expression in the after life, but far back in the secret and sacred vaults of the memory they are kept. Often in the hour of solitude,—

and after the perpetrators are buried forever from human sight, however near to us by consanguinity—we thumb over, in our thoughts, the various circumstances, until we shrink at the sudden truth that our love for their memories is becoming chilled; then, hurriedly, we put back the little biographical scraps, and sigh and grow sad.

"AN ACT MOST DIFFICULT TO FORGIVE."

How worthy the attention, also, the thoughts furnished us in the statement of Mr. Murphy that, *even now*, he found it "an act most difficult to forgive." After all these years—at least twenty-five—and all his chequered experience; after the change of heart, by which the things that he once loved he now hates, and *vice versa;* after the full development of the faculties of his soul into an exhibition of kindness and humanitarianism that invites universal applause,—after all this, in the fullness of his soul, he is forced to the confession that the prominent atrocity we have referred to, as part of his school-boy experience, is "an act most difficult to forgive."

LONGING FOR A FREER AIR.

Everything in young Murphy's experience influenced him toward a broader, and different life. He was now rapidly on his way to maturity. His mind was taking a new shape. A particular wish had been forming, and was pressing quite heavily

upon him. Often, standing in the door of the cottage at eventide, and drinking in the fragrance of the flowers his own hands had planted, did he contemplate the grandeur of the world before him; and often, too, yearn for a larger experience in the battle of life than his home could possibly afford him. As the great vessels, with their valuable freights—both of life and property—passed and repassed, he longed for a freer air than that about him. He had heard of the wonderful country more than three thousand miles away, in which vast numbers of the sons and daughters of Ireland had found a prosperous and happy home, and fancied that every ship passing out toward the channel carried men and women from a land of oppression to one of almost unlimited freedom.

When once the chains of slavery, however neatly and humanely fashioned, enwrap a people, the very children contract an inordinate desire to escape in some way their condition. And the more they are denied, through poverty, or any other cause, their ardent wishes, the more will they aspire to the very highest and most unrestrained kind of personal liberty.

AN IMMOVABLE PURPOSE.

Far out upon the water the silken sails were frequently seen, and never failed to secure the attention of our embryo lecturer. The well known destination of many of them excited anxious thoughts

within him, and their easeful and graceful motion lulled his whole nature into an immovable purpose. His home had great attractions to one so tender in his attachments; his mother had a deep and firm hold upon his affections; and the remnant of the family were dear to him. Yet, his soul was, as a caged bird, looking away from its confinement into an atmosphere better suited to its requirements and nature.

EMPLOYED AT A CASTLE.

After a little time, a position was obtained by our subject, with his mother's landlord, in a neighboring castle, in which he was able to earn something for himself. His compensation was small, and his place one that did not satisfy either his own ambition, or the judgment of his mother. Nevertheless, upon the very sensible and popular axiom that "half a loaf is better than no bread," he was induced to engage in the service of others.

In his position he was subjected to duties and treatment not in harmony by any means with his views. He was but a servant, and as such felt it his lot to endure patiently something of indignity. When his master was upon his best behavior, and free from the effects of his favorite stimulant, the lad knew well the importance of remaining within the narrow limits of his position and round of duties; and was ever conscious of the necessity for a regard for the manners peculiar to the air of

landed property in his country. But, when his master had imbibed pretty freely, and entered upon what he considered a canty time, then the bright-eyed young servant became the companion and equal, and shared in the heating potions of his liege, until both were beyond their boundaries, considerably.

Thus, being near his home, and enabled to put in an appearance occasionally at the little cottage, where alone he met with a hearty reception, and substantial feelings of interest, his family learned of the temptations and trials by which he was surrounded, and felt keenly his danger.

Nor were they unnecessarily suspicious, as the result fully proves. For, since the advent of Mr. Murphy in America, the landed owner alluded to has become disposessed of all his valuable estates, and been reduced to absolute penury and wandering, all through persistent inebriety. While the lord of the castle has fallen from a high place, on account of yielding to a debased appetite, his servant has risen to even a loftier and infinitely more honorable one, by breaking away from the same slavery, and fighting to enfranchise others.

This is but the old story. It has ever been so. When will men learn wisdom? When will the lives that have been wrecked all along the by-ways of time, and dotting the most dangerous paths, as the suspended icicles do the eaves of our roofs, serve as sufficient warnings to others? Why will men knowingly press on to destruction—sure, and

speedy? There is no exception to the rule, that they who adhere to the cup must be bitten, be poisoned, and eventually destroyed.

While holding his position at the castle, young Murphy continued, as occasion offered—and often at twilight—his meditations in front of the cottage. He gazed long and fondly upon the far-stretching billows, until there would rise within him the irrepressible desires that seemed to be feeding upon his very vitals. Surely his drudgery must soon end.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Early had he learned to confide his plans and purposes to his mother. He knew full well of her trust in God, and her love for her children. Therefore his very thoughts were ever impulsively, and without timerity, poured into the maternal ear, and thus his secrets confided to his best of earthly friends. And she, on the other hand, had ever encouraged this. Being full of concern for the welfare of her boy, she gladly reasoned and counselled with him in all things—striving to point out for him the most dangerous thickets and by-ways in the path of life, as she, in her circumscribed way, was best able to discern them.

But now, all this was somewhat changed. He had less disposition to unbosom himself to his mother than ever before. Never, within the range of his experience, had he felt so much of misgiving. He had already conversed with her, in a general way,

upon the subject of emigrating to the New World; but now there was something decisive near at hand —the great, and particular event, he believed, of his whole life.

He was scarcely equal to his task. Could he, even by an act of justice and seeming necessity, bring tears to the eyes, and aches to the heart, and shadows to the life of that mother, who had been to him the dearest of all human substance and blessing? Could he stretch the greatest and holiest of all human ties to their fullest capacity of endurance? We shall see!

CHAPTER VI.

COMING TO AMERICA.

Young Murphy had already crossed the threshhold of his sixteenth year. His ambitious resolves had expanded to their utmost tension. The golden dreams of many months, if not of some years, he felt would, at least, ere long be realized. He was now only awaiting a suitable time when, with the consent of his mother, he could plant his feet upon one of the many vessels steering out toward the setting sun.

The days were growing more and more wearisome, as he failed to solve the wish and will of her whom he loved. He could endure the suspense no further. More than this, an excellent opportunity

presented itself—one that to him seemed especially desirable. Permission must be sought at once, and obtained, if possible. Nerving himself to the task, he stepped before his mother, and looking up into her face, with an anxiety she could not but readily discern, said,—"I should like to be permitted to go to America."

THE DECISION.

It was the work of a moment. But, then, it was also the work of a life. To the son, that moment was freighted with the highest of worldly interests. To the mother, it was a struggle scarcely second to any other in her history. Yet, it was but the work of a moment on the part of both. The boy saw only the fair shores, beauteous homes, and free hills and vales of the far-off land to which his soul was leaping as a hart. The mother saw her boy—his somewhat gloomy prospects at home—her increasing years and cares—the heel of what seemed to her to be the oppressor;—and then, her great heart, widening to the occasion, ready to endure every sacrifice for his good;—then, though it crushed her, she decided for him. It was done.

A SELF-SACRIFICING WOMAN.

Noble mother! Our heart goes out to her even now. It matters not what her disadvantages or difficulties in life, we have both admiration and love for such matrons, wherever found.

Men have appended the words, "a demi-god" to the names of many who were good and great in the annals of both public and private history. But such women are above our demi-gods. They near absolute divinity. They will allow the chords about their hearts to snap one after another rather than sacrifice a morsel of the real interests of those who have drunk the life-blood from their own veins.

Noble mother! They who have not had such, are miserably poor, in comparison, however fortune has otherwise smiled upon them. The memory of such a mother is dearer and sweeter far, though she has passed into the heavens, than all the most mellowing effects of the subsequent years, filled with kindness and attention.

We may speak of the sublime natures of wives and daughters, whose lives have been prolific in sacrifices and exalted devotion; but, it is not until they rise to the high and holy place of faithful Christian mothers, that they attain to their highest distinction. "There's no love like a mother's love," greets us often in the household; and while, from the love we bear the companions of our bosoms, we cannot, perhaps, at the moment, repeat the words; yet, we bow humbly our heads, and wipe away the tear of memory. Nor can our dear companions, but honor our emotion, as they behold their children around their forms lovingly calling them "mother!"

Noble mother, we must exclaim, yet again! Would that we could place on record a more fitting tribute to the divine action. Surely, just where men

are too feeble to give proper expression to the overflowing impulses of their souls, when kindled into activity by such beings, there does the recording angel take up his pen, open the great book of eternity, and begin to indite the record of their worth.

How could men other than of great hearts—of almost boundless sympathies—but descend from such a woman? How could the offspring of such, ever, under the guiding eye of God, be allowed to fall into the pit of destruction?

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE EVENT.

But, it may be well here to employ the words of Mr. Murphy in relation to the event referred to:—"I shall never forget," said he, "my mother's countenance, when I looked into her face, and presented my request. Dear soul, she could hardly speak to me. Her eyes quickly filled up, and her lips parted so strangely. She said, 'Yes, I think it will be best for you to go, my boy.'"

As has already been shown, there was little or no hope for the Murphy children. The position of the family, and the condition of the country, almost totally shut them from anything like a fair prospect in life. The merest servitude was before them, and that was even not to be depended upon at all times.

The mother, in her great disquietude of mind, shortly after the foregoing interview, called at the castle about which her son was employed, and earnestly conversed with him. She appeared greatly

moved, and her conversation betrayed the depth of the current of feeling that was stirred. After a slight pause, she said, in a somewhat subdued, but firm tone, "I would like to have you come home, and spend the last week with me."

Of course, to this request Francis yielded. He could not do otherwise. And, when the last hour of his toil closed, he eagerly set his face toward the old home. It was evident, however, that the real nature of the step he was taking now began to appear to him—doubtless, for the first time. He thought of his mother—of her faithfulness to all that concerned him, of her many exhibitions of deep love, of the possibility that he should never see her again, and many similar things—until his heart grew heavy, and the well-known voice greeted him at the cottage door.

We will not, of ourselves, attempt to invade the privacy of the following week. That is a task that belongs alone to the only remaining witness, and he has freely and eloquently opened his heart to the public, in the premises. We will now advert to his own story:—

LAST WEEK IN IRELAND.

"I never shall forget that week. I can see my mother going backward and forward through the house. Her time was chiefly spent in making the needful preparations, and packing up for me. And when she would lift up the clothes and look at them,

I could see the tears running down her cheeks. She would look at me awhile, as if in deep thought and solicitude, and then silently walk away. I thank God for the memory of that week at home. It has been a great blessing to me. I was only sixteen years of age; yet, blessed be God, the memory of that home, that face and that voice, is still fresh and sweet in my heart.

THE LAST NIGHT.

"And then, the last night came, before I was to leave. It was the custom in old Ireland, when a man was passing his last night at home, to send for his friends. But mother said, 'My son, I should like to be alone with you this last night.' There was no person invited. My trunk was partly packed and there were some clothes placed upon the bureau alongside of my trunk. My mother said to me, 'get your chair and sit with me here to-night.' And she took her seat by the table with her head resting upon her hand. Sometimes she would lift up her head and look into my face, and then drop it down upon her bosom and place her hands across her breast. I could see her struggle to control her grief. We sat there until it was one o'clock at night, and I don't think there were twenty words spoken between us. Mother finally arose from her chair and said to me, 'My son, I think I will try and finish packing your trunk.' Never shall I forget that voice as she arose from the chair. She

spoke so strangely. She walked over to where the trunk was, looked into it, and then reached over to the clothes on the bureau, and placed them in it. She smoothed them down with great care. When the last garment was placed in it, it was all the dear soul could do to stand up again. Afterward, she raised up from her stooping position over the trunk, and walking to the window watched for the carriage that was to come for her boy. When I was ready to start, mother stood with her back to me, and I could see her trembling.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

"I had not yet received her blessing. It was really about all she could give me, dear soul. You can hardly find a countryman of mine in America who would not prize his mother's blessing. I think sometimes Americans do not value the parental blessing enough. For my mother to put her hand on my head, and say, 'God bless you,' was a great deal to me. I arose from my seat and walked up to where mother was, and putting my arms about her neck, said, 'mother, now give me your blessing before I part from you.' I then knelt at her feet, and she, placing her loving hand upon my head, said, 'May the blessing of God go with you; and may you remember, my dear boy, that the same sun that shines on me shines on you; that the same God that is watching over us in our humble home, will care for

you in a strange country; and oh, may you not forget your mother.'"

How touching this narrative. And, so full of interest does it seem in its brief recital that, it savors more of romance than of real life among the humble poor in Ireland. Yet it has the stamp of strange truth upon it. No fiction could be more so. It commends itself to the kindly sympathy and admiration of every Christian reader. Yea, more, it teaches us something of real and permanent value. It brings to our minds that honored custom, of the patriarchal times, the bestowal of parental blessing—the importance of which is lost sight of in these days of extended commerce, hurried speculation, constant immersion in business and consequent neglect of spiritual training in families—and shows how that, where religion has not been smothered out, there is a natural disposition of soul to adhere to it; proving also to our judgment that, under God's providence, there is enough merit in, to make a necessity for, it.

The effect of this last occurrence upon Francis Murphy was none other than would be upon most young persons under similar circumstances. In reference to it he has said, "I can say without hesitation, if ever a young man left his home with a fixed determination to prove a blessing to his mother in her declining years, that young man was myself. I expected to make her life radiant with sunshine."

THE SEPARATION.

The moments of deep suspense were now about to close. The time for the arrival of the conveyance, which was to bear the son away to a landing at some distance from the cottage, had arrived. A few moments later and its rumbling was becoming more and more distinct in the descending road-way. Soon it reached the cottage. The well-filled trunk was speedily placed in position, and Francis and his mother bade adieu to each other for a time—yea, as the sequel shows, forever upon earth.

Had the mother known the bitter experience of many years which awaited her beloved boy in this far-off favored land; had she seen how that the slavery of alcohol in our free government can be even more terrible in its effects than that of a tyrant in any European monarchy; and how that her son was only hastening to deeper bondage,—her soul would have sunk within her, and her arms would have refused to separate from the last embrace.

But it is well that foresight is the prerogative of Divinity, and separate from our finite minds; that we are not unfitted for our present enjoyments by our knowledge of the future, so often pregnant with calamity and direst experiences; and that we can not only be shut out from all imaginary trials, but also rise above all real bitterness, and look above the coming years into the beyond, through the eye of faith.

Speedily the carriage rolled away with—to that trembling, solicitous soul bowed beneath its weight of sorrow, and weeping in the doorstead of the little thatched cottage—its world of precious freight. Sad, truly, are such separations. They cannot but beget in every devout Christian heart, as they are doubtless intended to, a desire for the time when there shall be no more going in and out forever. We can bow reverently before the feelings of that woman; and, can also realize a sense of anguish, in view of the years before that youthful emigrant. Poor mother! Poor boy!

THE VOYAGE.

In a little while young Murphy reached the place where the vessel, along with many others, lay, in which he was soon to set sail. A boatman was hard by whose duty it was to place him on board. This was done with due speed, as all hands appeared eager for the voyage. After the further lapse, however, of about two hours—occasioned, perhaps by the delay of freights—the orders were rapidly issued to the hands on deck, and the ship was loosed from her moorings.

At this point was the subject of our biography first favored with the sight of a tug-boat—a pretentious looking little thing which steamed up and hitched fast to the vessel. The purpose, evidently, was to pilot it into the channel, and thence into the sea.

The voyage was soon fully entered upon, and out on the bosom of the pathless ocean—now, riding majestically against the waves that beat upon her bows, and then ascending the mountainous billows, and plunging downward again into the watery trough—rode the ship, with its numerous emigrants, bearing to our shores, and his destiny, the humble Irish lad, who, in the coming time, should marshal the most gigantic and successful of all temperance reforms known to history.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SEA AND IN THE NEW WORLD.

Those who are accustomed to the conveniences and comparative comforts of a voyage from New York, or Philadelphia, to Liverpool, or elsewhere, as afforded by our modern and elegantly furnished steamers—occupying usually not more than two weeks, from port to port—can have no conception of the annoyances and tediousness peculiar to emigrant life at sea. Nothing could be more repugnant, to a naturally good taste, than the manners, habits and associations uniformly encountered; and these, too, for the protracted period, usual to packet ships and barks, in coming from the ports of the Irish sea to this country.

Young Murphy's spirit of adventure was most

probably not increased or intensified by the *entourage*. On the contrary, many circumstances must have contributed their quota toward creating in him a spirit of depression and great weariness. His thoughts were as apt to fly backward to the Wexford home, as forward to the one his imagination had reared. His experience was far from what he had expected; as far, it may be, as was that of his later years—up to the time of his escape from the slavery of intemperance.

After a sail of seven weeks and three days, the much-longed-for shores lay before the vessel. It had at least reached its destination. The great city of New York loomed up; and nearly all on board seemed to regard the objects of prominence, as they stretched away toward the sky, with strained eyes and bated breaths. No one on board felt more exultant than Francis Murphy. His somewhat secluded and narrowed life at home made the countless things before him doubly interesting. His heart beat quickly, and his joy, at being able to step upon the land of his choice, could scarcely be restrained.

The passengers and their baggage were transferred by boat to the land. Upon the counsel and invitation of a man, whose acquaintance young Murphy had made, he directed his steps toward a hotel. He had given himself and his checks into the charge of the person in question, and with him soon reached his first stopping place—a tavern. Here suitable rooms were found, and, unfortunately, something of genial companionship.

DRINKING AND TREATING.

One of the first of the youth's acts was to yield to the temptation to take a drink. Stepping into the bar-room, with his newly made friend, he called for "something to take." This appeared, at the time, to be about the most convenient term for any kind of liquor. In the old country they drank by the "noggin"—or, in the old Irish, "noigin"—which was a mug, or wooden cup, and about equal in measure to a gill. Our youth was ready to adapt himself freely to his new surroundings.

A hearty indulgence now commended itself to young Murphy, in view of his safe deliverance from the perils of the deep; and, like thousands of others, instead of lifting his heart in thankfulness, he robbed Jehovah of the glory due, and bestowed it freely upon the devil.

Drink after drink and treat after treat followed, and Frank, and Tim, and Jim, and the bar-keeper kept on successively at "setting them up," until things became so mixed that the track of the whole business was eventually lost. The fact was that, at his home in Ireland, our lad knew little or nothing of the queer effects of American "tangle-foot," even at that day, and he somewhat innocently—rather, ignorantly—drank to his confusion.

TURNED OUT UPON THE WORLD.

The liberality manifested by our Irish lad, and his fondness for tippling had won the kindly atten-

tion—for, either the word respect, or esteem, would be a misnomer—of the landlord. Through the space of just about one week his drinking had continued, when suddenly he was brought to a round turn by the fact that his money was all gone. Of course, this soon became known to his host. But, encouraged by the cordial interest shown him, young Murphy believed that all would go well with him.

It was not so. The friendship of the man, whose coffers took in, bit by bit, all the lad's change, was exhausted with the last piece spent at his bar. After but a brief parley the youth was turned out upon the world.

Reason, and a decent regard for human nature, would have suggested that a smooth-faced stranger, without family or kin, should have had something of sympathy, attention and instruction—or rather, of protection and help. But he had fallen among evil friends—into hands unused to acts of kindness and charity. The business, which so largely preys upon our vitals as a nation, often influences its representatives to acts of rapacity, even upon the innocent and unwary.

EVERYTHING GONE.

Without a suitable home or friends, for three weeks our lad persisted in a course of inebriety. Not only was his money gone, but, at the end of this time, everything he had brought with him from across the ocean, was also beyond his reach. His

situation was a most wretched one, and, as he began to realize the fact, and recover his wonted judgment, he saw the urgent necessity for some way of escape. But, the prospect was very slender, and he was exceedingly depressed.

A SITUATION SECURED.

Becoming, of necessity, quite sobered, he sought the interest and influence of several persons, through whose kindness he happily secured a situation.

It was his purpose, now, to repair the mischief he had wrought, by replacing his most needful articles of dress. His face was in the right direction, and his intentions were apparently firm and good. Faithfully he entered upon his labor.

But, ah, how vainly man proposes! The youth knew not his true condition. His blood was poisoned, his taste perverted, and his whole being enslaved. The appetite for strong drink remained. He could not, and did not, continue to abstain from it for any length of time.

Under such circumstances his life would, of course, be subjected to many changes, and they would quickly begin their round. Thus, he found it necessary, in a little time, to seek employment elsewhere.

OFF TO CANADA.

In obedience to the advice of a friend, he concluded to go to Quebec, Canada, in the hope of filling an engagement of a certain kind. But For-

tune did not seem to smile upon him, and he was obliged to turn his attention to some other point. His scanty funds were now nearly exhausted, and he could not very well return to the States, therefore he concluded to go to Montreal and seek employment. Soon after his arrival he obtained a position at a hotel, such an one as would, at least for a time, satisfy his necessities, if not indeed his tastes.

After retaining his place, for the space of between one and two years, he was finally obliged to relinquish it, on account of his drinking habits. In this strait, he could not very well expect favor in the land of St. George's Cross, therefore he determined to re-enter the country of his choice.

AT FARM WORK.

Removing to the State of New York, he found himself compelled to engage at farm work. His duties were arduous, and his remuneration very light. Nevertheless, through industry, both at his labor, and in subduing somewhat his appetite for strong drink, he began to realize something of success.

In reference to this period of his life he has said, "I was compelled to learn the profession of driving oxen on a farm; and as a green Irish boy, with a goad in hand, I learned to talk to Buck and Bright." And in further allusion to this part of his experience he has remarked, "I have seen a man laugh at me, while I was chopping a maple log. I was cutting

away, at a great rate, and thought I was doing splendidly, but every time I struck the log he would shout and laugh at me." Evidently, the youth had not entirely gotten away from his former habits, and was struggling between two loads—one in his head, and the other at his feet.

GETS MARRIED.

Finding his way, soon after, further into the country, he was enabled to overcome his appetite more perfectly, and took to a sober and circumspect life. Here, having a magnetism that few persons could excel him in, and manifesting the gallant tendencies of his countrymen, he became enamored of an intelligent and attractive young lady. In a short time his influence commanded the desired respect and affection, and he obtained the hand of the fair one.

Young Murphy was now eighteen years of age, and married. His relations to the world were greatly changed, and his thoughts and purposes also had become more matured. He saw the necessity for a life of steadiness and industry, and applied himself with energy to his daily labor. Thus, through a period of some years—perhaps five, or six—he continued in New York State, toiling and accumulating, little by little.

A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

The young lady he had married proved to him a most valuable and tender companion, and had much

to do with the success and continued sobriety of his life. She was a Christian in every sense of the word. She had been taught the ways of true wisdom, having enjoyed the influences of religion, and was evidently possessed of faculties largely *spirituel* —such as we, at times, meet with, and recognize as much above the ordinary grade of character.

To her he confided all his wishes and intentions, and from her received no little of counsel and direction, knowing well the value of her judgment, her most amiable nature, and her rigid regard for all his interests.

The influence of so estimable a companion upon Mr. Murphy could not but be marked and unbounded. This has appeared on various occasions, in his public addresses. Recently, he remarked, to a large audience, "If you have a good Christian wife, consult her in all your business. Give her to feel that she is a partner in life with you; that you are to work together; and believe in each other, come what will. Hearts, thus joined together by God's Holy Spirit, nothing should separate. There is no difficulty they cannot surmount; no obstacle they cannot overcome. With faith in each other, and faith in God, they will come through all right."

ARRIVAL OF A BROTHER.

During these years of Mr. Murphy's experience, an older brother came to America, and settled with

him for the time. This was quite a pleasing circumstance to Francis, and gave him no little of encouragement and ambition in his fixedness of living. He began to feel that he had an interesting and important part in the great battle of life, and that he must act well now, if ever enduring success should crown his efforts.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVED TO PORTLAND.—A NEW BUSINESS.

In due course of time, Mr. Murphy determined, in connection with his brother, to select some other place of residence; and, led by friendly considerations, fixed upon the city of Portland, Maine.

Here, the brothers, filled with the idea of their peculiar adaptation to hotel-keeping, and the remarkably profitable nature of such business, began to make especial drafts upon their enterprise. Francis had his purposes well set upon a public life of that description, as the only and sure road to his ultimate success; but his heart, somehow, almost failed him, when he considered that his wife's consent might only be obtained with difficulty. He would not engage in it, however, until he had consulted the partner of his bosom.

HIS WIFE OPPOSED TO IT.

When he presented her his project, she saw the consequences that would likely ensue, and opposed it. Her womanly instincts were averse to a business, from which she had everything to fear, and nothing of either comfort or pleasure to gain. Her soul revolted at the thought of her husband having his old appetite aroused—for she had heard of his trials while in bondage to drink—and she looked with something of anxiety toward the little ones gathering about her. She would not yield her endorsement. But looking up into his face she said:

"Frank, I would sooner beg for a living, in the streets of Portland, than to have you sell intoxicating liquor."

The manner, the countenance, the words, the rare judgment, and the moral character of the woman, all spoke volumes to her husband, as she uttered these words. They were pronounced in firmness, and yet a cloud of sadness seemed to play about her clear white brow.

ACTING ALONE.

Here was a troublous thing. Mr. Murphy had tried to live in entire harmony and sympathy with his companion, and was accustomed to an exhibition of respect for her opinions, although he did not always heed them. How could he, however, oppose her in this? Certainly, he concluded, in so

important a matter as his business, he should act alone, and assert his dignity as a man.

There are plenty of such men. In matters that are all-important, and concern the general welfare of the family, they will be governed freely by the views of the loved ones—so long as a depraved taste is out of the question. But, let once this latter feature present itself, they will meanly retreat behind what they call "manhood"—a miserable condition of slavery to the carnal nature, that is wanting in everything either dignified or respectable.

A short time since, Mr. Murphy declared, in reference to the event mentioned, "I consulted her out of courtesy, and if she did not endorse my way, I pursued it all the same. I never saw a man have occasion, in the end, to regret having consulted his wife. Men engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor do not, in general, consult their wives. They think they are capable of managing their own business; but their wives are worried to death by it. After all, there's nothing like a man taking his wife into his confidence, just as he has taken her into his heart. He should make her to feel that she is loved, and should consult, and be advised by, her in his business. Thus God's Spirit will both lead and help."

BRADLEY HOUSE RENTED.

The Murphy brothers persisted in their purpose and rented the Bradley House, on the corner of Commercial and India streets, with the purpose of having the family of Francis use it as a residence.

It was at once furnished in a comfortable way, and everything, looking to its speedy occupancy, accomplished.

WILL SELL LIQUOR "RESPECTABLY."

Now, however, came the more unpleasant part of their arrangements. Mrs. Murphy was to be informed, her objections overcome, and herself and family to be brought to their new home. Francis at once advised her of his course, expressed the hope that she would give her consent to the removal, and by way of encouragement, said, "I am not going to make any effort to sell liquor, but I will only keep it for my customers and sell it respectably."

This is a landlord's idea, the world over, when he has to confront his objecting friends, or answer a chiding conscience. He will sell liquor "respectably." We have heard of men swearing "respectably;" of others robbing "respectably;" and of still others gambling "respectably." But we have not seen any of it—nor have we been able to understand how it is done *in that way*.

But, hear how Mr. Murphy, the reformer, replies to the declaration of Mr. Murphy, the landlord: "It is an utter impossibility to sell liquor respectably. It is the worst business under the sun. The finest of men, apparently, will come to you and say, 'Give me another drink.' You reply, 'You have enough!' They then urge, 'Don't I know my business?' And thus you cannot refuse them without the dreaded quarrel."

PROMISED HER NOT TO DRINK.

To still further induce his wife to acquiesce in his plans, Mr. Murphy promised her that he would not drink himself.

This, of course, was a matter of importance to the faithful Christian wife and mother, in the event of her yielding to her husband, under protest. But, the nature made noble by the grace of God considered not her immediate interests alone. It had also a proper esteem for those of others, for she bravely replied, "If you don't drink, yourself, some other people will take it!"

How thoughtful and true! She knew that, if her own heart did not mourn and break, because of cruelty and desolation in the home, from the use of villainous liquids, the hearts of other wives and mothers were endangered. And thus she fulfilled the law of Christ.

AT HOME IN THE HOTEL.

After a brief temporary delay, during which the needful disposition of furniture was made, Mr. Murphy called with a carriage for his wife and children, and took them to their new abode. While going through the rooms, he inquired:

"How do you like it, wife?"

"I suppose I shall have to like it!" was the reply, as a singular expression of intense sadness crossed

her face. She knew that her husband had spent his money in fitting up the place, and that there was no help for her.

"Don't be concerned, I am not going to take intoxicating liquors," argued her husband.

"Somebody else will drink," was the quick response, as on the previous occasion.

A GENUINE CONVERT.

Mr. Murphy need have furnished no other incident, nor have added one word more, to prove the Christian character and womanly worth of his companion. She was evidently a genuine convert to our holy religion.

And, as has been said, there are hundreds of just such women to-day, who, through tears and sighs and prayers, are struggling at the throne of the heavenly grace in behalf of their husbands and sons, that they may be lead from the debasing traffic in rum to an honorable and righteous life.

BUSINESS SUCCESSFUL.

Thus began the career of Francis Murphy, at Portland, as a hotel-keeper. In a little time quite a lively business was transacted. The enterprise was a decided success, and the brothers were elated with their prospects.

In the progress of time, the elder brother, becoming wearied of the business, declined in favor of

Francis, who was now left in sole possession. His success was assured, and he became financially prosperous.

A WRECK AT LAST.

For a period of about ten years Mr. Murphy continued in the proprietorship of the hotel. But during this time he fell under the assaults of the demon of strong drink. Toward the close of it he became so fond of his "grog," that he grew careless of his customers, neglected his business, and gradually lost the accumulated savings of years. Finally, his hotel was closed upon him, and he was turned out, with his family, a wretched drunkard.

MANNER OF HIS RUIN.

When he began his business, he did not expect to fall; but was of the conviction that he had the most complete control of himself. Diligently for a time did he observe the promise given his wife. But eventually the temptation of his business proved too much for him. Friends—comprising a circle to which he became greatly attached—would call at his place and urge him to indulge with them.

"Don't ask me to drink, it is impossible," was the invariable response.

"Come on, let us have a drink," plead they.

"Remember my wife and children," was offered as the last and most potent excuse.

"Take a little ale, then," was urged.

Finally, the glass of ale was taken, and, according to his own declaration, "It was that glass of ale that sealed Frank Murphy's fate." In regard to it he has also added, "If I had not tasted it, I would be willing to part with my strong right arm."

This step taken, Mr. Murphy's fall began. He soon took another, and another, and so on, until his old habits and appetite were in full sway upon him. His wife speedily detected the misfortune, and felt its heavy weight, but did not utter words of unkindness. She was not given to scolding, or censure, and preferred to bear, meekly and patiently, her trials, rather than wound, even when merited.

Following the loss of his hotel, Mr. Murphy entered the saloon or boarding-house business in a limited way. But, the blighting effects of liquor prevented him from meeting with anything of prosperity.

A MAN'S NECK BROKEN.

On one occasion, an intoxicated man entered his house, and insisted upon going up stairs. The barkeeper refused to allow this. After a momentary effort, the man broke away, and hurrying up the steps, met Mr. Murphy at the top. A few hasty words followed, whereupon the two engaged in a scuffle, during which both fell and rolled to the floor below. Mr. Murphy was not hurt, but the

assailant was picked up dead—his neck having been broken in the fall.

Mr. Murphy was arrested immediately after the occurrence, and was subsequently tried and acquitted. The occurrence proved quite a misfortune to the family pecuniarily, as also a source of deep sorrow.

CONTINUOUS DISSIPATION.

From the time of the liberation of Mr. Murphy he continued his acts of dissipation. His family were now reduced to a condition of constant anguish and suffering. In the midst of his carousals, his little boy would come to him at times, near the hour of midnight, and plead with him to return to his mamma. Then, perhaps, accompanying the child, he would seek and enter his wretched home, and find the pallid face of his wife resting upon her hand, while her eyes seemed to be pouring intently over the Word of God. The words, it might be, would quietly drop from her lips, "I wish you would stop drinking." To this the answer was promptly given, and perhaps a trifle curtly, "I wish I could," followed with a long and burdensome silence.

The picture seems a dark one. Surely it will awaken sympathy wherever pondered. But the reader cannot form a reasonable conception of its real nature, any more than he can look into the hearts and lives of that family and see the various lights and shades, in all their intensity of character, through which they have successively come.

Here, Francis Murphy, the husband and father, is a common drunkard, a burden to his family and society, and without a friend outside his poor family. There is not one to be found, in the city of Portland, who will say a word in extenuation of his course. He is even notably degraded in the eyes of those who hold loosely every principle of sobriety. Surely the community can abide such a man no longer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARM OF THE LAW TO BE INVOKED.

We are now called upon to record an event in the life of Mr. Murphy of more than ordinary importance. Strong drink had done its worst. Its power was to be stayed by the strong arm of the law. In a crushed and neglected home were a wife and children whose claims upon public sympathy could not be totally ignored. They were at least approaching deep trial—having endured much of mental anguish already—through the persistent drunkenness of the husband and father. An effort must be made to check the mischief already done, and prevent further misfortune among the innocent.

EVERYTHING LOST AND WITHOUT A FRIEND.

It will interest the general reader to have placed before him the statements of Mr. Murphy in refer-

ence to what followed. After detailing his experience as an inebriate, he said:

"I lost everything I owned in this world in the City of Portland. On the night of September 25th, 1869, I was a bankrupt, without a dollar, and, I think I can say, without a friend. This is a good deal for a man to say. It is easy enough for a man to simply say that he has no friends; but it is quite another thing for a man to feel it down deep in his heart.

"When misfortune came my friends passed away. I then kept on drinking, trying thereby to forget the sorrows that had come upon me. I did not care much whether I lived or died. Even the men, who were engaged in the same business I had followed, gave me the cold shoulder. Generally speaking, if you have been respected in the liquor business, and become unfortunate, you will find a great gulf to come between those similarly engaged and yourself.

"Some persons thought that the best thing they could do for me and my family would be to have me arrested and sent to the county jail for reformation. Nevertheless, it has been to me one of the greatest crosses of my life.

ARRESTED.

"A countryman of mine, a wholesale liquor dealer, and Mr. Perry, the sheriff, came to my place, one day, and asked me to take a walk down the street with them. I did so, not knowing what their business with me was. The sheriff had been talking about

things of recent occurrence, when, suddenly, he said:

"'I have been requested to have you arrested.'

"'By whom,' I asked.

"Thereupon he pulled a writ from his pocket, having the signatures of four men upon it. One of these was in the same business I followed, and, of course, had not the least sympathy with me. They did not come and talk with me in a manly way, but determined upon arresting me, like a dog, and thrusting me into a dark dungeon. I asked:

"'Will you let me go and see my friend Patrick McClidgy.'

"'Yes; we will go with you to him,' was the reply.

"McClidgy was a man I loved as truly as I did my own children. We had been drunk and sober together. We had, so-called, good times in associating together; and I loved him. When we went and saw him, he said:

"'Take him away and lock him up, it's the best thing you can do for him.'

"At this, it seemed to me my heart would break. It was about the hardest blow of my life."

A CONFIDING MAN.

We may here indulge profitably, perhaps, in a few reflections. Mr. Murphy is the very embodiment of genuine kindness and affection to his friends. He evidently is not the kind of nature that will desert a friend in the hour of his extremity, but, on the

contrary, is rather eager to prove his faithfulness at every opportunity. Such being the case, his soul revolts at the very thought of anything perfidious. To find faithlessness in a friend, would always be to him a matter of surprise, and intense sorrow. Having a make up that admits of the fullest exercise of confidence, and also spiritual faith, he cannot brook the want of these in any one whom his affections cherish.

Such a man is qualified for a grand Christian experience and work. He is designed for a higher and better place than that of a saloon-keeper; yea, more, than that of a successful business man. When the truth fully dawns upon him, and his heart is fixed on God, he will rapidly advance from grace to grace, and gift to gift, until his spiritual boundaries are widened to a capacity far above the average believer.

The trial Mr. Murphy endured in this species of contact with a man, who was esteemed a dear friend, was but a link in the chain of events that was now being forged in the great foundry of the Almighty, for the purpose of separating forever the kingdom of the Prince of Darkness from the spiritual domain soon to be added to the government of the Son of God. He was thus to lose his trust in man, and, in the greatness of his soul, to seek a holier and more enduring repose for it. Experiences so deep and afflicting are uniformly pregnant with the most invaluable blessings, and productive of the highest good, to every one who is not beyond the reach of hope.

But we will return to the statement furnished. Mr. Murphy continued :

"My wife knew nothing of my arrest. My children were ignorant of it. The sudden misfortune to me had not yet reached their ears or hearts.

THRUST INTO JAIL.

"Soon we came to the dark door of the jail. It stood open and I stepped into it. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I entered the building.

"I was thrust into the little dungeon of about six feet by three in size. It contained a little iron bedstead, having upon it a pillow of straw and an army blanket stretched over it. Here thoughts of the past crowded upon me. The voice that came to me first was that of my sainted mother. I could see her sweet face and hear her once more. I thank God that it is utterly impossible to tear from the heart the memory of a good mother. Then, I could understand what the poet meant, in his beautiful language :

> "I hear a voice thou canst not hear,
> Which says thou shalt not stay ;
> I see a hand thou canst not see,
> Which beckons me away !

DESERTED.

"Yes, in the silence of that lone place, I could hear the old familiar voice. And there I remained,

suffering all the terrible delirium that it is possible for a poor victim of intemperance to endure. Of course, I was shut away from the world. I was altogether deserted by everybody except my faithful wife and children. And may God bless these; they never deserted me; they never said an unkind word to me. Constantly, almost, they passed and repassed in review before me.

"In this place I remained for a considerable time. It was evidently designed that I should have somewhat of leisure with my thoughts. My condition was one of extreme sadness. But, eventually, I realized the truth of the lines:

> " 'God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm!' "

Thus we have touchingly presented us the account by Mr. Murphy of his incarceration for habitual drunkenness. It is not only full of interest and instruction, but thoroughly confirms all we have said of the remarkable character of the man. It shows how deep was the fountain of feeling within him for others, notwithstanding his wretched course as an inebriate.

AN ERRONEOUS OPINION.

There are great numbers of people around us who believe that a man, full of the milk of human kind-

ness, and having proper respect and love for his family, cannot possibly pursue such a course of dissipation as did Mr. Murphy; that any one, of the nature and disposition we have accorded him, could not but revolt at such conduct, even in the very midst of the indulgence of his appetite.

We differ from all such. In times of innocence, and thoughtlessness, the system becomes poisoned. A depraved taste is formed. This grows as fully into power over the man as do the most relentless and fatal fevers. And the men of kindness are among those most easily overcome by the malady. They may resist and struggle, but they are as unable to rise above their condition, as the fever patient is to overcome his, by physical effort. The natural tenderness and affection of the man is of little avail.

A FAULTY SYSTEM.

In this view of the subject we are asked, "Why, if men are thus overcome, and irresponsible, do our statutes condemn and punish?" We answer, for the reason that, in the present system of faulty government upon the liquor question, there seems to be no other remedy. The laws generally allow the liquors to be made and sold—therefore the distiller and dealer are under their protection. But the poor victim of these soul and body destroyers, are without the least protection. He can go into the tavern, or saloon, and be legally poisoned and crazed, so that

he morally ceases to be responsible, and yet be made to suffer the consequences of his irrational, criminal acts. When it can be shown, as has been, that out of one hundred per cent. of the murders in New York city, at least ninety-five per cent. are the result of drunkenness, it becomes thinking men to inquire whether it was really the man or the whiskey —the consumers, or the vendors and producers, who perpetrated the crimes. Surely, where the result is so overwhelmingly against liquor, the conclusion is unavoidable, that the wrong men were made to suffer. But, then, as matters stand, the creature of his appetite alone can be held to account. We compassionate every culprit, however heinous his crime, who can truly plead drunkenness in palliation of his acts. To our mind, it is something of a valid plea, the press and people, generally, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

WRONG IN PRACTICE.

We are asked again, "Is not this an argument in favor of the Prohibitionists?" No, certainly not! They are right in principle, but unwise and indiscreet in practice. The few cannot control the many. Public sentiment cannot be outraged, by the only representatives of its voice and will, with impunity. It would be as easy to overcome the use and abuse of liquor, in the present condition of the popular mind, by legislative enactments, as to pull down the skies. It is an impossible thing, and

the labors and arguments of the prohibitionists are not only ridiculous, but they greatly hinder, at a time like this, the devoutly to be wished for result. The masses must first be educated up to that point, at which the influence of the manufacturer, vendor and consumer is at a discount.

In reference to this subject, and, at the risk of the charge of a partial digression, we will insert here the following extract from an able paper prepared by the venerable and estimable editor of the "Reformed Church Messenger," Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, D. D.,—a man who has throughout his life battled nobly against rum—and read before the Temperance Convention at Sea Grove, N. J., some time since:

MUST GO TO THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

"To get public sentiment right on this subject, we must, however humiliating the very thought, go back to first principles, as they prevailed in the earlier part of the campaign against intemperance. We must commence at the very fountain head of all public morals. The Church, God's great institution and agency for moral reform, must be brought into its proper relation to the mighty evil, and induced to use its influence and power for its suppression. Not only its ministry, the organs of its divine functions, but its membership, also, should be prevailed upon to adopt the principle of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to enforce its observance by example as well as by precept.

"The youth and children of the Church should likewise have the principle instilled into their minds by the training they receive in the family, and in the Sunday-School, as well as through the direct teaching of the Church.

"I have no confidence in the success of any means employed for the promotion of public morals, though it may assume a Christian name, which professes to prosecute its work independent of the agency of the Church, or even by methods antagonistic to it. If the Church, the greatest fountain head of morals, be once fully brought into right relations to the evils of intemperance, the furtherance of the work of reform will be greatly facilitated. And, until this be done, little of a substantial nature can be accomplished.

AUXILIARIES.

"Other proper appliances, outside of the Church, must be brought to co-operate with it, and diligently employed to promote the same great end. These are the press, the public lecture, and the various temperance associations of a proper character. They cannot be too diligently, or too faithfully, applied. They must not, however, be used in a way that would antagonize them to the Church, or place them in an attitude that would indicate that they are intended to supersede or even supplement its functions. They are to be employed only as auxiliary to it, in its efforts to accomplish its objects, as the great conservator of public morals.

"Much harm has been done to the cause, in the past, by failing to observe this principle, in the use of some of the appliances brought forward by the friends of Temperance for the suppression of the evils flowing from the use of intoxicating liquors."

To all the sentiments, expressed in these paragraphs, we heartily subscribe. They conform precisely to the opinions generally held by the friends of Gospel reform.

A SUFFERING FAMILY.

But, we will return to Portland. The weary and anxious mind of Mr. Murphy was almost constantly upon his household. He realized their dependent condition, and the fact of their constant suffering. His soul agonized greatly in their behalf. His wife had borne him seven children—six of whom were about her and helpless. She was a patient, sincere Christian, but the ordeal through which she was passing, she felt, was too severe.

And so it was. Mrs. Murphy saw constant darkness. Her faith in God had alone kept her thus far. But her care and trials were great, and beyond endurance. Physically she was breaking. The race of life could not long continue under such strain. Would there be no dawn this side of the grave?

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN CYRUS STURDIVANT.

In preparing men for, and leading them into, great events, God employs instruments. It matters not how manifest may be his purposes, or how circuitous and mysterious the paths of the ones selected, down somewhere in it all is an Israelitish maid to direct, or an Ananias to put his hands upon them.

The case of Mr. Murphy was to be no exception to this. There was an important life before him, and an efficient person was now commissioned to direct him to it. That person was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. He knew of the unlimited power of the gospel to save from the meshes of sin. And he understood its ability to destroy the last remains of the carnal nature. Prompted one day by the Divine Spirit to exert his influence, if possible, among the poor victims imprisoned in the jail, he applied to the sheriff for permission to come and talk with them. This was granted. And, as to the consequences of this man's visit and labor, we prefer here to repeat the somewhat thrilling story of Mr. Murphy:

"To Captain Sturdivant," said he, "If I have been of any use in the world, under God, I owe all of it. He commenced his work on the Sabbath day. The great, dark entrance door was opened to the

Christian people. Quite a number had collected together, and they came in singing,—

"'All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all, &c.'

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THE JAIL.

"I was sitting on the little iron bedstead in my cell, when the keeper came to the door and, looking at me, said:

"'Mr. Murphy, we would like to have you come out and attend religious service.'

"'Please excuse me, I will remain here and not disturb your people,' was my prompt reply.

"'Come out, these people are your friends, they will not injure you,' persisted the keeper.

"There was something so kind and agreeable in the face of the man, that it produced a disposition of assent within me, and touched my heart. Yet my answer was,—

"'I would sooner stay here.'

"'Come on, Mr. Murphy,' he continued.

"At this, I concluded I would go. Oh, how my heart had ached for a kind word; for some one to say, 'Can I do anything for you?' I then responded,

"'I *will* go out with you, I believe.'

MR. MURPHY ATTENDS THE MEETING.

"I arose from my seat, stepped out the little open door, walked along about ten paces, and sat down with the rest of the prisoners. There was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. His back was turned toward me as I walked along the corrider. He appeared to me then as a larger man than he is just now. When he turned about he was weeping as a mother sometimes weeps for her child. As I looked at his face, I asked myself, 'Who is he weeping for; has he lost a son?' No, it was evident that he had a heart for others. He was telling of God's goodness. His words were very sweet to me. He spoke to us of hungry wives and children. And, at that moment, it seemed I could see my poor wife and children before me. As he continued to talk, it seemed to me that my imagination never realized so powerfully, as it did at that time, the presence of the objects of my affections. My children seemed to be about me; and my dear wife to stand in my presence, as calm and patient as ever, saying not one word. I queried, 'Does anyone care for me?'—'I wonder if there is a friendly hand here to be extended to me?' And I said to myself, 'Oh what would I not give to sit down with that man and tell him the sorrow of my heart.' Nobody said anything to me, and I spoke to no one. In spite of myself the tears would course down my cheeks.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"After the meeting I desired to hurriedly get away. I wanted to get into the little dark room, out of sight, so that I could, in some way, give expression to the grief that was almost consuming me. I was walking along the corrider, when a step came after me, followed quickly with a tap on my shoulder. My hand was instantly seized, and Captain Sturdivant stood before me."

It is but proper, we think, that this interesting narrative should be interrupted here with a view to the offering of a few sentences of comment. In just such a way does every true friend of our Lord Jesus work. Not for self; not for appearance or reputation. But, tearing away from his surroundings; leaving his friends and helpers to care for themselves; he springs in the direction of the perishing.

The recital of the good man's course reminds us, greatly, of the bravery and sacrifice that attaches to the noble creature who leaps into the sea to save a human life. True, there is not the same risk; but there is the same impulse, and a Christian courage —that highest development of all that is good in man—that always endures the test more than anything of the natural mind. Such men deserve the love and esteem of all Christians, and will assuredly receive even a more glorious recompense at the hands of the righteous judge, when he shall come.

VALUABLE MEN.

Nowhere can better, firmer friends of all mankind be found, than among those who labor down in the ranks of the poor and fallen; who go out into the alleys, lanes and by-ways, and down into the huts, sheds and cellars, or out into the market places and prisons, after souls. We honor them, in our hearts, whatever their creed, or position, or education, or previous life. We look up to the pulpit, and say from force of circumstances—sometimes quite charitably—they are men, and friends, of God. But we look out upon the humble evangelists and missionaries of the Cross and say, from impulse, they are friends of God and man.

Such persons should never be allowed to hide themselves away from us. The world is in want of all their friendship, actively exercised. To undervalue them appears to be tantamount to wickedness. To disregard their worth is to refuse to gather the gold that lies about our pathways. A single one of such men is more than all earthly treasures, from the cattle upon a thousand hills to the great metallic veins that course the geological eras of the globe. Is there cause for dislike, or envy among such as hold higher places? Speedily remove it. Rather, pray God to heal your heart, than that you should use indifference or coldness toward them. Good men—those who are deeply such, in the work of their lives—are always scarce. They merit recogni-

tion, encouragement and universal respect. There is much of kindness among men, and no bounds to the vast amount of individual friendships. But the genuine friends of our common humanity are like finest-carat diamonds—very rare and worthful.

THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU.

We will now return to Mr. Murphy's story:

"The first words of Captain Sturdivant to me were,—

"'I am sorry to see you here. Would you not like to be sober, as you once were, and stop the business of selling liquor, and be at home with your wife and children?'

"'Yes, I would like to be respected. I do not want to be in the business of selling liquor. But,' after a slight pause, I continued, 'hardly a hope remains for me.'

"Upon this reply, the good hearted man immediately pulled me close to his side, and said:

"'There is hope for you; and, if you will only make an effort to help yourself, we will help you; and God will help you.'

"Oh, how sweetly these words came to my heart. I shall never forget them. And as I looked up, and into his face, I saw the tears coursing thick and fast down his cheeks. Then I said to myself, 'God helping me, I will make an effort to become a sober man.' And, I can say, I secured the victory over the terrible evil of intemperance through the kindly touch and words of this Christian."

POWER OF KINDNESS.

It may be well here to indulge in a passing reflection upon the power of kindness. A single word, and even look, rightly and timely given, has not only brought light and salvation to a soul, but been the means, in the end, of lifting hundreds and thousands from the sloughs of sin to the Rock of righteousness—from deep depravity to true manhood.

The brief work of Capt. Sturdivant, and its results, calls to mind another instance of the glorious consequences of a few kind words:

On a certain Sabbath evening, many years ago,—perhaps twenty-five or thirty—a reckless young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester, Massachusetts. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of an alehouse. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town-hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character, that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With trembling hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet.

The poor boot-crimper who tapped him on the

shoulder, good Joel Stratton, has gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe.

Methinks, when we listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform, we are hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester.

LITTLE THINGS.

Thus, also, when we see the crowds of drinking men walk from their slavery, with even the chains clanking about their feet, into the moral air and freedom of gospel temperance, we seem to hear from the corridor of the Portland jail the kindly fall of Capt. Sturdivant's hand upon the shoulder of the coming reformer. And the conclusion imposed upon us is, that we would rather have the reward, that comes of that little act, than enjoy the highest place, with all its best honors and emoluments, in the gift of any nation or age.

Little things! How the thoughts of them crowd our mind. They, the means usually employed by Jehovah in the production of the most wonderful events. They rise up along side the honored and well-heralded things of life, and throw their mightier shadows across them. They have often their origin in the brain of childhood, and eventually wind their slender threads about households, social systems and nations, until the whole world of hearts are all

haunted by their memories. In truth, we are prone to believe that all things truly great are but grown up little things.

Shall we not regard them, then? Shall we not tap a poor fallen man on the shoulder in behalf of a great suffering humanity? Shall we not offer a tear on the side of devoted mothers and loved ones in heaven? Is it, finally, not better that we should engage at every possible opportunity in doing some little thing for Christ, and for souls, than that we should idle away our lives in failures at so-called big things?

NOBLE FEELINGS.

Again, taking up our narrative, do we not see how noble feelings are aroused under heavenly influences—how graces, which do not thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of the world, can be brought into full play, down about the grates and bars of even prison life. For, as Capt. Sturdivant was about to leave Mr. Murphy, after the very limited interview described, the latter imploringly asked:

"'Will you please go and see my wife and tell her to keep up courage?'

"'I will,' was the quick and earnest response.

"'And will you come and see me, again,' rejoined Mr. Murphy, as his visitor was passing out, his countenance and his whole demeanor betokening the deep interest felt in the request.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

"'O, Yes! I will come and see you again. And may God bless you!' were the hurried words of the great and good man as he passed out of the door."

Capt. Sturdivant was gone. Not so his last words. They rang in the ears of the prisoner, until their vibrations spread through every avenue and recess of the soul. They recalled the mother's blessing, in the cottage by the sea, and the well-formed but long-neglected purposes of the ambitious Irish boy. "God bless you!" seemed to fill his cell. The words lingered with him during the remainder of that solemn holy day. And at evening, when alone, in the deepness of his sorrow, and when the Spirit of Evil came to him, as frequently before, and said, "You have no friends; there are none you can trust," a beautiful form immediately came and ministered unto him, and said, "God bless you!"

CHAPTER XI.

A WEEK OF SUFFERING.

A LONG week had now begun its round in the prison. Mr. Murphy hourly, as time heavily dragged along, had his mind upon his family. While the woe of his own heart began to oppress him, he more keenly felt for that of those dear to him, and upon whom he had placed the most griev-

ous and grinding of burdens. His sins appeared more fearful than ever. A mountain of evil, sufficient to overwhelm him at every turn, met his thoughts. How could he flee his degradation? Was there no place of comfort? Would his punishment never end?

These, and similar thoughts, troubled him each day; and thus, so fevered and perturbed had his mind become, before the hours of rest arrived, that he paced the little cell, throughout whole nights, suffering most exquisite anguish. He fancied he heard the pleading voices of the little home circle; that he saw the pale visage of her whom he had sworn to love, comfort, honor, and keep, in sickness and health; and, that he especially heard the call of the little boy, whom his heart most dearly loved, close by him, in his room.

He has assured us that, after, at several times, lying down awhile, he has gotten up and walked about his cell as if in search of his child, and felt impressed that the little fellow must be at hand, and could almost be seen. At such times, there were two sentences to recall him to his lonely situation, and soften its severity,—the one, the kind remark, "There is hope for you;" the other, the solacing words, "God bless you!"

THE WORDS PUT INTO HIS MOUTH.

Here we catch unmistakable glimpses of the facts that Captain Sturdivant was first led by the Spirit

to this apostle, for his awakening; and that the words were put into his mouth, by which the great soul should be fitly leavened for the approaching Sabbath. Of all other things, which might have been uttered, we incline to the belief that nothing else than was uttered could have been equally effective. In Mr. Murphy's case they were all potent, and the words of Infinite Wisdom.

The instruction of Christ, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak," were to the disciples at first. But, as the whole range of God's teachings and promises, they were as well to their followers and the Church forever. When men, with great confidence in human knowledge, exhaust their best efforts of mind in a thorough preparation for Christian work, they of necessity antagonize the injunction.

We feel led here to step out further, into a somewhat side issue, and ask, Why was it said "Take no thought *how* or *what* ye shall say?" Why, also, "In that same hour?" Why should the Master have enjoined these things except for high, important, and most sacred reasons? And, if so essential in the proclamation of Divine Truth, then, is it not equally so now?

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT ESSENTIAL.

Do men say, however, that the demands of education—of circumspection in theological and philo-

sophical discussion—in these times, are such as to require great precision and preparation? We reply that the very claim is profane in character. It assumes that the wisdom and preparation of man, under an educated system, is above that of the Holy Ghost.

No, in these days, when sophistry and skepticism are highly skilled, more than in those of man's comparative ignorance, do we need the enlightening influences of God. And, at no time do we require to lean more heavily and perfectly upon the guidance of the Spirit, in all our thoughts, than when the Church is well burdened with commentaries and criticisms, and when these stand in about as close proximity, oftentimes, as the North and South Pole. We greatly prefer the Bible with prayer, to the Bible and all other human means—especially to the taking of thought *how* or *what*, and then doing it for a whole week or month beforehand.

Another fact, is evidence, *per se*, of the correctness of these views. It is, that when devout believers have tested for any reasonable time, and under reasonable circumstances, the two methods, they have promptly and freely decided in favor of the Spirit doing the work, in His own way, and in the selfsame hour.

PLAN TO BE ADHERED TO.

Before leaving these thoughts, we will remark, that we admit the necessity of a certain method of preparation for gospel labor, we understand the

"how," or "what" to refer to the language and subject-matter. We require arrangement of subject. It were foolish to question it. But there is a preparation that is as high as the Holy Spirit; a preparation as frequently slighted by preachers, as regular means of grace are by laymen. We may learn the wisdom of men as thoroughly as Moses did that of the Egyptians. It will only place us at advantage. But we must, with it all, have the wisdom of God.

In the work of the church, and particularly in the sacred desk, all idea of appearing to advantage, of saying fine things, beautiful things, sensational things, and hitting things, is preposterously absurd and should be abandoned. The man should be hidden, and Christ held up. The advice of Jesus, in brief, should be obeyed to the full extent of its import, that we should "take no thought as to *how* or *what*." And if this were adhered to, the remainder of the sentence—"For it shall be given you in that same hour, *what*," &c.—would harmonize with pulpit experiences. One result, at least, inevitably, would be, a mighty tearing down of the strongholds of sin. And still another, and important one, that unconverted and ungodly men would flee the sacred calling as speedily as certain little rodents are said to flee a burning store-house, or sinking ship.

A NOTABLE DAY.

As we have said, at the beginning of this chapter, time hung heavily upon our subject in the Portland prison. He anxiously awaited the developments of

another holy day, and looked with a peculiar eagerness toward it. At last, after a partial rest the previous night, it opened beautifully and brightly. And now, that we may omit nothing from the most important feature in this biography, we will give the revelations of Mr. Murphy, as he has one by one unfolded them in their proper order—doubtless furnishing everything of any especial value in connection with that most notable event:

"The Sabbath day came and great interest was shown throughout the city. It was generally known that the Christian people had commenced to worship in the jail. A large number of people early gathered about the building. They principally came to join in the worship of God, and, you may rest assured there was quite a crowd.

GREAT RELIGIOUS MEETING IN JAIL.

"I did not suppose that my wife would come to see me. At least I hoped she would not. But it was ordered otherwise. Of course I knew that, out of the gladness of her heart, she would come, if it did not occur to her how painful it would be to me to see her at such a place and under such surroundings. But it seems that where hearts are true they cannot easily be separated. Prison doors cannot long keep them apart. You may even put a man on the gallows, the redeeming power of love will claim its own.

"The doors of the prison were soon opened wide,

and a continuous line of people entered. How different my feelings now from those I had, at the same hour, one week previous. I actually longed to see the face of that Christian man, Capt. Sturdivant. Through the previous week I prayed from my heart, while alone in my cell, that God would send him to me. I longed for some friendly hand, and for deliverance, so that I might, liberated from all bonds, go to my innocent children and queenly wife.

"As the crowds came in they sang, as before. It was truly a beautiful and inspiring sight. When the place was well filled, hundreds of people had to be turned away.

ESPIED HIS WIFE.

"When I lifted up my head and looked over among the throng, my eyes fell upon my dear wife. She had stepped just inside the door, so as to be out of sight as much as possible, dear child. I see her sweet face now. The moment I looked upon her, she stepped aside, to be away from my gaze as soon as possible. The little children were with her. They had hold of their mother's dress and I could see them looking through the audience to see where their father was.

"As I was, seated there on that occasion, I felt in my heart that I would have thanked God, had he taken me to himself in an instant of time. My experience was of such a terribly painful nature, that my poverty of language forbids me to attempt a description of it.

"When I saw my wife, her lips parted, and her eyes filled with tears. I had just taken my seat, and kept looking at my children. Truly, I realized that my life was far from desirable.

A BOUQUET AND A FOND MEETING.

"At this point, my oldest daughter, Mary, who was then ten years of age, parted from her mother and pressed along through the audience. She had a beautiful bouquet in her hand. Evidently she had brought it to her father. I saw that the face of the dear child had become as white as linen. Soon she was at my side. She tried to shake hands with me, but standing as she was, she could not very well, and, passing her arms around my neck, she said:

"'Father, oh, father, we have been lonesome for you!'

"'Daughter, I have been lonesome for you,' I replied, and, at once, added, 'and God helping I shall make an effort to be a sober man.'"

Following this scene, we are drawn toward the assemblage of people on every hand. A lively interest was apparent upon their countenances. Here and there a few quietly engaged in an occasional interchange of remarks. But the most attractive circumstances of the hour were those which concerned the numerous prisoners present. As the daughter of the ex-landlord and saloon-keeper pushed along through the gathering toward her father, having her bouquet in hand, not a few eyes

followed her and scanned closely the meeting of the two, together with its little phases and effects. Not a few persons were moved to tears, and perceptably agitated.

The worship of God had begun. It was impressive, and of quite a spiritual character. The singing, prayers, and remarks were highly interesting and important, and contributed greatly toward the softening of hearts that heretofore were stoical in such things. The visitors knew full well that their labors were not in vain, and would surely be attended with good consequences in the end.

SOUGHT OUT BY A LOVING COMPANY.

We cannot here notice the various incidents of the services, as it is our business to record only those things which concern the subject of our biography. Capt. Sturdivant, with others, had become deeply interested in the case of Mr. Murphy. His case was an important one. He was well known, and, doubtless, many prayers had ascended within a short time in his behalf. As soon, therefore, as the services had concluded, he was sought out by the good man, as well as by his devoted wife and children. And these in the anxiousness of their souls, accompanied him to his little cell, there to sympathize with and cheer him in his desires to attain to firm and deep resolves against his former mode of life.

Can any one, this side actual experience, form an intelligent opinion of the thoughts and emotions

which crowded the breasts of that living company, as, one by one, they stepped into the cold and gloomy cell? It appears to us that under few other influences could there be a more active appeal to general Christian sympathy; and that if ever the great Divine Heart especially throbbed and was disturbed in behalf of poor, unfortunate creatures, it was on this solemn Sabbath occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

PRAYER-MEETING IN THE DARK DUNGEON.

A feeling of sacredness, bordering upon awe, belongs to this portion of our narrative. When people, singly, go into their closets to commune with God, they cannot but realize that, being alone with their Almighty Helper, a deep solemnity attaches to the service. A species of peculiar sanctity is in the air they breathe. But, when we go down to the dungeon, in the prison, and there behold the most loving and faithful of burdened souls, gathered about their fallen husband, father and friend, for the purpose of unitedly appearing before the King of Kings, in petition, we feel a sense of oppression and profound reverence.

A distinguished man once, upon a corner of a street, in a European city, heard the nervous and

peculiarly sweet voice of a child engaged at singing to God's praise. His eyes, instantly turned in the direction of the sound, fell upon a little blind boy, whose face seemed radiant with the rapture of a devout heart. At once the hat was removed from his head, and his chin fell upon his broad chest. A passing friend said to the man, "Why stand here in the broiling sun with bared head? Is anything wrong?" Then looking up, for the moment, he replied, "Do you hear that voice, and see that face? The little fellow is blind to the wonderful beauties of this inspiring morning. And, I said to myself, 'If he can so offer praise, while denied the sight of all that is lovely in nature, surely God must be very near.' Therefore, I took off my hat."

Here, too, we feel like bowing the head, and falling down before the Majesty on High.

MR. MURPHY'S CONVERSION.

The worship of God now commenced in the cell. We will give the occurrences of the brief little service, in the words of Mr. Murphy:

"Capt. Sturdivant was close by my side. He placed his arm about my neck, and said, 'Mr. Murphy give your heart to Christ and all will be well with you!'

"In a little while, my wife was by my side, with the children.

"I hardly dared to look to heaven, I had been so unfortunate. But a ray of hope came to my poor,

aching heart, and then, with my poor suffering wife and children, we all knelt down together upon the cold, dark prison floor, and supplicated God's Throne for Divine mercy and grace.

"The work was then and there done. I arose from my knees with an evidence of God's acceptance of me. Blessed be His name. I knew, for myself, that,—

> "He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
> He sets the prisoner free;
> His blood can make the foulest clean;
> His blood availed for me!"

THE NEW BIRTH.

In this, we place before the reader the declarations of Mr. Murphy. We have no right to question them for a moment. And, while we deplore the indulgences of violent physical effort, in the work of the soul, as uncalled for and unreasonable, we have the most unbounded confidence in such a service and meeting as occurred in the Portland prison, and do not, for a moment, doubt the result claimed.

We believe there is an urgent necessity, on the part of every human being, for a "new birth;" that it merits the most prompt and careful attention; and that Christians should continually carry within them the evidence and knowledge of Divine favor, —however much we may differ as to the proper, or best means of its obtainment.

Our observation, tempts us to the conclusion that,

between the denominations resorting to special efforts and intense feeling, and those continuing in the beaten track, without manifesting any improvement, or real change of life, both have good cause for fault-finding and remonstrance. No one can fail to see a high middle-ground between the two. But, evidently, neither are able just now to occupy. The one is held back by the weight of its success, and the crowds about the wheels of its machinery; the other, by the fear that it may be charged with sympathy with, and an approach to, the former. This is an unfortunate state of affairs. It shows plainly that the day of indifference to the carnal mind, and a rigid adherence to the Divine behests, has not yet dawned upon the Church.

We think, however, that the time is not remote in which all systems of religion will exhibit a high esteem for true piety, and make it the great condition to responsible posts. And we believe, too, that the extraordinary disregard of the plain requirements of Christ, in his conversation with Nicodemus, must yield, in the not distant future, to their full consideration and practice.

A SUBJECT WORTHY ATTENTION.

In these remarks we do not harbor, what some might designate as, objectionable tendencies. On the contrary, we look with much of misgiving and apprehension upon the unrestricted latitude that has allowed thousands of unthinking persons

to even widen the breach created between the reformation and dissenting churches in the seventeenth century. But, we are clear, that the change demanded by our Lord merits more than a passing nod; that it requires that our tastes, habits, appetites, thoughts, feelings and proclivities—in a word, our natures—shall experience a radical change, however that may be brought about; whether by a careful and systematic training, that makes men intelligent Christians, void of all doubt and delusion; or, by the sudden method, by which a large proportion break through the net before they can be hauled to the limitless shores.

LOOSE RELIGION.—DAYS OF MIRACLES.

Our purpose, in these remarks, is to do good; to honor Christ. We dislike a loose religion; a religion that is just none at all; a religion that don't look beyond the church, or above the ordinance; a religion that has as much of faith and works in it as the clouds have of marble or brass. There is, everywhere, a need for a consciousness, a *certainty*, on the part of church members, that they "are not their own, but belong unto their faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, who with his precious blood hath fully satisfied for all their sins, and delivered them from all the power of the devil."

These thoughts bring us again to the statement of Mr. Murphy, that he, in the solemn meeting had in his cell, arose from his knees, with an evidence of

God's acceptance of him. We receive it, just as all other wonderful things, and can only here say, in regard to it, that God's miraculous power did not cease with Paul's conversion, neither are the days of miracles as much gone by as many would make believe.

A TRANSFORMATION.

When Mr. Murphy's family surrounded him, they had been poorly provided for, and he admits that they were in a starving or semi-starving condition. Yet all sight of the fact was lost. There was a beloved husband and father, just saved from the jaws of destruction. He had just consecrated his heart to God, and his life to total abstinence. The interests of the soul sat as cap-sheaves over those of the body, and all were in rapture. Here we will put on record the words of the saved man:

"Then everything became transformed. The very granite of the prison seemed to me to be cut and carved so as to exhibit the forms of angels."

LIGHT HEARTS.

Immediately, upon the close of this service in Mr. Murphy's cell, his wife and children, with Capt. Sturdivant, left the jail. Their steps, like their hearts, were light. The skies were more attractive, and all nature more fascinating to the care-worn wife, and successful evangelist, than before. Their

very countenances seemed to say to the critical observer, "News! News!!" How the miseries of a faithful wife seemed freely compensated!

KEPT IN PRISON.

After the reformation of Mr. Murphy he was not promptly liberated. This was evidently the purpose of the great Ruler of Earth. Man cannot defeat His plans. He had been remarkably good and condescending in visiting one cell and one soul. There were seventy-five more souls within that place of incarceration, all of which were as precious to Him. The first fruits were for Him—for His great work of reform throughout the land. But there were the later fruits for the comforting and healing of the various anxious households.

Our God is no respecter of persons. When He reclaims one, it is that, through such an instrument, the all-needful work of salvation shall continue. He not only puts into every redeemed heart the desire to honor Him in that way, but also furnishes the light, the direction, and the power.

For a considerable time afterwards, Mr. Murphy remained a prisoner. He meditated long and well upon the step he had taken, and the experience he had attained to, and gradually entered upon his plans for the future. It was thus, in the jail, that originated the great reformatory wave now deluging our goodly land.

ASKS TO CONDUCT A PRAYER-MEETING.

One day he conceived the project of carrying the work, begun in his own soul, among the unconverted men around him. He sent a petition to Sheriff Perry asking his permission to hold a prayer meeting. This, as in the case of the request made by Capt. Sturdivant of the same official, was granted. The meeting was held, and was one of powerful influence for good. An impression was made such as could not have been readily accomplished under less interesting circumstances.

Mr. Murphy had grounds for hopefulness. He arose from his bed, often at night, and prayed long and earnestly that the poor prisoners might all be saved by grace divine.

"And, in the silence of the night," he has said, "on such occasions, the word came to my soul, that God had a work for me to do."

"I then said to the Lord," he continued, "If Thou wilt give me to see much fruit from this work, it shall be the evidence to me that I am called to preach the gospel."

SEVENTY-FIVE PRISONERS CONVERTED.

Mr. Murphy did not have a great while to wait. In the course of a little time, he says, he saw the seventy-five men brought securely from the evil of their lives. God gave him every man in the jail.

This was an unexampled success; enough to encourage any believer to feel that he was a chosen vessel. The effect of his work became apparent in the course pursued toward the men. The sheriff discontinued the practice of locking them up. They were put upon their honor. Contrary to the previous custom of the place, they were permitted to go out into the yard, and not one of them ever violated his word with the keeper.

DIVINE NATURE OF THE WORK.

Thus, it is evident, in the work of this man, that Jesus continues to confound the wise and great of this world by using the despised among men; that the same Wisdom which passed by the schools of the prophets, and the candidates for the priesthood, and selected humble fishermen, is yet exercised in behalf of sinners; and that the same Power which disregarded Gamaliel and the Sanhedrim, and selected one who was a favored pupil and follower, and smote him down, that he might be fully qualified for His service, is still controlling the destinies of our race.

No man was ever more certainly led into the cause of righteousness, for an active and prominent part, than Mr. Murphy. He is a singular adaptation of the human to the work of the Divine. His character is one that it would be useless to attempt to lay bare. So far as it concerns his work, this cannot be done. The blade in his hand forbids any

such design. The Sword of the Spirit scarcely admits of a proximity for so weak and foolish a purpose. The power is of God. The man would be as a child in the gigantic conflict without that power. Yet such power is only given where souls are great, and broad, and deep and all-capacious.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS IMPRISONMENT A SCHOOL.

As TIME went on, and the strange events at the Portland jail had been well noised about, a deep sympathy was created for the poor men denied their liberty. The popular heart became largely centred upon the prisoners, and was ready to demand the release of such, at least, as had not committed some felony of a grievous nature.

And no one stood higher in public esteem than the once wretched inebriate and saloon-keeper who had been the means of so much good. His labors among, and in behalf of the salvation of, his fellows around him, were the subject of daily comment. He had already, before leaving the great dark walls as a freeman, made an impression that could not but put him in the fore front in any attempt as a leader, teacher or lecturer. His imprisonment proved the entrance-way to a great and valuable life. He had only been to school.

NO HELP FOR HIS WIFE.

But while these things were so, few persons—as is usually the case—knew of the misery that existed in Mr. Murphy's household. This is best furnished in the following words of the lecturer:

"They were in straitened circumstances. The landlord had notified my wife and her six little ones to get out of his building. There was no one to help her.

DENIED HERSELF BREAD.

"What I suffered during that time God himself only knows. My wife denied herself bread to feed the children, as a good mother always will, and even to send me a bite by the children when they came to see me. Finally, the children could not come; they had no money to pay the car fare.

NO MEALS THAT DAY.

"It was on the 30th of October, 1870, that I received a letter from my dear wife. It was the last one I ever received from her. It appears that she had had no meals that day, as she had nothing to cook. Johnny, the littlest of the six, while walking up and down the floor, had turned round at last and pleaded to her: 'Mother, haven't you got a piece of bread for me?' She opened the cupboard, but searched in vain. For the first time there was

actually not even a crust or crumb for the 'pet,' for whom she had always been able to save at least something.

MRS. MURPHY'S SAD LETTER.

"The mother's heart failed her, and then she sat down and wrote me this letter:

"'DEAR HUSBAND:—I have had a week of bitter trial. My strength is failing me. I cannot live long. But do not be discouraged. My trust is in God.'

"This letter I received at night. I could not read it in my dark cell, but I managed to decipher the words by the gas in the corridor.

A BITTER NIGHT.

"I walked my cell all that night. I cannot speak my experience on that the most bitter night I ever spent in all my life. But it is past now, thanks be to God! never to be lived over. I determined to put my trust in God. If I lived until morning I would show that letter to the keeper, and tell him the circumstances, and ask him to go to Captain Sturdivant, the only earthly friend I knew. And when daylight came, God's goodness came unto me.

RELEASED.

"I was released from prison through the efforts of my friend, Captain Sturdivant. On my road

home I heard a familiar step behind me, approaching rapidly, and the next moment the arms of my son Willie were around my neck.

"He whispered in my ear, 'We live down there, father; come quick this way, and follow me. No one is looking.' The poor boy thought it was necessary to hide me. 'I am released, my boy!' I cried to him.

"'Blessed be to God,' he answered, as he fled to break the news to mother; and in nearing the house the children came and flocked around me, and I felt like old times again."

A COMPLETE WRECK.

In the door-way, while yet at a little distance, Mr. Murphy saw his wife standing. Oh, how changed her figure and face! A shudder crept over him as he beheld one, who had been so beautiful and true, now faded, trembling and almost crushed. She looked to him like a vessel, which had started upon the great bosom of life, with pure sails, majestic form and bright promises, but which, after struggling gallantly and faithfully through the most fearful of storms, was left at mid-ocean, a complete wreck. Now, the storm had been spent; the clouds were broken; the silver linings were far out where the wavelets, in rhythmic succession, leaped upon and kissed the passing clouds; and the whole firmament was decorated with sheets of gold; but, the best

and dearest of all objects was broken—yea, sinking, and would soon forever disappear from the surface.

No wonder that Mr. Murphy felt a chill come upon him. No wonder that his previous hopes and buoyant emotions were cast aside. And even now, we think, that he would be one of the last men, to touch the intoxicating glass, in this world; that, at the very thought of the act, the white face of the sainted wife and mother would rise up before him and dash it to the ground. One such experience as his should be enough to keep a world of men from the dread destroyer.

THE MEETING.

We will return to the very touching account, given by Mr. Murphy, of his release, and return to his home:

"When I reached the door I met my wife, who folded me in her arms to her bosom. I can see her now as in a picture, with her large wealth of golden hair hung carelessly over her shoulders. 'God helping me, wife,' I said, 'I will never touch another drop of liquor, and never sell another drop!'"

AN EARNEST PRAYER.

Quickly the home was entered. The soul of the Christian companion and mother, heretofore conscious of uninterrupted suffering, was now running

over with a sense of gratitude. She could not longer withhold the meed due Him who had so fully answered her many pleadings by day and by night. She sunk down upon her knees, and, holding up her hands, tightly clasping those of her husband, offered thanks for Divine favor, and besought God, for Christ's sake, to give her husband strength to keep his resolution.

Thus came on the new life of Francis Murphy in his family. Such occurrences could not but largely help to rivet the man and his purposes together. The beginning of any Christian life is attended with something of embarrassment. And when there is a total want of sympathy, among those allied to us in daily struggles, our perplexities are manifold and serious. But, in the case in point, it was otherwise. The wife was a sterling believer, and held in high esteem the privilege of prayer. Surely, here was much of aid and comfort, at this all-important period of Mr. Murphy's life.

ERECTS A FAMILY ALTAR.

The effect of the scene furnished is thus told, in a few sentences, by Mr. Murphy:

"And then, all at once, things brightened, and I determined to erect a family altar. I said, I will go to Captain Sturdivant, who had rescued me, and tell him."

FRUIT AND GARMENTS BROUGHT.

"And that night he brought a lot of friends with him to erect it, and they brought fruit and garments for the little children. Oh! you don't know how they needed them. My eyes cannot help filling with tears when I remember that crisis of my life."

NEW DUTIES AND TRIALS.

The duties and struggles of our convert now began. His family was large, and to him all eyes were naturally turned. He engaged at such employment as presented itself for the time, but felt far from contented in his narrow sphere. He was, after a while, to enter upon a wider field of activity, but there was deep water between it and him.

MRS. MURPHY'S DEATH.

Three weeks had passed away, when Mrs. Murphy was seized with an attack of typhoid fever. The scorching embrace of the disease soon produced the dreaded delirium. For fourteen days her husband and children watched and waited and toiled at her bedside. No attention was neglected. Every heart was bowed down and anxious. But the worst of all calamities was approaching. The physician soon found his skill exhausted in the vain hope to bring about a change. She never revived. Death

entered the home, and put his hand upon the chief object of all its affections.

It was in the month of December, 1870, when this terrible visitation came upon the Murphy family. The husband was filled with mourning, and would not be comforted. The little faces around him were tear-marked, and the eyes red with weeping. The world had often appeared dark and chilly to some of them—but, now, it was enveloped in gloom, and desolation stared at them from every side.

A SAD FAMILY.

After a few days, the loved form was removed. The undertaker, and his assistant, soon put away all traces of the funeral. The little dining-room was in its usual order. A few, well-worn ornaments and bijouterie were here and there seen; but all interest in them was gone. In the mother's room a coldness and heaviness rested everywhere. The bright December sunlight gleamed through the half-shaded windows, but it furnished nothing of warmth or cheer. There was some one absent. Something was wanting. Soon a little one began its woe. Mother was needed. The father might call to him the sad child, and speak of the bright, far-away land to which God had called their best and truer earthly friend; but the sadness remained. None seemed to know why the kind Father should take her away, when she was wanted so much.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF EVENTS.

We will now unwind the cords that have thus far allowed an undisturbed gaze at the home-scenes of a much stricken family, and let down the curtain that divides the life of Francis Murphy, the inebriate, and Francis Murphy, the temperance Apostle. We could not possibly omit in the former, this most important of all events, since it looms up before us as the deepest and direst of all the mischief consequent upon the acts of a dissipated husband. It naturally belongs to the time when, little by little, the earth was rudely and ruthlessly shoveled from beneath the weary feet of the tender pilgrim, until at last—though the Sun of Righteousness, and the zephyrs from the Eternal City fell refreshingly upon her—the grave swallowed its own victor.

The closing scenes in the life presented, have kept with Mr. Murphy. They seem to have had their influence upon his labors until this hour. Now and then, they almost overcome him, as his heart grows warm and his words tremulous. Often, they hover about his thoughts, without direct reference to them. His whole being often seems to leap backward and forward between the little grave mound in Wexford and that in Portland city. They surmount the ashes which he delights to honor. He would, from the love he bore them, and the hallowed veneration in which their memories are held, yet do much for the good mothers and suffering

wives of others. Notice his words, delivered on a recent occasion:

CANNOT BUT WORK.

"I am doing this work because I cannot help it. I can avoid doing it no more than I can avoid breathing. There is no portion of life I do not seem to have tasted. There is not a man, who has passed through affliction, except that I have been called upon to do as much. I have been in the furnace when the form of the fourth was in it. I knew God was with me.

"Could I but give others to see what I have seen, to feel what I have felt, and to pass through what I have done, none would be surprised at my eagerness. I found, beyond all questioning, that God saves to the uttermost. No matter, if you have been a prisoner, and base rebel, He comes to you with more than a mother's love.

"How quickly would the mother come to her boy, if she could, and put her hand fondly upon his head, and draw him lovingly to her breast. A boy, even in rags, will try to make himself appear well before her who bore him. But she will not stop to see his rags; she will see her face in his, and take him to her heart. She will not be content to take his hand, but will fall upon his neck.

"So Christ sees His face in yours, if you will but believe in Him; and wherever you may be, or however degraded, He, the once crucified, oppressed

and bleeding, stands ready to fold you in His arms. Yea, he stands and knocks at the door of your heart, until His locks are wet with the dew of the evening. God always does His part."

A COMPLETE PREPARATION FOR IT.

The temperance of Mr. Murphy began in religion—under soul convictions. Had he become a temperance man, without embracing Christ, he never could have entered upon this gigantic and holy warfare. Men can be temperance men without being Christians; but no man can be a Christian without being a temperance man, however much debauchery and drunkenness may have blighted his faculties. Out of darkness and into light means, a reformation in all things which have to do with the soul.

The jail has been well called "his trysting-place with the Spirit of the new life that had been bequeathed him." When his time of confinement ended he walked forth a herald and leader and unfurled his ensign boldly to the breeze. For a brief season he was cast down beyond all taste for labor of almost any kind. He was tried by affliction. But, he stood the ordeal, manfully. And, hereby he was made stronger for the sublime conflict awaiting him.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST APPEARANCE AS A LECTURER.

The time for the debut of Mr. Murphy as a lecturer had come. Having had a highly favorable address, and being, to all appearances, gifted with earnestness and freedom in speech, several Christian gentlemen, who had become interested in his reformation, induced him to essay a public lecture in the City Hall, in Portland. This event transpired in the month of April.

As he had numerous acquaintances throughout the city, and his recent remarkable reformation and success were all well known, the mere announcement, that he was to deliver a lecture, was sufficient to attract a large crowd. He had a well-packed house. Of course, he was surprised, and even somewhat dismayed when he came before the vast assemblage of upturned faces. But, becoming warmed as he entered upon his theme, he soon lapsed into his native energy and singular earnestness. He reasoned from the standpoint of a bitter personal experience. All were in sympathy with the speaker. His maiden effort produced a profound impression upon his audience.

SURPRISED AT THE RESULT.

At the conclusion of his address, about the only dissatisfied person in the hall was Francis Murphy.

He had somehow gotten the impression that his effort was an inglorious failure. He attempted a sort of speedy retreat, by leaving the platform quietly, and going through the audience toward the door. His mind was pretty well made up that he could not meet with any degree of success in his newly selected field.

Before, however, Mr. Murphy had left the place, he had more than fifty applications as a temperance lecturer, and, as another has put it, "he was in business up to his eyes." Of course, he was greatly surprised at this turn in matters, and began somewhat to lose confidence in his rash opinions.

Having met with so much of kind and unrestrained encouragement, he determined to go on with the glorious work. In the course of time, he delivered some thirty-eight or forty consecutive lectures in Portland, with the most unqualified success. The effect of his labors was soon seen in the organization of a "Reform Club," through which considerable advance was made against the rum power.

HIS INFLUENCE EXTENDING.

Soon the influence of the new aspirant to popular favor was felt beyond the confines of his own city. His services were in great demand in various parts of the State of Maine, and also in portions of New Hampshire. In these two States he labored largely for the space of nearly four years.

Subsequently, he found his way into Iowa and

Illinois, at the instigation of temperance people, and did valiant service. In Iowa he received the most flattering encomiums from the press. The name of the faithful worker, in many localities throughout the State, has become a household word. In Illinois, also, he made hosts of friends. Very many wretched men threw away their garments of dissipation, and donned those of sobriety and industry, in obedience to his appeals.

In this latter State, he bravely aided the organization known as the "Womens' Christian Temperance Union," in several prominent instances. A reference to one of these will no doubt interest the general reader.

RALLIES THE PEOPLE AT FREEPORT.

He visited, by invitation, the town of Freeport. From his first appearance on the rostrum, a new era seemed to dawn upon the temperance work in that place. For a long time previously the cause had been represented by a band of praying women. But they had not experienced any degree of success. It was evident that the opposition to their cause was too strong—the odds, too many.

But what the brilliant leader, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, was to the demoralized and retreating Union forces, near Winchester, after his famous and perilous ride, Francis Murphy was to the forlorn temperance hope in the village referred to. He rallied their scattered forces. He filled them with fresh

courage, and fired their souls with new hope. He completely turned the faces of the temperance people toward the foe, and in the name of Jehovah, urged them to move forward.

A SANGUINARY STRUGGLE.

And forward they went. It was a difficult and sanguinary struggle. Every time they succeeded in capturing one from the enemy, he insisted upon that one being pushed to the front and made a sort of commissioned officer. His bold and effective way struck his enemies with dismay. They found themselves outwitted, and outgeneraled. They were flanked by the orator; their ranks were weakened, and the reform forces greatly strengthened. Many men, useful and good, were released from their sinful and lustful bondage, and became valuable accessions to society, and the Church.

And this is about the result of his labors everywhere. He works in what may be called a winning way throughout. In the west, as in the north and other parts, he plainly, and modestly too, unveils the story of his sad life. His pathos attracts. His unfeigned regrets commend. His eulogy, upon him who helped him into the light, interests. His appeal to men to stand to the right convicts. And he is soon master of the hearts of his hearers.

DIO LEWIS ASTONISHED.

Near about the time, of which we have just been writing, in the fall of 1874, Mr. Murphy attended

the old Orchard Beach Camp Meeting in New York State. He delivered a temperance speech, in his peculiar way, which had a most telling effect. Very many persons were completely softened under his eloquent and fervid words. Dio Lewis had been announced to follow him. But the doctor declined, and used, in doing so, the following language:

"I cannot make a speech after Mr. Murphy. I have heard speeches for forty years; have been on the rostrum myself for over twenty-five years; but I have never heard such a speech as his to-day. In God's name, keep that man telling his story all over the land, every night as long as his breath and strength are spared."

ARRANGES TO GO TO PITTSBURG.

Mr. Murphy visited Chicago, where he labored for a time, and with undiminished encouragement. While there he received and answered a letter from Chancellor Woods inviting him to Pittsburg. This correspondence secured the services of Mr. Murphy for a series of eight lectures, in the Iron City, at twenty-five dollars a lecture.

The Chancellor had been authorized to take such a step by the Young Men's Temperance Union—an association of young men banded together for the purpose of breaking up the practice of using alcoholic drinks. They had been working quietly among themselves, with a reformed lawyer as president.

DISCOURAGED.

At first, Mr. Murphy was discouraged in Pittsburg. His labors did not seem to be accomplishing anything. There was a want of sympathy and enthusiasm. He did not want much time for experiment. Something must be done outside the regular order of things. He felt unhappy. He was sitting in the Seventh Avenue Hotel talking to two newspaper men. He said he could not work that way among the churches, delivering lectures, but that if he had a room somewhere, so that he could get a dozen or so of the "boys" in, off the street, he thought he could do some good in Pittsburg. Felix Cracraft, a reporter, who was in the room, told him not to fret. [Murphy was weeping.] Cracraft told him not to worry about it; that he would get him a room. He started out and got him the basement of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church; and there Murphy started his meeting with the "boys."

When he was out, they would get to talking among themselves, telling their experiences and singing snatches of songs learned in childhood. From that, this movement spread throughout Pittsburg and Allegheny City; and there were as high as eighteen churches—the largest in the two cities—open there, for weeks, every night.

AN UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS.

Subsequently, when the engagement of Mr. Murphy proved an unexampled success, it was deemed

advisable to retain him, for an unlimited period, at a salary of $125 per week and expenses. When the arrangement was effected, there was just eighty dollars in the treasury of the Temperance Union. The receipts, from specified lectures, netted the sum of $3,000, and defrayed all the expenses attending the great movement.

The work spread rapidly and assumed interesting proportions. Many heard the leader and his converts from the merest curiosity; but soon caught the contageous feeling, and went away filled with temperance energy, and a lively hope of the eventual triumph of the cause. The method by which all were actuated is thus adverted to:

"The movement was for the reclamation of men addicted to drink, and not for the amusement of sober people. The glove was pulled off, and the naked, warm hand of help, charity and fraternity extended to all. No sectarianism cast a shadow upon it; no illiberality rotted in its core; no personal assault was made upon legalized traffic; no mask was worn on its face; no fustian on its limbs. Naked, open-faced and clear-eyed, in all the brawny strength of truth, honor, justice and love, the movement seized the populace by the ears, and carried into captivity their hearts—a lesson for the present; an example for the future."

In the course of about four weeks the cause had five thousand names enrolled. In about ten weeks, altogether, it had forty thousand. The meetings were always conducted with great regularity and

informality. Mr. Murphy kept his genial nature throughout. Until the close of the engagement, there was manifested a steady flow of kindness and charitableness, as well as of triumph.

PROMINENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

In view of the prominent character of the three months' campaign in Pittsburg it seems proper here to allude to a few of the circumstances and incidents attending it. From the beginning, there were peculiarities noticeable in the lecturer, which gradually adhered to the work, and gave it frequently additional zest. He bequeathed it certain expressions, which are held among the young men as are precious heirlooms, often, in families. One is, "If you please," usually put to the end of his sentences, remarks, etc. Another, "Won't somebody please say amen!" And still another, the word "Prosbyterian," which is rather famous. And again, his "Just a word, brother," and the introductory, "Clothed in his right mind," are familiar to nearly all who have heard him.

A studied effort, on the part of any one, was steadily disapproved by Mr. Murphy. His heart seemed to run over in the work, and he preferred only the impromptu outpourings of those who were similarly affected. Those, who never before attempted a speech, enjoyed ease and freedom before the great audiences. Now and then, one began to sink, from want of confidence, as Peter did from

want of faith, but the hand of Mr. Murphy was ready to help him through by some sudden act or word of strategy. Occasionally some glib-tongued orator would "strike an attitude," and essay an effort on the rostrum; but Mr. Murphy, after repeated "glories" and "amens," would pleasantly urge, "Somebody please say amen," followed by, "A verse, if you please, Bro. Lincoln," and the voluble would retire in good humor.

The speeches attending the movement have been of every kind, from gay to grave; from quaint reminiscences to most touching recitals. As a consequence, there has been an unstinted admixture of laughter and tears and applause.

INCIDENTS.

There have also been occasional instances of what the lecturer somewhat facetiously styles weddings. Ties that had been sundered by the violent hand of intoxication, or a continuous course of dissipation, were readjusted.

One evening a young man stepped up and signed the pledge. Scarcely had he done so, when a young woman, with a babe in her arms, came forward, and falling upon his neck, kissed him and wept. Drink had separated the young couple. With pledge in pocket, and the baby on one arm and his wife on the other, the husband walked through the crowd and received the congratulations of everybody.

At another meeting, a gentleman was walking up to sign the pledge, when a curly-headed little fellow, who had been nestling under a lady's arm, jumped up on the cushions of the pew they were seated in, and clapping his hands in childish glee, exclaimed, "Oh, Auntie! Auntie! there goes papa to sign the pledge. Now, let's go and tell mamma!" and the childish desire to make mamma happy brought tears to many eyes.

Once in a while a ragged-looking stranger would approach. He seemed to think no one cared for him. Undemonstratively he would take the pen up, and, with tightly-closed lips, strike the blow at the enemy of his soul. Suddenly a fellowship rises up, surprises and surrounds him. His case was understood, and his special need met. Hands were extended him, and endearing and encouraging words poured into his ear.

Many other things, worthy of record, might be here furnished, did space permit. Yea, volumes of deep interest might be written, showing how bodies and souls have been liberated and saved. The work of Francis Murphy at Pittsburg, as, indeed, at many other points, will never appear, in its boundless and most glorious results, until the veil of Time is lifted, and the full blaze of Infinite Truth and Beauty is shed upon the disenthralled and redeemed of earth.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MURPHY'S SERVICES SECURED FOR PHILADELPHIA.

THE FAME of Mr. Murphy's labors in Pittsburg and vicinity, having reached Philadelphia, an interest was felt, at once, among a few of our most plilanthropic and public spirited men. The progress steadily made was carefully watched; and, as a result, the conclusion speedily arrived at, that similar success would follow here, could the orator be induced to appear before our people.

Among the persons deeply concerned, in behalf of the need of the great city of Brotherly Love, was Mr. John Wanamaker, the merchant prince, whose great public spirit, and works of charity and benevolence, have endeared him far and wide to the masses around him. Taking the initiative steps alone, and upon his own responsibility, and being ready to defray all the expenses incurred, he secured the labors of Mr. Murphy for a definite period. The commodious and well-known Academy of Music, on Broad street was secured, by way of an introduction for the lecturer. Subsequently, the Mission House, a notable enterprise of Mr. Wanamaker's, in which he has a Sunday-school of nearly two thousand children to meet every Lord's day, was used as the place for Mr. Murphy's meetings.

PHILANTHROPISTS TAKE HOLD.

Promptly, such men as George H. Stuart, whose unrivalled reputation as a true Christian philanthropist and humanitarian, stands everywhere acknowledged; and Joshua L. Baily, the well-known merchant, and founder of the Coffee-house system, as a preventive to tavern-temptation; and Samuel P. Godwin, the President of the Franklin Reformatory Home, took hold of the matter, when it was advanced step by step, to various points, bringing up, at last, at the large Tabernacle building, on North Broad Street. Even this was often found too small for the throngs eager to catch at the eloquence and interest steadily apparent in the work.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS IN A SHORT TIME.

Words cannot give an adequate idea of the scene presented at each meeting, or of the truly wonderful success which has followed. Mr. Murphy's warmth of language, his evident devotion to the cause, his eloquent appeals to man's better nature, his kindness of manner, and his encouraging words have touched the hearts of every audience, and thousands after thousands of converts to the cause of temperance have in a very short time been made.

MEANS OF SPREADING THE CAUSE.

Then, again, the introduction of the plan of giving Sunday morning breakfasts,—of finding raiment

for those in want, and employment for the unemployed,—has also worked wonders in spreading the cause. Men, who were on the verge of despair, finding that interest was taken in them, have become encouraged—new hopes have been excited, and they redeemed and reformed.

After three months of arduous labors, over fifty thousand signatures had been secured to the Murphy pledge of total abstinence. From these, scores of men have been supplied with work, and received other necessary help.

FRAUDS.

And, in such a multitude, it would appear strange, if some "frauds" had not turned up. The following words, taken from a daily paper, merit a place here:

"The thing to wonder at is, that, out of the thousands of hardened men that have found their way to the Murphy meetings, not a greater number have been found unworthy of confidence. The 'frauds' which have surrounded Murphy are really few. They are quickly detected and are sent on their way in short metre. One man has been sent to the penitentiary. This person had obtained an appointment as usher, and for some time had worn his badge of office unsuspected. Finally, it was discovered that he was a thief, and, it having been proven that he had stolen a watch, he was convicted and sentenced.

"It is known that the pledge has been taken by some just for the purpose of bettering their condition in a mercenary point of view. Quite a number have come with a piteous tale of poverty and want, and have obtained clothing, which was at once taken down to "my uncle," and money sufficient to pay for a few drinks obtained. As a general thing such characters have been discovered, and they form but a small proportion of the cold-water army.

MOVEMENT FREE FROM BAD MEN.

"As a whole, however, the movement has been remarkably free from dishonest men, and, it is estimated, that from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of those who have signed will stick to their pledge."

Some of the noblest names—belonging to the most influential families—have been wrested from the destroying hand. And, from among these, not a few have been freely given to the church—they having obtained the redemption of their bodies through the redemption of their souls. Many fathers and mothers will have cause, in the great day of accounts, to rise up and call Mr. Murphy blessed.

NO EXAGGERATION.

Of course, the great success which has attended the meetings has excited surprise and wonder at every

hand. The reports of the numbers which thronged them, were, by many, considered as exaggerated, and little faith was placed in Mr. Murphy's power to accomplish the vast amount of good represented. But when they had seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, they were, as has been said, by a prominent newspaper authority, "firm believers in his mighty power, through God, to reform and redeem fallen man from the depths of degradation into which the habit of drunkenness had brought them."

AT ONCE CONVINCED.

At this point, we will employ, from the paper just referred to, on account of their aptitude and correctness, the following reflections:

"The evils of intemperance are known to those whom he addresses. In almost every breast there lurks a deep desire to burst from the fetters with which it has bound them; to lead new lives, and become honored and respected in society. They well know the many sorrows and trials that a career of intemperance has brought upon them; and hence it is when Mr. Murphy, in a persuasive and affectionate manner, points out to them the way of relief, and shows the error of their ways, they are at once convinced of his truthfulness.

"He touches the latent desire for a reformation. By his eloquence he arouses a feeling of resolve; and men are persuaded to exercise and put into ex-

ecution a will to do better. He shows that if we have not the will so to do, we surely cannot avoid that temptation which brings contempt, disgrace and misery."

NO ABUSE.

It has been said that in all the speeches made by Mr. Murphy, no one has heard him use a hard or unkind word against those engaged in the sale of liquors, or any one else. His heart seems to beat for all. In the words of the authority just quoted:

"He deals in no invectives; wounds not the sensibilities (for these are possessed by all, in a greater or less degree) of the fallen; but persuades and leads them to make an effort—for having once obtained their signature to the pledge, he knows one great point has been gained. This accomplished, he encourages them to keep it; and not by words alone, but by deeds.

"A Divine Providence has indeed blessed Mr. Murphy's labors. He has been made the humble instrument of saving many souls and bringing them within the means of Grace.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

"To him, it is a labor of love. Night and day he pursues his self-imposed task, and with no other desire of reward than that of accomplishing grand results. That his very heart and soul are wrapped

up in his cause, is evident from the fervent appeals made by him, at each and every meeting, with all the energy and fire of a true orator."

Truly, we may add, to the foregoing thoughts, does Mr. Murphy consider the claims of humanity upon him; and truly, does he seek to lure from their thraldom, the victims of the most cruel of habits—as, also, to succor the weak and oppressed.

BUT ONE INSPIRATION.—NO PREJUDICES.

Thus, in all his work, he has been nerved with a sense of the justice of his cause. Throughout all his labors in Pittsburg and Philadelphia, as everywhere, his hopes have been seen to be fixed upon greater heights. His whole nature has soared outward to more permanent triumphs. His whole organism, natural and spiritual, has been apparently fixed upon one thought, one purpose, and one inspiration—that of Temperance! Hundreds and thousands have been lighted by the truths he has furnished. They have been warmed by the affection he has exhibited. They have been won by the love he has mirrored. And all have been brought, unavoidably, to the conviction, that the Divine Hand is uppermost in the work done.

Generally, in the midst of such achievements, there have risen up powerful prejudices. Not so, in this instance. Mr. Murphy has overpowered any such feelings, if they have existed. His name and

success carry with them the most unbounded respect and confidence, and would readily sweep aside all hindrances of an unworthy nature.

CHAPTER XVI.

FACTS ABOUT A SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

BEFORE leaving the subject of our last chapter—which concerns the temperance work in the Quaker City—it may be profitable to include here some facts given by a reporter, in connection with the "Sunday Breakfast" plan of Mr. Murphy. This has not only become quite a feature in the later period of the movement, but has been recently adopted at several points. They are as follows:

"The success of what may seriously be termed the providential—it is certainly a 'happy idea' of Mr. Murphy, the new apostle of temperance, to appeal to the conscience of the inebriate under the influence of a full stomach—was plainly manifested yesterday morning at the free Sabbath breakfast given under the auspices of the National Christian Temperance Union, in the annex building of the Academy of Fine Arts.

"By actual count the breakfast was partaken of by five hundred and forty-three men, twenty or more women, several children, and a couple of

babies; the latter, although small in numbers and in their mother's laps, being the most demonstrative in the expression of the gratitude which was pictured on each and every countenance, without regard to sex, nativity, color, 'or previous condition of servitude' to rum.

CAPT. STURDIVANT PRESENT.

"The occasion yesterday was increased in interest from the fact that the man who, seven years ago, had rescued Mr. Murphy from prison and shame, and thus restored him to his manhood, was present on the platform, sitting beside the man he had restored to society, and subsequently briefly addressing the assemblage."

On his way to the breakfast referred to the following matters came under the said reporter's notice:

WHAT A GROUP THOUGHT.

"I tell you, I'd rather starve than go and be fed like a pauper," was the remark that fell on the ear as he passed a group of seedily-dressed men standing at the corner of Broad and Race streets shortly before eight o'clock yesterday morning. The clouds were gathering and a rain was threatening at every moment.

"I know how it will be; we will all be gathered like dogs, or rather hogs, up to a narrow table, and

a hundred or more of us, blacks and whites, will be tusseling with each other after a plate of weak soup; and then we'll have to halloo out psalms and get down on our marrow bones for an hour or two, and then listen till twelve o'clock all about how wicked we are and all that, as if we didn't know it already. No; I say, boys, I think I can get that fellow over at the corner where we spent our money last night to 'hang us up' for a round of beer, and he'll have a bully lunch—a whole lot of sausage, fixings, and black bread, besides tiptop soup at ten o'clock, and we can sit down and enjoy it; what do you say? Let's go over and see whether the landlord is up yet."

STOPPED BY A YOUNG LADY.

"Just as a decisive vote was taken by an advance movement toward the beer shop, the spokesman who led the way was stopped suddenly by a young lady, plainly but neatly dressed, and wearing a countenance expressive of pure benevolence. The innate nature of the man made him gentle enough to accept a printed card which she had politely extended to him; and the others followed his example with a 'Thank you, miss!'

"'Why, it's not a tract,' exclaimed the spokesman in astonishment after the young lady had passed on. 'By Jove, if it ain't a polite invitation for us to go and take breakfast with Murphy.'

HOW THE THING WORKS.

"'Well, now, that's another kink. Murphy, I understood, says he was once as 'hard up' and as 'down in the heels' as we are. We are his peers! and as Mr. Murphy is so polite as to extend us an invitation in his formal way, why we can't do anything else but to accept it, or send him a letter of regret.'

"And the speaker and his companions laughed a very hungry laugh, as he gave the order, 'Right about face, boys! I have known in my time what polite society requires. Murphy is a brick, and we mustn't go back on him.'

IN THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

"And the reporter followed the party into the breakfast room. The aroma of coffee that met the nostrils as one entered the door made the appetite keen. A number of well-dressed young men were quietly but swiftly passing around among five hundred or more of shabbily-dressed men and women, politely filling the neat cups of queensware which each of the latter held in their hands.

"Then followed another company of young men with trays heaped with the most appetizing sandwiches—not the sawdust sandwiches the traveller has to put up with at the railroad stations, but

sandwiches that 'melted in the mouth,' as it were, and made the eater an Oliver Twist, waiting 'more.'

COULDN'T RESIST.

"The reporter couldn't stand the temptation, and, although he had not received any formal invitation from Mr. Murphy, he went in and 'joined in the crowd,' and the thought of 'what a good provider Mr. Murphy must be' had hardly revolved itself in the minds of his guests, as they were laying aside their cups and wiping their mouths, when the coffee and sandwich companies of young men came among them again—this time not only filling the cups, but inviting each and every guest to take a couple of sandwiches this time, or more if he felt he could 'go it.'

THE WORSHIP.

"And all this time a choir of young ladies were singing the beautiful hymns, 'What a friend we have in Jesus' and the like. So that after all had eaten, and Rev. Dr. Saul, of the Episcopal Church, had read the 'lesson of the day' from St. Matthew, 'No man can serve two masters,' and Rev. Dr. Kynett had delivered an impressive prayer of thanks, the congregation got quite sociable and became like members of one family, saying, 'Ain't this jolly,' to each other.

"And then some of the men began to adjust their

hair a little neatly, brushing down the stray locks, etc., and the women 'spruced up' their bonnets or head gearing and spread out their dresses in a way to hide any holes or patches.

"It was noticeable that the large majority of the men had clean faces, although their countenances in many cases may have been a little weather-beaten.

PLEASANT THINGS.

"The dropping of a pin might have been heard when Mrs. Lincoln sang the beautiful hymn, 'What shall the harvest be?' the entire congregation joining in the chorus in voices, which although coarse, gave evidence of devotion. In the meantime, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Westwood, Rev. Dr. Curry, and others, went among the people, shaking hands, congratulating those who had already signed and kept the pledge, and cheering others who had not yet, but contemplated doing so; while a kindly-looking, white-haired physician went among the mothers giving them advice as to the ailings of their children and babies. One little youngster felt so contented that he tried playing hide-and-seek under the reporters' tables, which are located directly in front of the platform.

ALL HAPPY.

"Everybody seemed to feel at home and happy; and as Mr. Murphy walked down the aisle arm-in-

arm with the well-known journalist familiarly called 'Deacon Jones'—his latest convert of prominence—the people began to applaud; but this was speedily checked when Mr. Baily reminded them of the day."

A TIPPLER'S REBELLION.

Turning from the circumstances just narrated, it is important we should state, that this is not universally considered a struggle in which, by kindness of words and acts, having reference to the science of gastronomy, men are drawn from the ranks of sin. Very many argue that the time had come for a rebellion against rum; that the feeling among drinking men had been working that way for some time; and that the country was ripe for a Francis Murphy, or some other man, to lead off the battalions who at last had become disgusted with their slavery. In other words, that the feeling, in these days of light and progressiveness, was strong that, since drunkenness is treated with marked disdain by public sentiment, there were an army of tipplers and drinkers, who wanted to find some "good excuse"—such as a highly wrought condition of popular effort and sympathy—by which to get back to honor and sobriety.

MURPHY, THE TRUE LEADER.

Whilst we like the words a Tippler's Rebellion, in that sense; we don't admit the premises, at all.

Great movements, having the power of God in them, are felt not alone where great instruments are employed. Sometimes, they seem to embrace a whole land, and have the minds and hearts of people in a condition of receptivity, highly suggestive of the Almighty omnipresence and mercy. In such a case, we can well understand how the air is full of a great moral reform, and how the mere statement that a noble work is done at one point, will electrify and start another into a blaze of effort and enthusiasm. This is a Murphy movement, because he is Divinely selected as the leader. But it is more than that. It is the power of a loving God especially exerted in behalf of thousands of poor perishing souls.

THE LEAVEN OF RELIGION.

Truths like the following, do not disprove our view; but, *per contra*, show the leaven of religion among a class, for whom more prayers are daily offered, and more labors expended, than any other. We merely extract this report from among hundreds, of similar import, to show the character of the present temperance tide:

"The history of the outbreak and results of the movement in the little town of Van Ettenville, N. Y., may be taken as an example of what has been done in a hundred of other places in the southern tier of counties and northwestern Pennsylvania. 'Van Ettenville has had a terrible name,' Mr.

Arnold, formerly a hard drinker, said. Probably more liquor was drank there in a day than in any other town of its size in the State.

HOW IT USED TO BE.

"In political times whiskey used to flow in the streets. The side that could stand the largest number of drinks won the fight. 'The boys'—Col. Caldwell, Gen. Gregg, and others—used to go up from Elmira and hold meetings that generally ended in glorious drunks. Why, they laughed at the crusaders, and thought it good fun.

HOW THE CHANGE BEGAN.

"About six weeks ago one of the best fellows there was going along the street, one morning, and met another. The first said: 'You're looking better lately than I've seen you in a long time.' 'Well, I am better. Fact is, I havn't been drinking anything for about two weeks, and I've about made up my mind that I'll stop.' 'Just what I've been thinking of myself. Havn't we been making fools of ourselves long enough?'

THE RESULT.

Out of such a conversation as this the movement in Van Ettenville was begun. These two, with a few others, sent to Elmira for speakers for a meet-

ing. The men who arranged for the meeting, who did all the work, and who packed the house were, or had been, drinking men. The place was carried completely.

A SLIGHT INSTRUMENT.

Another instance, in demonstration of the truth of our remarks, may, perhaps, satisfy the reader:

The inauguration of the movement at Somerset, Ohio, was so peculiar as to warrant notice, and shows how slight an instrument may set this great machinery of reform in motion. Two carpenters, Taylor and Eagle, having squandered nearly all the pay for a certain work in drink, were finishing up in Stein's saloon. Taylor produced a Murphy pledge, which his brother, a reformed drinker at Lancaster, had sent him, and began to talk of the movement. Stein jeered at him, and offered him ten cents to sign it. He regarded it as an immense joke when Taylor did sign; and Eagle, having no other pledge, signed the same card. A few days later, Dr. Rickey, one of Lancaster's noble workers, saw Taylor here, and gave him the eight pledges he happened to have with him. In less than an hour he was back for more. New pledges were ordered printed, and in a very short time the enthusiasm called for public meetings, and the Murphy movement was begun.

And thus we find it through Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and throughout most of

the States. By insignificant beginnings a flame of enthusiasm has been kindled.

THE REPORTS FROM ALL PARTS.

We cannot, in a work of this description, intended for the people of our whole country, either confine our thoughts to local successes, or regard the whole field, to any extent. This is impossible. But, we will remark, that we have before us reports from all portions, in the North, South, East, and West, showing how wonderfully the tide of Temperance is washing over our immense domain. In some towns, and even small cities, one-half the people have signed the Murphy pledge. In others, nearly the whole population have signed. In others, all the taverns and saloons have closed, and the whiskey has been emptied into streets, or streams. In fact, people generally hardly know what to make of the present movement. As to where it will end, no one can be found courageous enough to hazard an opinion.

But there is a deep feeling prevalent that the whole country is to be shaken as never before.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIBBON-WEARING.

FOLLOWING our brief remarks upon the so-called, by some, "tippler's rebellion," and the general upris-

ing, we feel constrained to allude to another feature in this extraordinary campaign. It is, the general disposition to be identified with the reform side of it in many parts. In Pittsburg, at various points West and South, and in parts of Pennsylvania, New York and other States, a bit of blue ribbon is worn, often in the shape of a neat tie, in a button-hole of the coat, by the friends of the Murphy movement.

DIFFERENT COLORS.

At some places red ribbon, as also white, is freely worn. For instance, wherever you walk in the streets of Indianapolis you will find nearly every third person with a red ribbon, every sixth with a white, and every tenth with a blue. The blue is worn by members of the "Murphy" League, an organization that differs slightly from the Red Ribbon in the framing of their constitution and form of pledge. The white ribbon is worn by women and youths under eighteen, and might be termed the badge of a side degree of the Red Ribbon League, women and children not being allowed to enter into full communion. The difference between the form of the blue ribbon pledge, and the red ribbon, is only slight, as will be seen by a comparison of the Murphy pledge, published at the beginning of this volume, and the following:

THE RED RIBBON PLEDGE.

"We, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby

promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine or cider included."

GOOD PURPOSES.—THE STRUGGLE.

The wearing of the ribbon has various good purposes; and, among others, can scarcely fail to protect the wearer against that greatest of all temptations, the invitation to take a drink.

The Murphy Club, at the point referred to, is more recently organized than the Red Ribbon League, but bids fair to equal it in point of numbers. Not a few places in the West show a goodly proportion of red badges, and tend to confirm the opinion that the struggle against the monster evil of our day, so overpowering and varied in its effect, as also universal, has its origin in the Great Head of our Holy Religion.

MURPHY, THE LEADER.

Nevertheless, we would be untrue to ourselves, did we not here insist, that after a thorough canvass of the whole field, it is evident that the great human leader is the subject of this biography. Other movements have had great leaders, in all instances. This one has but a single general at its head, and that man is Francis Murphy.

ALL ARE MURPHY'S FOLLOWERS.

In the West, where a grand work is progressing, the prominent men are chiefly Murphy's followers.

In a single report, from the "Queen City" of the West, we have the following fact:

"Last evening a 'Murphy meeting' was held at the Presbyterian Church on Sixth street, presided over by three gentlemen. Mr. McMasters opened with one of the most thrilling appeals I ever heard from any platform. The man was terribly in earnest, and at its conclusion, while the choir sang 'Hold the Fort,' scores of men, women and children surrounded the pledge tables that they might give in their adherence to the cause.

PEOPLE DEMANDING TO SIGN.

"The large building was crowded. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, male and female, obeyed the call. Men in the last stages of inebriation staggered to the front and demanded an opportunity to sign. Wives led their husbands, and little children their fathers, until, the hour of midnight approaching, the vast crowd slowly dispersed. These gatherings are invariably conducted under the auspices of prayer, for they say it is God's work and not man's.

"Touching scenes are witnessed in these assemblies. Those who have been severed from their families because of their appetite for liquor are there united with them again; young men, who have been travelling down hill, come up with their mothers, and, amid tears of joy and the congratulations of friends, their names go down, the blue badge is

pinned on, and they go out determined to 'hold the fort.'"

FIREBRANDS.

In searching among the reports from all sections, it is apparent that the movement is rightly named, so far as its human paternity is concerned. The pupils and converts of the Irish temperance orator, are scattered abroad among the States and are as firebrands; for they are lighting up the hills and valleys from one end of our country to the other. Yea, more, they go beyond our degree, or system of civilization, and stepping across the boundary lines, inflame the people of the Canadas, and here and there awaken the drowsy minds of far off Europe upon this subject.

"DO THEY STICK."

An important question in connection with this subject is, do those who sign the pledge keep it? In answer to this we will refer to a paragraph from a Pittsburg authority: "Another peculiar feature of this revival is the amount of 'sticking' that is being done. Heretofore it has been too often the practice to reform one day and go around as an awful example the next. But in the present instance it is different. The pledge has now been open for signatures over nine weeks, and out of the forty thousand who have signed it, the 'back-sliders' would not make a cor-

poral's guard. The men who sign seem to identify themselves with the movement, and are constantly on hand at all the meetings. They encourage one another, and it is a very rare thing to hear the revival spoken of disrespectfully by anyone."

In addition, we are reliably informed that John Lang, the railroad man of Pittsburg, says that, out of 5000 of his employes who have taken the obligation, but three have thus far fallen, and I think that this is a sufficient answer to the question.

In Philadelphia, it is a matter of common report that from the thousands of inebriates, and "respectable" drinkers who have signed during the first three months' campaign, not a "baker's dozen" have fallen away. On the contrary, they are as full of good purpose, and as eager to continue the struggle, as it is possible for men to be. The statements of the Murphy Committee are evidently as reliable as it is possible for anything of the kind to be, and they show that, in this work, as never before, the men honor and hold high their noble pledges.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. MURPHY'S COMPENSATION.

As has already been stated, Mr. Murphy received a certain amount of compensation while in Pittsburg.

He has, also, been in receipt of a stipulated amount while in Philadelphia. This method has been rendered imperatively necessary from the fact that Mr. Murphy cannot live upon the wind. He has been engaged, an authority has said, "in the temperance work for seven years, and during that time his compensation has been such only as has come to him through voluntary contributions, and these amounts have often been inadequate to the paying of his personal expenses.

URGED TO LECTURE.

"Mr. Murphy has repeatedly been urged to leave his present field of labor, to accept invitations to lecture at the rate of two hundred dollars a night, but has steadily refused, fearing that under the peculiar reasoning which some people always adopt at these popular uprisings, it might create issues which would affect his influence as a reformer, and that his motives might be misconstrued.

CONSENTS, BUT CANCELS ENGAGEMENTS.

"Recently, however, Mr. Murphy's personal friends, claiming that he had the right to provide for the future wants of himself and family of six children, with the same propriety with which ministers of the gospel and others engage in charitable work to provide for their wants, induced him to consent to deliver twenty lectures for $200 each.

"His first lecture was to have been delivered at Titusville, Pa. Considerable adverse criticism was excited by the publication of his acceptance of the offer, justifying the orator's fears; so he immediately cancelled all his engagements on such terms, and will be dependent upon voluntary contributions for his support."

In reference to this subject, the New York Sun, after some adverse criticism upon Mr. Murphy's lecturing project, sent a reporter to the orator for the purpose of interviewing him, which resulted in eliciting the following from him:

A PAUPER.

"I am not worth a dollar in the world. I am really a pauper, and that is a hard thing to say. I have six children; two I am educating at college, one is with me as my private secretary, one with me because he has nowhere else to be, one married daughter, and a son in Pittsburg. Now these little ones are absolutely dependent on me for support.

"Seven years ago I owed $7,000. That I have paid off, all but $500. My wife died in 1870. Now everywhere that I have been I have relied entirely upon the voluntary contributions for my support and my children's. It is hard to be dependent on real charity, but I am human, and have wants.

"A few days ago I went to Elmira by request and delivered a lecture on temperance. For this I received $200, and I needed the money sadly. Then I

was urged to go to Titusville. I wrote them the letter that was printed in the *Sun*. I had also accepted some twenty other engagements to lecture at that price.

MAKING A MISTAKE.

"Then I saw the *Sun's* article, and the *Sun* was right in its reasoning. I had felt that I was making a mistake, one that would make the view the *Sun* took a just one. People would say, 'Of course he preaches temperance when he can make $200 a night by it.' I had felt that I ought not to do it, but I was persuaded against my better judgment, and I cannot blame the *Sun* for expressing what must have been the views of thousands. I am glad it did it, for it convinced me that my apprehensions were right in the first place, and I immediately cancelled every one of my engagements.

A FACT NOT UNDERSTOOD.

"At the same time I don't think it is generally understood that this lecture was outside of my regular work. It is a specially prepared lecture, treating of temperance as a social and economic question wholly. It has nothing to do with my work, that of urging on men the duty and benefit of abstinence.

"The only wrong about it is that it gives color to the charge that I am making money out of my principles, and that, of course, must, unless checked, hurt

my work. Yes, the *Sun* took the natural view of it; and no one can say after this that I get anything except that which will pay my own and my children's expenses."

STRICTURES.

The National Temperance Advocate, in an article upon the above, as well as the strictures that here and there have been dealt upon those of the front in the movement, has spoken out freely. We leave the reader to his own conclusions:

"The enemies of temperance have always raised a great hue and cry about men who are working in the temperance cause, charging that they were 'making money out of it.' This has been especially so in the Reform movement.

THE LABORER WORTHY.

"At Pittsburg this cry was raised, and we are sorry to hear that Mr. Murphy and his friends noticed it or were troubled about it. The laborer is worthy of his hire. The enemies of temperance have always raised this cry against those who were effective in doing anything against the traffic. Dr. Reynolds and Col. Hoy are also receiving the same treatment. This is a sign that somebody is getting hurt.

"We beg our friends not to mind or notice this device of the devil. Pittsburg cannot pay Mr. Murphy in dollars and cents for his great and good

work there, nor the other host of faithful, devoted workers who have been so successful.

COULD EARN MORE IN OTHER DIRECTIONS.

"Those who labor in this cause, giving their time and best efforts, are entitled to a fair remuneration for the same. These men could earn a far greater sum of money with their talents applied in other directions, but are consecrated to their work, and should not notice these feeble attempts of the enemies of temperance to impede the progress of the movement so full of glorious results."

MR. MURPHY'S WORDS SUBSTANTIATED.

In corroboration of the remarks made by Mr. Murphy, to the reporter of the *Sun*, that he has been opposed to the lecturing business, we will here furnish a few remarks made to a Cincinnati reporter by Mr. Smithson, one of Mr. Murphy's friends and helpers:

"I have seen him refuse $400 a night. He goes in for the work, not for the money. Theodore Paisley offered him $250 a night for four months. He offered to guarantee him that amount to go lecturing over the country. This he refused because he is working to save men. He wants to go to a place and stay there, and work it up thoroughly before he leaves. When he goes into a place he wants to be free to go and come whenever he has a mind to."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. MURPHY'S CHILDREN.

THE READER may desire to know something of the family of Mr. Murphy, and of the appearance and characteristics of the man, before we close this biography. Seven children were the fruits of his marriage, of whom six are still alive. One, a daughter, Mary, is married and resides in Portland, Maine. The others, four boys and one girl, are living in Sterling, Illinois. One of his sons has been accompanying him, in his travels, and during his labors, and acting in the capacity of private secretary.

THE LECTURER HIMSELF.

Mr. Murphy is a short, stout man, of fine physique, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds. He has a large, well-developed head, heavy brows and moustache, rather prominent features, and piercing gray eyes. His presence is attractive and imposing. He is largely supplied with what is known as animal magnetism, and has about him an open way, that is quite popular.

WHEN BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.

When he talks to an audience, said one of his friends, a short time since, "his speeches are delivered

in an easy manner at first, but generally, after he has spoken slowly and smoothly for a while, an inspiration seems to strike him; he sets himself as if he was going to give a man a blow, and for ten or fifteen minutes the language flows from him like a stream of water from a great fountain. You might as well take hold of a magnetic battery as to take hold of his hand sometimes to shake hands with him. He is a very attractive man, all sympathy, all heart."

A SUPERIOR CHARACTER.

In all respects, he is a superior character. Some of his friends in Pittsburg, have used the following language, in a brief description of him:

"He is one of nature's noblemen, honest, straightforward, never afraid to say what he thinks, yet at all times filled with the kindest regard for the feelings of others. He makes no obeisance to wealth or position, and humbles himself only before the sorrows of his fellowmen. In other words, a man "with a heart to love, and courage to make that love known." His devotion to the temperance cause is a mania with him; and his purse is as open as his heart to the cry of distress, but unfortunately, not as full. His religious convictions are also intense, and his quaint, trustful reliance upon the Saviour has all the simplicity of a little child. Underlying all this simplicity and mildness, however, is a force of will and determination of character that speaks the man born to lead his fellowmen."

He is naturally quick and impulsive. Yet he has a sensitiveness of the most pronounced kind. He is as tender as a child. Disappointment and indifference on the part of some, who have unintentionally wounded him, have roused within him a feeling that has, in instances, brought him to his knees, in earnest and importunate prayer, that the evil spirit might be entirely removed from him.

"BOTHER THEIR BLARNEY."

Mr. Murphy is always hunted by his friends and surrounded by them. You can seldom find him alone, or at rest while in a campaign. Homage and adulation meet him at every hand. Often he is compelled, on account of the ovations accorded him, to press his way, under great difficulty, through his friends, "yet," returning to the words of the published account alluded to, "as he shoulders and elbows his way through his admirers, so has he shouldered and elbowed his way through the snares and seductions which their admiration has laid in his path, his private battle-cry being, 'bother their blarney.'

"He had been in Pittsburg two months before he accepted any of the many invitations, of a social nature, poured in upon him. And his retirement was at last broken in upon only by the intimation that he was developing a lack of sociability out of tune with his ardent nature. So, in refutation of this, he occasionally forsook the privacy of his rooms, and accepted a few invitations to dinner and tea.

IS NOT UNSOCIAL.

"Lest this might lead to a false conception of his character, it is but fair to say that he is not unsociable, in any way. All meet with a warm reception from him. He is always pleased to chat, and has a peculiar way of looking a speaker or listener in the eyes, and saying just what he thinks, in a positive way.

"For mere curiosity-seekers, who intrude upon his privacy as though he were some *rara avis* on exhibition, though he has a courteous reception and genial manner, he is not slow in evincing a distaste. Let any one come to him charged to the brim with temperance, and Mr. Murphy is immediately in his element, and can talk and listen, for he is a good listener,—a subject more rarely met with than a good talker. He can sit and converse with such an one as though he would never weary, until at last time apprises him that the hour of meeting approaches, and then generally ensues a highly interesting scene.

"THAT HAT."

"'Where's my hat? Now what's become of that hat? I left that hat here, or somewhere else; and, I'm sure of it; in fact, I know I did.' The visitor so appealed to immediately lends his assistance in the search for the hat. The stranger naturally looks on tables, bureaus, and pegs; but Mr. Murphy, more

wise in his own ways, looks under the bed, and under the washstand, lest 'that hat' should have determined to retire from business into such an unlooked-for privacy.

"No hat turning up, a pair of boots are vigorously seized upon and pounded together by the heels, as though they had entered into a conspiracy to hide the hat away down in unfathomable depths. Next the bedclothes and half the mattress undergoes an investigation, and, just as the hatless orator casts confiscating glances at the tile of his visitor, as if he contemplated seizing upon it and making a bolt for liberty and the evening meeting, a corner of the truant hat peeps out from beneath a pile of newspapers, clothes, brushes, books and sundries, and is seized upon in triumph. That hat has a most unaccountable way of strolling around on its own hook.

IT RAMBLES ABOUT.

"Scarcely a meeting occurs that it does not, after seeing its owner well warmed up in his work, slyly levant. It rambles around on a voyage of discovery from one side of the chancel to the other; hob-nobs with other hats; fraternizes with all the chair bottoms it can come across, tangles itself up with overcoats, and at last takes a ride on the toe of some boot into an obscure corner, where it lays, chucklingly awaiting its owner's anxiety, and the familiar cry of 'where's my hat?' at the close of the meeting.

"It went off once, and was gone two days, and at

last turned up under the hotel parlor's sofa, looking as though it had been keeping very bad company. The hat secured, and overcoat on, the next subject of anxiety becomes his overshoes. After laborious search one is discovered in the hat box, and with the resigned consideration that he can use that foot to step in the mud with while he pilots the other on dry land, he takes his visitor by the arm, and as the two proceed accidentally thrusts his hand in an overcoat pocket, and, with a dazed look of astonishment, draws out the other shoe. How it got there is matter for profound speculation, until the course of cogitation is rudely interrupted by an impetuous salutation, 'I want you to come up to meeting, to-night! Now, you *must* come,' as he chances across some one, who, though a perfect stranger, may look as though a pledge in his pocket would do him good.

MR. MURPHY NOT ARTIFICIALLY RESERVED.

"There is nothing distant, and no artificial reserve about Mr. Murphy. He never hesitates to speak to a man (in the interest of 'the cause') because he does not know him.

"If he passes a saloon-keeper, standing at the door of his saloon, it's 'Brother, I want to shake hands with you,' and the hand of the person solicited is never refused; but, in short order, the best of feelings are inaugurated between the two men, whose avocations are so antipodal.

SCRUPULOUSLY TIDY.

"Judging by the tricks played upon him by that hat and those gum shoes, a stranger might be led to infer that Mr. Murphy was careless in the matter of personal appearance. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. There are no eccentricities, of either dress, deportment or genius, about him. Personally, he is scrupulously clean and tidy, and has a great regard for neatness of attire, as well as neatness of demeanor."

PART III.—INTERESTING ADDRESSES AND EXTRACTS.

CHAPTER XX.

SPEECH OF MR. MURPHY AT COLUMBUS.

As MANY readers will want to have before them a full speech of the great Temperance Apostle, so that they may become acquainted with his style, we have selected, as a fair specimen, an address delivered by him at the Opera House, at Columbus, Ohio, in June, 1877. It is characteristic, and will amply repay a perusal:

"MR. CHAIRMAN; MY FRIENDS:—I am glad to be here to-night and listen to the testimony of these two Christian gentlemen who have been the means, under God, of bringing joy and peace to so many hearts. I am glad to be here, and to stand on this platform and have the honor of being introduced by this young gentleman, who has been redeemed through the kind ministrations of my brother David Hall, and who, to-night, stands erect in all the dignity of his new-born life, and can stand up and say, 'I know

that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' And though this work should cease, and though nothing else should have been accomplished through the visit to your city but the redemption, the complete redemption, of this young man would be a sufficient remuneration for every cent that you have paid out, for every night that you have spent and for every prayer that you have uttered. May God bless the movement, and may it continue to go on until the last wandering son has been redeemed and brought back to his father's house, and received the best robe and the gold ring and pair of shoes. Thanks be to God for the triumphs of this moral reform that has nothing in it of malice, nothing in it of hatred, nothing in it of egotism, nothing in it of self-righteousness; for we don't stand off and pray and thank God that we are not like other people; that we pay our taxes and tythes, and such things as that; we prefer to stand by the foot of the cross and say, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' That is our prayer; and with it we shall go forth, not claiming any self-righteousness, not claiming that we are holier than others, and fear to come in contact with our fellow-men when we meet them, lest our garments become soiled; but if you are men, by the grace of God; if the golden links of the brotherhood of man have been, so to speak, clinched around our hearts, and by God's invisible angel carried to the everlasting throne and there securely fastened—if this has been done, we can go

down into the wilderness, blessed be God; we can go down into the wilderness and to the solitary places, and to the prisons of this country and proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of a better life to the oppressed of this country, to the weeping wives and starving children.

A TRIBUTE TO "BROTHER DAVID" AND "BROTHER GEORGE."

"I would like to pay a fitting tribute to the men who have been engaged in this work. I have no need of saying anything of these men to you; a eulogy is not called for; but I want to say that these two plain men you see on this platform—Brother David and Brother George—in the city of Pittsburg, when they came to sign the pledge, astonished the natives, to use a homely expression; and if this movement has been a success in the city of Pittsburg, I wish to say to you that these men have contributed as much to that success as Frank Murphy. [Applause.] I have done very little for this movement in comparison with what other men have.

THE GOOD WORK OF THE PRESS.—THANKS TO CITIZENS OF COLUMBUS.

"The press of this country has done a great work for this movement, and I wish now to express my heartfelt thanks for the kind consideration I have received in your city, knowing well that I come to

you making no profession of scholarship or oratory, for I was starved in the morning of my life; school-houses were scarce where I was born, and it was considered best not to allow the boys to go over there beyond where he might receive a religious education, for fear his religious ideas might be proselyted to some extent, and hence I had to be caged up.

A PLEA FOR EDUCATION.

"And let me say to you I would not advise you not to go to school, no matter what the religious belief of the teacher is, because knowledge is power wherever you go, and it is knowledge that makes men strong and noble, and enables them to stand up so evenly-balanced with such a magnanimous spirit and heart that all who know them can stand up and say, 'There, that is a man.' And it is a pity for us who have been deprived of an education and are compelled to stand before the world feeling the necessity of it. It is a beautiful thing for the American people that when an American comes up to sign the pledge, but very few of them will stand up and just make an excuse, with their finger on their forehead and say, 'Will you please sign my name?' You will see very few of them make their scratch. It is something you have reason to be proud of. The foundations of truth and justice are laid in intelligence in this country. I believe that is the power that moves the whole of this country.

MAN IMMORTAL.

"It is the grandest thought that can come to me to night, that I am a man with a living, breathing soul within me, and that the world, grand and glorious as it is to-night, with its sloping hillsides decorated with God's precious flowers—lilies of the valley, attired in their wonderful splendor—as God has woven them into His carpet; they, too, speak to us; yes, and from babbling springs, and from flowing brooks, and from great streams that leap to the ocean, and from the grand mountains that break forth before you into singing, and the golden harvest-fields that wave before you, bringing God so near to you that, reverently, man should take off his hat while He speaks to us in everything; standing before you in the limitless prairie, and heaven, with its bright constellations looking down upon us with so sweet, so pure, so holy a light, oh, how they touch the divinity that is within! how the longing soul seeks for that transparent beauty that speaks to us in these bright gems that are put there by the sacred power of God Himself, beyond the reach of man, beyond the reach of sin, beyond the reach of wrong, the living, perpetual and eternal testimony of His own power; omnipotent in Himself, speaking to us to-night with a language too holy for utterance; and from the sea that He holds in the palm of His hand, and from the mountains that have been weighed in the balance; the seasons that come and go, touching everything about

us, telling of their approach and their departure. When these things shall have passed away, the immortal soul, the divine power that is within us, by a power known only to itself, on the invisible wings of its own faith and own might, can soar beyond all this and pass in the twinkling of an eye to the very constellations, and stand and gaze upon their beauty; sweep beyond them through the milky way and stand at the pearly gates of God's eternal city and into the golden streets, and can stand on the banks of the river of life and can behold the water of life as it courses from the throne of God, can stand under the shadow of the tree of life, and by a faith beyond the power of darkness or distance to dim, can see the golden streets and purple fruit that is made for the healing of the nations. Oh, to be a sober man! What a grand thought! To be a sober man, redeemed, saved, and every chain broken; a man restored to his sober, virtuous, Christian manhood. I thank God that I am a man; I thank God that he made me so; I am no material thing, but a living, breathing soul; and the world, to-night, with all its beauty and grandeur, when it is swept out of existence, this soul shall live on forever, during the ceaseless ages of eternity; blessed be God for this thought. [Great applause.]

IT PAYS TO BE SOBER.—STRENGTH OF APPETITE.

"Yes, it pays to be sober—it pays to be sober. This new life that comes to me to-night, I have no

language to describe it to you. It is universally admitted among sensible and candid people, everywhere that drunkenness is the great curse of our social national life. It is not characteristic of Americans, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social life of Great Britain; but it is one of the things about which there can be no doubt, that cholera and typhoid fever, and all the rest of diseases that come to us, bring less of fatality and infinitely less of sorrow. There are wives, mothers and children to-night, within every circle that embraces the young lives, who are weeping over some victim of the seductive destroyer. East, West, North and South there are men and women who can not be trusted with liquor in their hands; men and women who have ceased to fight the appetite that has power within itself to destroy everything that makes life desirable; men and women who, when they see the labels of intoxication painted on the windows, as they pass by, feel the blood coursing faster in their veins; so to speak, they can almost taste it in their mouths, because of this terrible appetite that they have cultivated and brought to such wonderful perfection. In passing along the street where liquor is they will inhale the fragrance, and are almost compelled to stop and wait around. There is a fascination about it; they feel the want and necessity of it; want of just this stimulant to lift them up; they are dreary and weary and disconsolate, and just a little sick. Oh, how precious it would be to the longing appetite. And, I think, to-night, in this great work of

reform how much we need Christian charity and Christian sympathy to be able to measure the strength of appetite. Men are not brought there immediately, but after years of respectability and years of pleasant life, and of passing back and forth through respectable society, and being toasted as the acknowledged guests and brightest stars in your city, have cultivated this appetite until it became a mad passion, and they lose control of themselves, and then are, so to speak, kicked out on the street, and it is said, 'You are a miserable drunkard, and good for nothing.' And the case of these men has been looked upon as entirely hopeless, and no person cares for them. I think that this movement is a special dispensation from God Himself, to redeem the poor unfortunate drunkard; and while the great temperance movements heretofore sought to keep men from becoming drunkards, while the poor men who have been wounded in the battle, whose arms have been broken and their reason dethroned, and they become maniacs on the street, are left with no person to take them to an inn and pay their bills, this movement seems to be a necessity of the present state of temperance, and must, and by the grace of God it will, quicken the Church and the hearts of humanity. I believe it will compel us to go out into the world and save these poor wanderers.

WINE AT SOCIAL PARTIES.

"In spite of what we see of men, socially, and the terrible appetite, the terrible temptation, and the

power it has over some men, notwithstanding the fact that all this is known, yet there are gentlemen in society who give parties, and ladies who issue their cards, and send them out to William and James and John, saying that 'Susan desires the pleasure of their company at her house on a certain evening.' All this is very nice, and Susan is a splendid girl, and James and William don their best suits and get their girls, and how they will go down there. Yes, sir, the arrangements have all been made. It is among the bon ton, the best people of the place. It is just the place for a fine time, and William is just the man to give it. His heart is as great as he is wealthy; what a queenly wife he has too, and how she adorns things about the place. Yes, indeed.

"The young men look forward with anticipation, and the ladies have their suits made; the young men have theirs prepared for the occasion; the coachmen are dressed in their livery, don their high collars and silk hats and the horses are all aglow, if you please, for the occasion; they seem to catch the spirit of it. The drivers are more erect and graceful, and their whips have a silvery tongue to them that the horses seem to understand. Why, the whole air is pregnant with the spirit of the occasion; the carriages start off, and soon the house can be seen on the hillside. You can see the beautiful pine trees and the beautiful blossoming trees and the weeping willow gracefully bending almost to the earth to kiss it. Through the trees can be seen the strange intoxicating light of the Chinese lanterns, that tell you the whole

palace is alive with joy. Soon the carriages roll up, one after another. The bell rings and there is a committee of gentlemen and ladies in waiting to receive you, with a 'How are you? Welcome, welcome; here, in this way; this way, if you please;' and their hats and coats are taken, and everything is arranged in the most classical style. Why, we become as young as we used to be as we step into the spacious reception rooms filled with the fragrance and beautiful bouquets, and see the young and beautiful guests. It seems to be a new paradise that has opened up before Charles, and William and James. There are folding doors that extend across, between the rooms, and Susan has opened them. By and by the most exquisite lady in the room has been called to touch the musical box; as she takes her seat she nicely adjusts the stool to its proper height, and, being seated, she manipulates the keys, pouring forth the sweetest strains of music, the boys step out and get their partners and walk around a little, at first very gracefully, you know, as they hear the music. By and by they get a little intoxicated with the music and the boys get to waltzing around a little. It is a splendid entertainment, yes, indeed. Soon beautiful ladies come with silver trays and cut glass filled with sparkling wine, with grace and glory, and with hands so plump and beautiful that they outrival the gems that flash upon them, and almost dazzle your eyes. I tell you it is no inferior class of society, but the queenly women who have been cultured to perfection and understand what the etiquette is that goes to make

up a place of this kind. These ladies approach and say, 'Please take a glass of wine, if you please, James, with me.' James says, 'Well, I don't wish to.' 'Why, James, take a glass with me, if you please; take a glass now with Susan; just take a glass to-night.' It requires a great deal of courage for a young man to straighten back in his chair and say: 'No, miss, I don't indulge in the use of wine on any occasion.' It requires a great deal of courage to say that, although it may seem a small thing to do. But a man who can do that, and do it nobly, has won a greater victory than Grant ever won, even when he received the sword of Lee on the battle-ground of Appomattox. You say it is a small thing. It may seem a small thing to many of you, but there is, so to speak, a dignity of manhood and a courtesy that belongs to the young lady, and the courtesies that are to be extended to her from a young gentleman who claims to be gallant, and who holds his head erect, and who is expected to be looked upon with some degree of inferiority if he does not accept a little wine on such an occasion as this. They will say to him: 'Why, I am perfectly astonished at you.' Oh, yes; but let me say to you, young man, be true to yourself; yield obedience to the dictates of an honest heart. Remember the baptism of your mother; remember the counsels of your father; remember the sacred duties that are devolving upon you; remember the sacred trusts that rest upon you. You are, perhaps, placed in some position, perhaps the most honorable in the city; perhaps you are at

the counting room of a banker, or counter of some merchant prince, and have control of his business and the direction of it; and it will be one of the grandest events in your life to have the fact come to that man that William refused to take wine at that party. [Great applause.] It will increase his confidence in you a hundred per cent., and though he may never mention it to you, you will see a change in the conduct of that man towards you, and at no distant day will he reward you in a way that will do you good and give you a stimulus that will aid you all your life.

"I am one of those that believe that if the wine cellars were cleared out we wouldn't have much trouble with saloons. I believe that wine cellars have a great deal to do in making saloon drinking. I believe if the wealthy men and women in this country would come down to assist those whom they consider the worthless and unfortunate, who are the victims of intemperance, the work would be done in less than three months. There are women in this city who have not yet signed the pledge, and there are men in this city who have not signed the pledge who should have done so; and if they would do so, I tell you it would shake this city to its very foundations, and a greater and grander victory would come to you than we have ever had yet, if we would only do what we might in this blessed work.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.—ATTACHMENT AMONG DRINKERS.

There are some men who will say they can drink or let it alone when they have a mind to. I grant you that some men can do so, but we know that liquor has a wonderful fascination for some men; we know that it has a wonderful power over them; young men occasionally drinking together become married to each other, and there is a friendship existing among them that does not exist among other persons. If Tom had been in the habit of getting off a little, here is Bill that will step around and hunt him up, and when he finds him—ten chances to one if he finds him—he will prevail on his taking something. He will say, 'Come, Tom, let us take something.' Tom says, 'I ain't a going to do it.' 'Don't bother; come along, Tom; come up and take something; just take one drink,' and thus would their kind persuasion overcome their comrades. I think if Christian men were just as much in earnest as drinking men are we would have a wonderful revival. [Applause.] But, for instance, if you go into a church, and no person speaks to you, you will not attend much; when you go in, there is a man dressed in black who points you to a seat, but never says 'I am glad to see you,' or makes any inquiry where you are from. When you go out the people crowd the aisles and do not speak to you; do you suppose that drinking men are going back to hear you

preach? Not much; they don't want any such entertainment. It would be better for you to pass by the men you are in the habit of speaking to every day, and speak to the strangers. If you meet a young man, ask him where he boards, and what his circumstances are; if he has come to your city, who his employer is, and where he is boarding; perhaps you will find he is in an attic chamber, and in needy circumstances; he is some mother's son; invite him down to take dinner with you; be a father to him; perhaps some one may be a father to your boy. Don't be so self-righteous that you will allow people to go out of the church without making their aquaintance. Be sociable and friendly, and they will come back to you, but not till then. Think of these men that chase each other around the street, trying to find each other. I remember the time when I was in the habit of taking a little something for my stomach's sake; I was one of the boys who stuck at it; when I got hold of a customer I didn't let him go away without taking something to drink, and having some fun. 'Just take one drink,' and that one drink, in all probability, leads to a spree.

Mr. Murphy here illustrated the strong attachment shown by companions in drink for one another by relating the story that is told of two Irishmen, upon their recent arrival here from their mother country, describing the tenacity with which the musquitoes hung to them in a swamp. The speaker rendered the story with great effect by telling it in the genuine brogue of his countrymen, and as he concluded his

picture of the scene, with the remark of one of those travelling companions, who, upon peeping from under his blanket, beheld a fire-fly, thinking it one of their tormentors still in search of them, 'Fergus we might as well be afther getting out now, for here is one of the crathurs, with his lantern, looking for us.' The laughter and applause were tremendous.

"So," continued the speaker, "I have been in about the same position of my countrymen; I have had to run away from my friends with whom I have been associated; I have had to run away to escape intoxication; there is no getting away from them; they will hold on to you asking you to take something, 'just one drink,' but that 'just one drink' would perhaps end in a spree of three days, and the wind-up be a sorrowful one, I assure you."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I believe to-night that it is kindness we are to use in this blessed work to save men—the kindness of Christian charity and mercy. 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.' 'And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.' It is charity that tells; it is the love of a man's heart that will win. Why is it that the unfortunate boy turns to his mother? Never in the world, so long as he

lives and walks God's green earth, can he forget his mother. The very mention of her name awakens every tender emotion in him, as he hears her kindly saying, 'Stand up, Tommy, come home.' There is one that loves him and cares for him, and though God may have taken her to Himself, you will often find the poor inebriate standing at the little green mound, weeping at his own misfortune, and saying that 'in there lies the remains of a mother that always loved me, that always had a tender spot in her heart for me; who, when father turned me away, took me in the back door, up into the garret, and clothed and fed me, and helped me.' That is what tells, and that is what is to be the passport for that boy into the gates of heaven; it is that which will break the power of sin in his soul, and bring him home to that God who gave him and made him for Himself.

MARSHAL SWARTZWALDER.

"Allow me to use an illustration that I may enforce this truth, and may God help me. I will speak of a man you have had in your midst, speaking for you—Marshal Swartzwalder. He was a victim of this habit for a number of years. He was a companion of my dear brother here on the platform, and who drank with my Brother Hall from week to week, and month to month, and year to year. He was a perfect gentleman when he was sober; a kingly man, and has justly been called the patriarch of the Pittsburg Bar, and the Demosthenes of the profession. Perhaps no

man who has been upon the platform, in the cause of human reform, has been equal to him. When I first came to the city of Pittsburg, I was told about Marshal Swartzwalder, that he had been a drunkard a great many years—for thirty years at least—and they said there was no hope for him. I said I would like to see him. 'Well,' said they, 'you can see him,' but said he had been on a tremendous spree. I took particular pains to find out how I might be received; they said I would be received kindly. I got the number of his office—for at this time he stayed in his office, and ate his meals there, and had a nice back room handsomely furnished where he slept—I came to his office and rapped at his door; there was a young boy, a son of his, a beardless boy, about sixteen years of age, I should judge, that always staid with his father, and never left him; he called him Dick. Dick came to the door—I wish you could have seen the poor boy; he looked so depressed and sad. Said I, 'Is Mr. Swartzwalder in?' He replied, 'Yes; do you wish to see him?' I told him 'Yes, sir,' and sent in my card. He had asked what my name was, and I told him, and he stepped in and told him that Mr. Murphy was in the office and would like to see him. Said he, 'Send him in; I would like to see him.' So I went into his room, and he arose from his large chair which he had for his own comfort. He was partially stripped, having his pantaloons tied around him with his suspenders. Being a chunky and quite heavy man, as he came towards me I was a little scared at the man, to tell the truth,

as he walked up to me, looking so earnest, with a keen expression that seemed to look me through and through. As he approached he extended his hand and said, 'You are the man that has been talking temperance here?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'we never had much good from you temperance people; you come here and sing your songs, and present your bills and go away. That is the way they do, and I suppose you are like all the rest of them.' I said, 'I don't know how that is.' He said, 'Mr. Murphy, I want to talk to you.' 'I have been a victim of intemperance for more than thirty years,' said he. 'I have no power to control myself.' He asked me to be seated in a chair, and I sat down by his side. Said he, looking strangely in my face, 'Is there any hope for me?' Said I, 'There is hope for you.' 'There is,' he exclaimed. 'Yes.' He asked, 'How so?' Said I, 'with God's help you can be saved.' With a shake of his head he said, 'Why, for more than twenty years I have been seeking for the truth, and have read the Bible through and through.' And he told me about the writings of several men he had read, seeking for the truth. 'And,' said he, 'Mr. Murphy, there is no help for me.' I commenced talking to him in my humble way, the best I could. He turned around to Colonel Hetherington, and said: 'Go and tell Dick to come in.' The dear boy, when he came in, stepped up to his father's left side, and the father put his arms around the boy. The poor boy was so much overcome that he sat down and put his arms

aroung his father's neck. The child could not control his feelings, and commenced to weep. The father said, 'Dear Dick, you never left me.' Turning to me, he said: 'Mr. Murphy, here is a boy that stays with his father; here is a boy that has walked the streets night after night for his father, and stays with him; I wish I could tell you how good he has been, how much I love him.' Before we got through talking to each other, and reasoning with each other, Mr. Swartzwalder said: 'Mr. Murphy, I feel a very strange impression on my heart; I feel as though God had touched me, so to speak.' I said to him, with all the power of encouragement that God had possessed me with, 'Mr. Swartzwalder, by the grace of God you shall conquer this evil; I know it in my heart.' I left him; I knew the work was done; I knew it was a question of time when that man should come out redeemed. Brother David Hall, who is on the platform, carried him provision and nursed him, and there is not a better hearted man walks on this green earth of God's than this same Brother Hall. [Applause.] He stayed with him and helped him for several days; after six days the Christian people began to pray for him; the people would come to me and ask, 'Mr. Murphy, do you believe Swartzwalder will be saved?' 'Do I believe it? Why,' said I, 'God saves to the uttermost, and he knows no hard cases.' I gave them all the encouragement I could. The Christian men and women prayed for that man, for the people of Pittsburg loved him; they are proud of him as a grand pleader

of the bar; the Grand Counsellor of the State, with whom the Judges of the Supreme Bench consult. In about six days—we had heard from him from day to day—and after some six days this man, majestic in his appearance, with his white flowing locks, well dressed, and with a nice silk hat shining like a piece of polished gold, and his cane in his hand, came to the meeting; there was a grandeur and majesty about the man; he seemed to have come to himself again, with all the grandeur and kingly nobility he formerly possessed. As he came in he stood and looked over the multitude of people in the room. When the man came in and stood there, a whisper passed throughout the congregation, and I noticed that men that hadn't been seen to drop tears since the meeting commenced were now moved. I could see their lips begin to tremble, and after a while I could see them get out their handkerchiefs. I wondered what was the cause of all this, but it was the hold the man had upon the people. By-and-bye he walked up the aisle, pressing his way among the multitude of people, and as they parted to let him in, and he passed along, you could hear the people say, 'God bless the man.' And when he came toward the table where the pledges were, the interest was intense. In the back part of the room they commenced standing up, to see if he would sign the pledge, and in a little while, as he stood there silently meditating, he turned, and seizing a pen, wrote his name upon the pledge of total abstinence. Then, turning to the congregation again, he said—what he

had never before said in all his life—'I want you to pray for me. This is for my life; this is the last effort; if I fail now I shall never try it again.' That man went to his office, and asked God to help him.

"I met him when I came to Pittsburg, and had the pleasure of putting my arms around him. Said I, 'How are you getting along, Brother Swartzwalder?' and he said, 'Brother Murphy, every morning I pray; every day at noon I pray; and every night I pray; and every day when I go past a saloon I begin to pray for God's power to keep me and sustain me.'

"This man has been kept by the grace of God, and has been the means in the hands of God of securing —I don't know but twenty thousand signers to the pledge of total abstinence, and is standing up to-day in all the dignity and freedom of this new-born life, saved from the power and dominion of rum, It pays to be kind, it pays to be merciful and to work in this blessed cause. [Great applause.]

REFORMATION OF A SALOONIST.—DAVID HALL.

"Now, my dear friends, I see that the time is advancing when I must close my discourse. If I had time I would like to bring before you another illustration of this truth. Just a word about my brothers David Hall and George, and while they are on the platform they will excuse me for speaking about them. When I first came to Pittsburg and spoke in the Opera House, brother David was there, George

was not present. The next day, passing down the street, I met brother David near the Seventh Avenue Hotel, on the sidewalk. He stepped up, and taking me by the hand said: 'How are you?' And I said: 'Very well; how are you?' and he said: 'You don't know me?' I said 'No.' Said he: 'I heard you talk last night; I want you to understand that.' Said I, 'Did you?' and he replied, 'I was right there.' 'Were you?' 'Yes,' said he; 'and you told my story exactly.' Well, I was wonderfully pleased with the expression of his face. 'And now,' remarked he, 'there was something left out of the story; you didn't tell all.' Said I to David: 'I want you to tell me what it is.' Said he, 'I want you to tell me whether your wife is living?' I told him she was not living. Do you know that this man bowed his head on the street there and cried. 'I want to say to you now,' said brother David, 'I will sign this pledge with you, and if you let me go down to the hotel with you I will sign it right there.' And he took another man with him, John Irving. He said he would go along and sign it too. We went to my room and he said: 'I have a saloon; I want you to understand that.' Said I: 'Have you?' 'Yes,' replied he. I inquired: 'What are you going to do with it?' 'I am going to shut it up,' he replied. 'Will you,' said I. 'If you will shut it up, brother David, it will be a blessed thing.' I asked him where his place was, and said I would go down and see it. 'You have got to come down quick if you get into it,' said he, 'for I am going to close it up,

and I will never sell another drink of liquor.' When we came in the room he asked for the pledge and sat down and signed it—he and his companion, John Irving—as noble a man as ever God made, but who had fallen through the power of this evil. When they signed it they stepped up to each other and took each other's hand, but didn't speak a word. They turned their heads away from each other for a little while, then let go, and David went to one side of the room and John to the other. I knew that God had touched their hearts, and I want to say to you that it is these men that have made this movement and not Frank Murphy. These are the men who have done the work, and called it the Murphy movement. It ought to be called the Hall movement. [Applause.]

MR. MURPHY'S HOME.

"I have been asked repeatedly, 'Mr. Murphy, where is your home?' I wouldn't tell you about that, but I have been talking among you and feel perfectly at home with you, and feel that I am not a stranger in your midst. Everywhere I have received the same kindness. Men have taken me to their homes and given me of their means. I don't know but what you will spoil me. But I will tell you, so you will understand just my circumstances. After my redemption and return home to my family, my wife, who had stood by my side all through the dark days of my life and had never faltered, took sick with

typhoid fever—the truth of the matter was her heart had been almost broken, and she had never fully recovered. It was the terrible experience she had passed through, dear soul; the suffering, the intense suffering.

HEART-BROKEN WIVES.

"And I say to you to-night that some of the best wives and some of the best mothers in this country are suffering quietly. They won't say a word about their husbands, not a word.

"'He is my husband; I will carry the wound in my heart; I will carry it silently till God shall say, "it is enough," and then I will lie down and die.' Oh, men, think to-night of such love as this. May God help you to be true and loyal to your wives. [At this point sobs were heard in different parts of the house.]

"Mr. Murphy related in detail the circumstances attending the sickness and death of his wife in 1870, and the subsequent history of his family. He characterized his wife as a true Christian woman, and referred in a feeling manner to her dying request not to separate her children, but stated that such was his extreme poverty that he was compelled for a time to allow their separation, but had subsequently been blessed with means that enabled him to reunite them, and that he was now educating them. Said he: 'I am trying to make Christian gentlemen of my sons and Christian women of my daughters, and I have

the pleasure of telling you that my two older sons are soundly converted to God, and are Christian boys.' [Applause.]

"In closing this personal narrative, he referred to his married life in the following language: We were married when we were children, and started out in life together. She was only seventeen years of age, and I was eighteen, and from the time we started out in life until God separated us, an unkind word had not been used between us in the way of wrath or malice. Our life has been one of peace and contentment, blessed be God.

DELUSIVE POWER OF STRONG DRINK.

"Let me say to you to-night, young man, you who are free from this terrible evil; let me say to you, husband, to-night, if you are expecting to drink or let it alone whenever you have a mind to, remember there is a wonderful hidden power in this dreadful habit; remember that it is a silken thread you can hardly see, but that it will wind itself around and around you until it will have you enchained beneath its power, and when you undertake to break away, will cost you all the strength you have got, and, perhaps, like many of us, you will not be able of yourself to break the chain that has held you bound down to a habit that will rob you of all your property; rob you of your reason; destroy your sense of honor, and steal from you your good name. 'He that steals my purse steals trash, but he, sir, who steals from me

my good name, takes that which doth not enrich him, but makes me poor indeed.'

"Thou friend of rum, O, thou invisible spirit! if we had no name to know thee by, why not call thee devil!

"From this platform, in this hall of yours, where the eloquent tongues of your statesmen have inspired you with confidence in the right, with confidence in justice, with confidence in truth, that our forefathers placed upon the altar of our country, though it was dimmed by the infernal shadow of bloody slavery; though, so to speak, its like had almost gone out beneath the iron hand of oppression, from this platform have come the voices, have come the manhood, have come the virtues that have touched your manly hearts, and have made each man and each woman stand erect again—stand erect clothed with a power beyond the reach of slavery, clothed you with a strength equal to Hercules, making you almost omnipotent, and you have marched from this capital with a heart filled with the love of truth, with a patriotism that encompassed our beloved country, done your duty and have won a victory for all time for the cause of justice, and for republicanism. But to-night there is a grander cause pleading for you, and a grander silence that speaks to you. I hear to-night the wail of the oppressed mothers of this country; I hear five hundred thousand victims that are chained to-night in the living tombs of this country, who have been poisoned by the malaria of the upas tree of death. This upas tree has got its roots in the sacred

soil of this country. Is it possible that God's sunlight has ever touched it? that God's rain has ever watered it? Never, never, never. It has been watered by the blood of mothers' hearts. Yes, on its branches to-night hang the death-warrants of more than twenty millions of the bravest men and the queenliest women that God ever gave to the world. Let us cut it down, Jimmy; let us cut it down, David; let us cut it down, men. With pledges in your hands, come to the rescue. Let us strike a blow into its infernal trunk. Let us hate it, men, let us hate it. See it stagger. Clear the way, and give it a place to fall. Let us trim its branches; let us log its dead, infernal trunk; let us set fire to it. Let us have a bonfire in Columbus, and burn it to ashes, and bury the ashes so deep down in the bowels of the earth, that by the blessing of God, by the blessing of heaven, it shall never, *never*, NEVER, NEVER have a resurrection. May God bless you."

A hearty encore by the audience brought to the front again the speaker, who had taken his seat, when he said:

"I sincerely thank you. May God bless you. Pray for me that God may keep me a servant; that I may remember the text that the servant is not greater than his Lord; that I may be willing to go down and wash the feet of my dear brethren, and find shirts for the shirtless ones, coats for the coatless ones; that I may love the prodigal son, and that every mother's son shall be made a son of the blessed benevolence of this gospel of total abstinence; and may we at last

reach the golden shore of God's eternal home, where there is no more night, where there are no more tears, where the fields are always green and where the flowers never fade. Good night." [Applause.]

CHAPTER XXI.

SELECTIONS FROM MR. MURPHY'S SPEECHES.

Closing sentences of Francis Murphy's speech, delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, at the inauguration of his campaign in that city:

"I call upon you in the name of everything holy, and manly, and Godlike, to remain true, cost what it will. Let no fascination allure you to sip a drop of the accursed drink. There is no joy to come to you from it. Don't tamper with it, I beseech you. The sure ground for you and me to stand on to-night is this blessed rock of total abstinence.

"In the name of God I beseech you to think of your real worth. Think of your manhood. Think of your honor, and enter into the world's broad field of battle. In the work of life do not be like dumb driven cattle. Let us be up and doing, with a heart full to fight—still achieving, still pursuing, and laboring and waiting in this grand city, where the infant voice of liberty was first heard, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained.

"Your fathers had the manly courage to defy the power of England when the power of that nation encompassed the world. There were men here who when they felt the yoke of oppression, were equal to the occasion. To-night the same blood is coursing in your veins. The same spirit lives in this grand city. Yes, the whole world, I might say, recently came to worship at its shrine. In this city let me call upon you to join in with us until every jail shall be emptied and every saloon closed. Let us work and press on until every State's prison shall be emptied of its inmates, and the sale of the accursed liquor be stopped for ever.

"O, how I hate you! you man-destroying cowardly fiend-incarnate, I hate you! I hate you! I have struggled with you! I have fought with you! Yes, you chained these hands and these limbs! I have fallen again and again; but by the blessing of God have conquered.

"In his name, in whose service is perfect freedom, let us press on, till the last chain shall be broken; till the last captive shall be permitted to go free; and all shall stand—every captive son and daughter—free, free, eternally free. May God bless you."

Short speech of Francis Murphy, at the Temperance Tabernacle, Philadelphia:

"I hope and trust that each one of us may feel the responsibility that is resting upon us; that each one

of us may feel like doing our whole duty, and doing all things to yield a gladsome obedience to that which is right, just, and manly. The prophet Isaiah used this beautiful language: 'Is not this the task that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free—and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?' This is practical religion, and it is for you, and me, to night in the presence of this vast multitude of people to ask 'What wilt thou have me to do?' and may God help each one of us to feel, to-day, that we have a work to do; that we have a duty to perform, and that we can do something for each other. We are dependent upon each other for the success of all that is good, and noble, and true. Your coming to the front and speaking for this blessed cause of total abstinence, will stimulate some men by your side to come forward and join with us. There is no difficulty in having our sons and our homes free from the evil of intoxicating liquor. We must only make an honest effort, it cannot be done without it. We must do one thing—we must stop using it ourselves. And, then, it is our duty to 'use all honorable means,' as the pledge reads, to encourage others to abstain. This is the only temperance principle that is really genuine and true. There is not much use for a man to talk temperance with an occasional glass

of brandy in his hand. The day has gone past for that. Love and example will win a man, or, rather, will lead him, from the haunts of vice to the side of temperance. They will make him feel that he can keep his pledge and earn money to support himself to stand as a man among men. It is the business of every man to take the hand of duty and let it lead him through light and darkness. Duty, duty, do your whole duty, men! Take the golden handle of duty to-night and in spite of every opposition; in spite of everything that seems impossible; in the name of the divine power that is within you, triumph over every difficulty and scale the mountain before you, and though it cost you your life, go to the top. By the blessing of God, it will be worth more than all it costs you. You can do it if you only will."

Important extracts from speeches delivered by Francis Murphy, at various times, and different places, during his recent energetic labors in behalf of total-abstinence:

"WHO MUST DO THE WORK."

"This work must be done by the men who have drank intoxicating liquors. I come not to the temperance men, but to the drinking men, and I appeal to your manhood and to everything that is sacred to break the chains that bind you, and to make one

grand effort to break away from evil companions, and say, 'I have drank my last glass, boys.' It is by example that this work must be done. Drinking men must do it—they and the liquor sellers; and I believe that God will give us the liquor sellers."

"GETTING TO THE ROOT."

"My dear friends," said Mr. Murphy, "I think we are getting to the root of this matter. I noticed to-day that thirty or forty saloons are to be sold. This is one side; but there is another. You must take these men who are leaving their business by the hand, encourage them and keep them from dissipation. You must remember that the work is not done until we can do this."

"MUST WORK OUT OUR OWN SALVATION."

"We are not going to wait for the Legislature to make us sober. You have the power yourselves to be sober men, to render these shops powerless if you will enforce prohibition as regards your own mouth. If you stop drinking they will stop selling. That is the logical inference. Don't you for a moment flatter yourselves that you can have any sort of a real, honest total abstinence sentiment till the people be-

come sober." Mr. Murphy then went on to explain what benefits a man would reap from leaving liquor alone, and continued: "There are many of us who can't be honest till we have an investigating committee after us; who won't work till we get to the poor-house. Shame on you men who will not take the hand of honest labor and work out your own salvation. If I can't be a book-keeper, I can be a corporation fiddler, and saw wood."

"BECAUSE OF CHARITY."

"God is wonderfully blessing our efforts, and I do wish in my heart I might be able to say something to convince you as never before of the great necessity of charity. We have been blessed signally in this movement, and if it differs from any other movement, it is because God has given us charity."

"GRACE GETS RUM OUT."

"In Elmira, out of a population of twenty thousand, ten thousand had signed the pledge, all the places in that vicinity were holding prayer meetings, and the ministers who had been advocating prohibition were finding out their mistake. There is nothing like the grace of God to save the liquor-seller.

You can wash him as much as you like in prohibition and local option, but it's the grace of God that gets the rum out of him."

"NO POLITICS."

"We have a temperance movement now, that is not a political movement. Some people say it will be a political movement after awhile. Never! Never! I'll oppose that movement as long as I live. We have as many temperance men among the Democrats as among the Republicans. There is a great deal in example, and if we would have others better we must live better lives ourselves. Redemption is to be achieved through faith in God."

"ATTENTION TO CHILDREN."

Mr. Murphy thanked God that the army of free men and free women was increasing. The best tidings came from everywhere of men who had concluded to keep their money and take it home. There were lots of happy wives and children, for when father's stopped drinking they turned their attention to the children.

"COMMON SENSE PRINCIPLES."

He explained that there was a great deal in the manner in which men were approached whether they signed the pledge or not. While he was speaking a gentleman came up the aisle arm in arm with another person. "That's the way to bring them," said Mr, Murphy; "good boy, Tom." "My name's Daniel," interrupted the man, "and I'm goin' to shut down." "That's right; amen! I tell you we have got to come down to common sense principles. It is the man who dresses the wounds of the afflicted and feeds the hungry who is successful."

"NOT A FAILURE."

"May God give us strength and aid. This blessed moral reform is not a failure. The blood-stained banner of Immanuel shall not be taken down from the mast of this Gospel temperance ship. Wave after wave shall beat against its prow; wave after wave shall meet her on her onward course. But what care we for that? He who controls the ocean itself has His hand at the helm. Oh, thou blessed Immanuel! Sail on, oh Gospel temperance ship. Yonder is the golden shore, and there the ship shall come safe into port from every wind and every storm."

"HOW TO SALT DOWN AN OLD BACKSLIDER."

"To-day we have been especially reminded of the sleeping dead, but it seems to me to-day that in the rush of life it is our duty to take care of the living. I thank God that the angel of mercy is kindly looking down on us to-day, and, great as the scourge of slavery was, it was not so great as the slavery of intoxicating liquors. There is hardly a household but has lost a boy from drunkenness, but no one thinks of decorating their graves! If you want to save a piece of meat you salt it down, and there's no use in trying to save it without salting it; and I tell you nothing but the grace of God will salt down an old backslider."

"PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY."

"I look upon every fifty signatures, as going a long way toward shutting up a liquor shop. It had been said that God helps those who help themselves. If you come to a river don't stop for it to turn out of your way, for if you do you will never cross it. It would be better to plunge in and take the consequences. Everything is possible with God. Is it not better to make an honest effort by signing the pledge? Is it not also infinitely better to place the hand of kindness upon the man who is drinking and lead him

to the place of safety, rather than to wait until he has become ruined? Instead of having outside societies, take the men in the Church, and let them feel that Christianity means something. Love and charity must be practical, and there would be more accomplished than by any other way. Not to go after even the tavern-keeper would be like expecting to catch fish without going near the river. The saloon-keeper is carrying on a business that has been legalized, and he has a family to be saved as much as any one else. Practical Christianity must be practiced, and if these men are met with kindly they, too, can be as easily turned from their evil way. Away with the bowl, men, and make an earnest effort for the right by standing up in your dignity, and being freed forever from the power of rum."

"WE HAVE STOPPED DRINKING."

"The spirit of this movement is the spirit of liberty. A man has a right to drink if he sees fit; no good will come of trying to compel him to stop drinking. Men who indulge in drink are apt to be somewhat opinionated. They take the position that they are able to drink or stop drinking if they are a mind to. They are not likely to be forced to stop; but get to them and reason with him in the name of his family, in the name of his wife, of his children, and for the sake of himself, and you will reach him. I say

to the man who is engaged in liquor selling, sell away, sell all you can, but we have stopped drinking. We say when drinking is stopped there will be no more selling."

"GET THE IRISH ALL RIGHT."

"Let us get the Irish all right [laughter]; let us get the Yankees all right; let us get the Englishman to give up his 'hale.' We need not worry about the German, who prefers his lager and his band of music on the Sabbath day, for when God sends evangelists to the Germans they will be reached, they will hear."

MR. MURPHY AFTER "THE BOYS."

The way in which Mr. Murphy, at times, calls up his recruits at great meetings, will be interesting to many. On the 30th of May, 1877, at the Tabernacle, a reporter noted down as follows:

"Remember, every door you knock at will open to you," began Brother Murphy last night. "If you knock at a saloon door, it will open to you; and if you knock at the door of total abstinence, it will be opened to you. Now we are going to have some speeches from the boys. Some of them think they can hide away from me, but they are mistaken.

"I want that man there (pointing) with black hair," said he, and the man with black hair attempted to excuse himself, when Brother Murphy pleasantly interrupted him with "Now, you go on; I don't want any fooling about it; we want to hear what you have to say for the good cause;" and the "bulldozed" speaker proceeded, amid the applause of the audience, to obey instructions.

"STRONG FAITH."

The character of Mr. Murphy cannot be more strongly shown forth than in his words used at a meeting on May 2d, 1877:

"But I think there has been a spirit of bravado, of self-righteousness, of fictitious exultation on our part, because we had a little success. If we are to succeed fully, my friends, the only way is to assume the spirit of the servant. The servant should not be greater than his lord, and we should not be above doing what Christ did. I have faith in victory, the grandest the world has ever seen."

Here was evidence indeed; a lesson of power to those who were co-laborers with him, which cannot fail, of itself, in yielding additional strength to the cause. Such a man is, in truth, a philantropist, a missionary, a Christian.

A SERMON FROM THE HEART.

On an important occasion, when Mr. Murphy had finished speaking, there was not a dry eye in the assemblage. A natural, although untrained, orator he put himself at once en rapport with his audience by placing himself on their level. While he was speaking, one of the babies, lying in the lap of its mother, who was sitting directly in front of Mr. Murphy, began to talk back, and continued until its interruptions became disconcerting to the speaker, annoying to the audience, and mortifying to the mother. But Mr. Murphy suddenly removed the difficulty by saying in the kindest tone of voice: "Your baby is agitated by being directly in front of me, sister. If you take a seat on the side it will not annoy you so." And, as the mother thanked him and went over to where he had pointed, she was quickly accommodated by Mr. Murphy's request to "make room for the lady."

CHAPTER XXII.

"TO GOD BE ALL PRAISE."

The following remarks were made by Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, at a great Murphy gathering in the Philadelphia Tabernacle, May 28th, 1877:

"Little did I think, when I took by the hand our

dear Brother Murphy, seven years ago, and invited him to accept this religion of Christ, that that invitation of mine would, under God, lead to such glorious results. But I wish to take none of the glory; to God be all praise. Now, my idea is that we had better go to work. That is the only safety. Work for Christ, and it will not be in vain. We must get out of the ruts and get on to the tracks, and may God help us, that we may be diligent in the service. It wouldn't be very hard for us together to dig up a bushel of Murphies, and if they are not all Francis Murphys God will wash and purify them, and send them out for good."

Speech of Capt. W. B. Claney, one of the most prominent of Mr. Murphy's reformed men, delivered recently in Springfield, Ohio:

"HOW A MAN WAS BROUGHT IN."

"As I was standing in front of the hotel, just before tea, there came up to me a gentleman, rather roughly dressed. I looked at him, and he said, 'Excuse me, sir; but do you live here?' I said: 'No, sir, I don't.' 'Where are you from?' 'I am from Pittsburg.' 'Well, I am a curious kind of a man, and I ask some curious questions sometimes—what is your business?' Said I, 'I do a little talking sometimes to the boys.' 'Yes; well,

you are not Murphy, are you?' I said: 'No, sir; I am not.' A gentleman who was standing there, said: 'He is Murphy's son.' They always give me away, you know. [Laughter.] The man looked at me a little bit, and he said: 'I guess he is Murphy's son by adoption.' I said: 'Yes, I am.' 'Well, you are doing good work here.' 'Yes, sir; we are trying to do the boys a little good.' 'Well, upon my soul it is the best thing that ever was started in Springfield.' 'Well,' said I, 'where is *your* blue ribbon.' 'Oh, that is further along. You don't take care of our creed, I guess.' I said, 'Yes, we do. I understand what you mean, sir. We don't know any division of religious interest in this thing. We know no sectarianism.' Said I, 'A gentleman connected with the Catholic Abstinence Society, of Pittsburg, stands upon our platform and talks to the boys, and hundreds of Catholics have signed the pledge at our meetings and gone over and reported it to the Catholic Society.' I said, 'You come down to-night and sign that pledge.' He said, 'No; I am not dressed well enough.' Said I, 'My friend, do you think clothes make any difference with a man? If you do, I don't.' 'Well, I had rather not go down. Everybody knows me, and I would rather not go down.' Said I, 'That is the very reason you ought to do it, and let these manufacturers and business men see that you are trying to get up.' He said he came to the city of Springfield twenty-eight years ago, and there was hardly a married lady in the city of Springfield but what knew him, for he had

been a gas-fitter, and had put in a great many gas-pipes. 'Well,' said I, 'If you want to sign the pledge, you come right in and sign it now.' 'I will do that, for I want to quit it.' And I have his name, and it is Owen Briggen [applause]; and he promised me he would be here to-morrow night.

"YOU CAN BALANCE MY ACCOUNT."

"There are two or three things I would like to talk about to-night. I want to relate a circumstance, simply to show some of you business men the kind of stuff some of these boys that drink are made of. There is a gentleman that keeps a store in the city of Springfield, and I do pray God to bless him, and have mercy upon him, and teach him to look to a higher life than that in which he is walking; and one of these boys came into his store this morning with a blue ribbon on his coat. 'Where did you get that?' 'Well, I was down in the hall, and signed the pledge, and a lady pinned it upon my coat.' 'You can't work for me unless you take that blue ribbon off. It will hurt my business.' Following him came in the other employees. The first one had been kind of weakened down a little by what his employer had said to him, but it is astonishing how these boys, when they get together, can nerve one another up. Another boy came into the store, and the gentleman said: 'You have got a blue ribbon, too, have you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I have just told so-and-so he would have to take his ribbon off or

quit, and so I tell you you can't work for me unless you take that blue ribbon off.' 'Well, I have signed that pledge, and by God's help I will keep it, and you can just balance my account, and hand me what is coming to me, and I will go some place else.' [Applause.]

"DON'T LIKE TO WEAR RIBBON."

"Said a man to me to-day: 'I don't like to wear the ribbon, because I will be pointed out as a reformed drunkard.' 'Well, God bless you.' I said, 'you had better be pointed out that than have your name published in the Republic 'fined one dollar and costs for drunkenness.' [Laughter.] I tell you, my dear brother, there is a day coming, when you have settled up all the business of this earth that you can do, the time will come when you have to hand in your accounts to the Almighty, and you will not care then whether the world points at you and calls you a reformed man, if you have only been redeemed through the blood of Christ.

"A MAN DILIGENT IN BUSINESS!"

[These words occurred in the selections from the Scriptures read by Captain Claney.] "Is a man diligent in business that is a coward to his principles? Let me tell you an instance that came under my observation. My father was for twenty-three years connected with the old Bank of Pittsburg. He was

a strict man—what they termed in Pittsburg one of the conscientious Christians. Some of you boys talk about having your Sundays and all that sort of thing, but I tell you if you had lived with my father, you would have found out what it was to spend the Sabbath properly. But he left the bank and purchased a farm near Salem, Ohio, a Quaker settlement. Prior to his going there he had lived for a few years in the country outside of the city, and he was so strict that he would not permit me to go there on the Sabbath to visit him. He thought the Sabbath was a day of rest, religious rest, that benefitted the mind as well as the body. Well, his principles were generally known, and it was said he would not live there very long, because you know they visit on Sunday. He said nothing in reply to this. I went to the country with him. The next Sabbath, just after we got home from church and had our dinner, and I had turned the horses out to pasture, I noticed the son of a leading Quaker who lived in the neighborhood, coming across the fields towards the house. I went and told my father; I said: 'There comes so and so; now don't you go lecturing him and telling him you don't allow anybody to visit here on Sunday; be a little polite to him, and you will get along better.' He never answered me, but he went into the library, and I saw him feeling along the second shelf of his bookcase. I knew what that meant; as the boy said, 'I have been there before.' He was hunting among some volumes of Irish sermons. In Ireland, you know, they preach sermons about three hours long, and the

way he read them they were about five. [Laughter.] Just as he got the volume out, this young man stepped in at the door. Said my father: 'Be seated. We can not enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary this afternoon, and so we will try and improve our minds with something useful I have a very good sermon on the text so and so,' and away he went. [Laughter.] And when he got through it was about a quarter past five. Then Brother Lewis got up and went away. After he got out of the house I said to father: 'That ends that now. You have put your foot in it. If you expect to live among these folks here, you can not act that way.' In other words, boys, I wanted him to have that kind of religion that has the gum-band conscience with it. The next Sabbath, just as we got out of the carriage, Samuel French, a prominent Quaker, came riding up, and said: 'How dost thou do, brother Samuel? How art thou? I came over to see if thou wouldst rent me some of thy pasture. If thou wilt, I will pay thee well for it.' Said my father: 'Mr. French, the Bible tells me, 'Six days shalt thou do thy labor, but on the seventh thou shalt rest.' I cannot talk business with you on the Sabbath. Good day, Mr. French.' I said to my father, 'Now your goose is cooked. That is a leading Quaker.' But I stayed at home two years, and it is something very strange, boys, but in all that time my father never drove a hoof off that farm, and never hauled a bushel of grain off it, and it was a large farm of two hundred and fifty acres. And I took notice that when it came to planting time and

harvest, there were offers of help and 'neighboring,' as they call it. About a year after that I met Mr. French, and I spoke to him about that meeting with my father on the Sabbath, and asked him if he was offended at what my father had said. I told him I thought it was funny the Quakers were all so kind to father, when they got so cool a reception from him on those occasions I have mentioned. Said he: 'William, let me tell thee. The good book tells us we must have a fixed principle, and live by it. Whenever thee seest a man without a fixed principle, put him down as a rascal. When thy father came amongst us we thought we would try him; we did try him, and found him unwavering, and that is the reason we like thy father.' Said he: 'Remember it as long as thou livest.' And I have remembered it. And you show me a man in Springfield that is afraid to touch this pledge for fear of injuring his business, and I will show you a man that is a coward, a man that is not to be trusted. Why is it that these manufactories have grown up in your midst to be so extensive that they are known all over the land? It is because these men have a fixed principle of business. They have stuck to it honestly and it pays.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

"I have before me an audience that is grand to look upon. The influence and the power that is within these walls to night is great enough, if centered on

one object, to shake Ohio from its centre to its circumference. I presume that I have before me many laboring men, and I would say, without fear of contradiction, that a man who will hire himself out for a day's labor and then fill himself up with liquor until he is intoxicated, and works that day in an intoxicated condition, taking his employer's money for it, is not honest. Capital and labor! What is capital worth without labor? Not a snap. What is labor worth without capital? Not a snap. There has not been a strike in this country—and I know whereof I speak, for I have had in my employ as many men, perhaps, as any man in the house, of my age, has had—I say there has not been a strike, in our section of the country at least, where I could not trace the cause to liquor. And I say the time is at hand when the laboring men of this country, if they become sober men, and thereby conscientious, and thereby honest, can not only command, but demand, the respect of capital. [Applause.]

WOULDN'T HIRE DRINKING MEN.

"I superintended the erection of that new bridge at Pittsburg, and the contractor on that work, John Megraw, would not hire a man that drank, and he paid as high as $4 a day for masons when he could have hired them for $2.50; and as high as $2.50 a day for laborers when he could have hired them for $1.50 and $1.75. He would have none but sober, reliable men, and the consequence was that not a day

was lost, when the men could work, in the whole time that he had that contract. And what did he get for his money? He got value received for every dollar he paid those men.

FUN IN GETTING DRUNK.

"I have heard men say there was lots of fun in getting drunk. I asked a man if he thought that was so. He said yes. Said I: 'What about the big head in the morning?' Said he: 'I don't take that into consideration.' When you boys go out to trap birds what do you take to bait your traps? Do you set that trap out in the field and then scatter a bucket of chaff around it? No. When you set a trap to catch birds you spread around it the rich, golden grain, because you know that if you put chaff there you would not catch a bird. But these saloon-keepers catch you fellows, and with nothing but chaff. Did you ever get an ounce of golden grain, or one golden grain, in all that you have been fed by them? To-night we come to you and offer you the golden grain; the golden grain that will put money into your pocket; the golden grain that will build up your character; the golden grain that will build for you a reputation and a name; the golden grain that will build for you a mansion beyond the vale of death, whither you are traveling.

HOW THEY GO.

"One glass don't hurt. Did you ever see a man commence to-day and be a drunkard to-morrow?

Did you ever see a train leave your depot, and as the engineer opened the throttle-valve, make a jump and land in Columbus? No; but the engineer opening that throttle-valve, away went the engine, slow and steady at first, but gradually increasing its velocity until it was bounding along the iron rail at the rate of forty miles an hour. And, my brother, that is the history of an intemperate man. At first you go slowly, but gradually you increase your pace until the first thing you know you are bounding along on that railroad of glass, and you can hear the roar of that cataract that is beyond. You glide on smoothly, but you have lost the control of self. Is it true, or is it not?

REFUSING HELP.

"My brother spoke to you last night about the Niagara river. It brought to my mind an incident, and I want to ask this audience to-night to go with me to the banks of that river. Watch that man in the current. You and I are screaming at the tops of our voices for him to lay hold of the bushes that grow along the banks. But he answers, 'No; there are thorns on the bushes, and I will get my hands scratched. I will not lay hold.' If you saw such a man, what would you think? Why, he has refused the proffered aid, and to death let him go. And to-night, my brother, you are in this dark, rolling river, and it is sweeping you on to death. Your friends and neighbors are crying to you to lay hold

of the promises in this Holy Book. The thorns in the road with you are your prejudices, and we ask you who is to blame if you go on, for yonder, if you will but open your ears, you can hear the roar of that cataract, which to you, in passing over it, is certain death.

"BURST THE BONDS."

"And now, who is to answer all these questions? For whose benefit is it? What interest is it to me? On next Wednesday or Thursday I will leave your city. My business interests are nothing in it now, although they were great in years that are gone, for I shipped many car loads of black diamonds into this city. But to whose interest is it to be here to-night? Is it to mine? What difference does it make to me whether a man comes down that aisle and signs that pledge or not, so far as I am personally concerned? You are the benefited ones, you who sign, and it is for your interest. We ask you to stop a moment and use the God-giving powers within you, and act like thinking men, and if the toils of the serpent have wound themselves around you so tight that it seems a hard thing for you even to attempt the effort, let that thought make you remember your manhood, and shake off the tempter now and for ever. Does a man in business to-day, because he fails, stop there? Is there a man in your city that stands high financially who ever attained that position without surmounting difficulty after difficulty until he reached the point where he now is? Oh, burst the bonds?"

Interesting and amusing speech of Alderman Harry B. Smithson, one of the Murphy converts from Pittsburg, delivered at a great gathering in the State of Ohio:

"MY FRIENDS:—We may expect, as Brother Claney has told you, to meet with opposition—opposition from the men most deeply interested in this matter—that is the business men of the city. There is always a class of people who go around through this world measuring other people's corn in their half bushel. The cry now upon the streets is that the "boys" won't stick. Well, what are you doing to try to help them stick? All we ask of you is just to sit still and see the salvation of the Lord. We have come here to enter into this fight, and we propose to go through with it just as the old darky did when he went into the bear fight. There used to be an old darky in Kentucky who used to go out into the woods hunting bears, and whenever he met with an extraordinary large one, as soon as he got his eye on him, he would take off his coat and repeat this prayer: 'O, good Lord, if you ain't gwine to be on my side, don't you be on dat bar's side. Stand back and you will see the greatest bar fight you ever seen in your life.' [Laughter.] Now, let me say to you men and women of Springfield who to-day are opposing this movement, 'If you can't give us your influence, just you stand back, and you will see the greatest tussle that 'Old Tanglefoot' ever had in Springfield.' [Applause and laughter.]

"I was talking to several men to-day about the rep-

utation of your town. What is it? It is well known to many of you. The reputation of Springfield to-day is almost National. It is the worst city, the worst town in the State of Ohio. ['Give it to 'em.'] And who has given it that name? Why you, and you, and you. The reputation of Springfield is nothing more than your own combined. Why I can remember, some years ago when I was in Pittsburg, I went to Boston three times a year to buy goods. At my first visit there I was invited by the merchant from whom I had purchased a bill of goods to go round to a restaurant and take lunch. We went round, and while there I was introduced to several parties, and one gentleman asked me up to take a drink. We turned round and faced the bar. The bar-keeper at once threw out a decanter and tumbler for me and asked the rest what they would have. I asked what was in the decanter, and the bar-keeper said whiskey. 'Why,' said I, 'my friend, I didn't call for whiskey.' He said, 'No, sir, but I heard the gentleman introducing you as a merchant from Pittsburg, and they all drink whiskey over there. Every Pittsburg man drinks whiskey." [Applause.]

Captain Claney.—"Pittsburg had a pretty good representative that time."

Brother Smithson.—"Yes, sir. I never went back on my tod. Another incident to show how a town may gain a reputation, as well as a man. A party of gentlemen were traveling East. They had a traveling companion with them called the 'Black Betty.' Many of you have taken one along with

you from Springfield. I know some of you that have, and I could put my hands right on the top of your heads. Unfortunately they broke the cork, and could not get it out of the bottle, and they were very much worried about it. A gentleman on the other side of the car, seeing that they were so much worried, said: 'Gentlemen, what is the matter?' One of them said they had broken the cork, and could not get it out. 'Oh,' said he, 'that matter can be very soon settled,' and he rose in his seat and called out, 'Is there any gentleman in this car from Pittsburg?' A little man in the other end of the car got up and said he had the honor to represent the Smoky City. 'My dear friend,' said the gentleman, 'would you be kind enough to loan me your cork-screw?' [Laughter.]

"Reputation! Why, when we first started out in this movement the first place we went to was the town of Youngstown. The morning after we had spoken in that town, while in conversation with a certain gentleman, the Superintendant of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school there, told me in a confidential manner that there were but four men in Youngstown who knew that he had not signed the pledge. I said to him, 'My dear friend, don't you lay that flattering unction to your soul, for I had not been in this town for more than an hour till over thirty people had told me that you had not, and they told me, furthermore, that you have got some very nice liquor up in your cellar.' It is not hard to get a reputation. That was his reputation, and he thought that nobody

but four in the whole place knew it. And I was very sorry to see that we came away from that place without that man signing the pledge.

LOVE AND TODDY.

"I was talking to-day with a couple of young men in your place, talking about how they first began and first learned to drink. It just reminded me of the first drink I ever took; and by the by, I will just tell you about it. I left home when I was quite young to learn steamboating as a profession. I had obtained a situation on a boat running from Louisville to Bowling Green, Kentucky, up the Green River. I had steamboated up there for two seasons, and I was very anxious to form the acquaintance of some of the young folks, but their rules there were very strict, and they would not introduce a young man into their families without knowing who he was, and unless he was recommended. Being a stranger and having no one to recommend me, I was put to my wit's ends to get acquainted on my own hook. Bowling Green is situated about a mile and a half back of the river, and walking up the railroad one day I saw a very handsome girl standing at the door of a house. I made up my mind that I would like to form the young lady's acquaintance, but I didn't know exactly how to do it. I looked around and I spied an old darky sitting on a log on the opposite side of the road. Going over and entering into conversation with him, I found out that he was very

well acquainted with the family—in fact had known the family for three or four generations back. He was my huckleberry. I gave him a half a dollar and he posted me in regard to the family for two or three or four generations. Seeing the old gentleman standing in the yard, I went up and accosted him and inquired if he had any chickens for sale. He looked at me rather strange, and asked me what I wanted with chickens. I told him I wanted to buy them for the boat. He didn't have any to sell, but somehow or other he happened to mention that his name was Fox. 'What?' said I, 'Fox! is it possible?' and I very suddenly remembered about my mother speaking to me about her relations in Kentucky by the name of Fox. [Laughter.] Never had one of that name though, and never want one. But the old gentleman took me into the house and introduced me to the family, where I was at once cousined by them all. I was invited to call at the end of my next trip, and stay at the house, which I did. The custom there is to make a toddy in the morning, and every one in the family, from the baby to the oldest one in it, takes a drink. I being the company, the old gentleman brought me the tumbler first, one of those large-sized ones, holding nearly a quart, and I, not being accustomed to their ways and manners there, tugged away at it. It scratched my throat a little, but I rolled it down, and never stopped till I drained it. [Laughter.] At home each one of us had a tumbler to himself, and I supposed that was the custom there. In about ten minutes or so afterward (so I was after-

ward informed—laughter) the old gentleman came in to invite me to breakfast. But, alas! poor Smithson was laid out. [Renewed laughter.] I was lying on the floor, and I could not have got out of that door if it had been as big as a barn. Now, that was the first drop of liquor I ever touched in my life. Although I had inherited a very strong desire for drink, I had always fought against it.

TASTING LIQUOR.—TWO INSTANCES.

"I want to say to you young ladies that are in the habit of passing the wine-cup around at your own houses—I want to say to you this: There is a fearful responsibility resting upon you. I will relate to you just one incident that occurred in Youngstown. A young man, an attorney there, who sang in the choir, on one occasion when he was preparing for a concert, was advised by the lady playing the organ to take a whiskey toddy as a remedy for a severe cold. His sister and himself took it. Now, let me tell you the consequence. When this movement struck Youngstown he was almost a hopeless drunkard, and to-day the young lady, his sister, is an inmate in the Inebriate Asylum at Washington. And, one time in my history, I was passing the evening at a friend's house to celebrate the anniversary of his marriage. I sat alongside of a young lady, and the wine being passed around I said to her: 'You are not going to take that wine, are you?' She said she really didn't see how she could refuse; that she must take a little just

out of courtesy for the folks. She took one sup out of that glass of wine and passed me the balance. I drank twenty-two glasses of wine before I left that house that night. That glass of wine has been part and portion of my suffering. That glass of wine has caused that dear woman thousands of hours of suffering and of misery that no tongue can tell.

"To-day she would give her right arm—yes, her life—had that glass of wine never been passed. And my dear, good young ladies, let me beseech you, in God's name, to be careful how you pass a glass of wine to any young man. And let me say to you men to-night—all of you that are dabbling with this unclean thing—let me ask you, let me beseech you, for the sake of your wives and for the sake of your families, to come up here and sign this pledge." [Applause.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTERESTING ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS of Mr. John King, one of the Murphy men, in the Piqua, Ohio, Opera House, before a crowded audience:

"It is a good thing that sticks. Did you ever hear that expression, any of you? I have heard that again and again from men who were thoroughly convinced that the temperance movement was a good

thing; that it has been productive of a great deal of good, and likely to do a great deal more good. They are thoroughly convinced of its importance, that it is a good work, and that it has produced a great deal of peace, comfort and prosperity in this community. I am of opinion that there is not a man within the sound of my voice who is not convinced of the importance of this thing—fairly and squarely convinced that everybody ought to be temperate. There is not one who is not convinced that drinking intoxicating liquors is wrong, and that, unquestionably, the opposite is right. A man—a good fellow and a friend of mine—accosted me to-day, and, said he, 'Why did you make such a fool of yourself as to join this temperance movement?' Said I, 'Excuse me, I don't think I acted the fool.' 'Well, you did.' 'How?' 'Well, you won't stick.' 'Well,' said I, 'I stuck to that other thing pretty well, didn't I? [Laughter and applause.] You will not charge me with not sticking to that other habit?' 'No; you were a pretty good drunkard.' 'Now,' said I, 'if I know myself, I am going to try and 'stick,' as you call it, and if you think I won't stick, I want you to come along and be my comrade in this matter; be alongside of me, and when you see me likely to fall, support me and make me stop. You need it as bad as I do, or worse. You have been drunk oftener than I ever was.' Just such fellows as that will let the wagon leave them if they are not careful. They talk about not sticking. They say: 'I am afraid you will not stick.' They will wait until they stick in

the mud after awhile, and their wagon will leave them.

"Now, when any man is convinced of the importance of this matter, it is his duty to come here and sign this pledge, and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I don't envy any man whose conscience tells him this thing is right, but who holds back and lets his conscience reproach him every day in the week. I think a man ought to act according to the dictates of his conscience, if he expects to get along in this world.

"I don't see why every man in the house don't sign at once. Every man will tell you it is wrong to drink whiskey. I talked that way when I drank whiskey. Every man talks that way. Let us all quit it. I, by the grace of God, will quit it. It never did me much good. I know it did me a heap of harm. It will do every body harm. Now, if you are convinced of this thing, come right along and don't put any miserable apology in that 'I am waiting for a fellow back here, and he is coming here some of these nights and then I will join.' You had better say 'I will do this thing because I believe it is right.' Don't say 'I will go if you will.' That won't do. If the thing is right, do it. If it is wrong, don't do it. If you are convinced it is right to do it, do it at once and then you will have a clear conscience. I wish I could sign every night. I never felt better in my life than I did the night I signed it. I am glad I did it. I came across an old, broken-down friend of mine the other morning. I said to him, 'You had better come

up to this meeting.' Said he, 'What do you want me up there for? Do you want me to sign that ——!' using some not very pleasant language. This man said he was not going to sign that pledge. He was an old man and I was not acquainted with him. Said I, 'What is the reason you won't?' Said he, 'I am a free man, and I am not going to sign away my liberty.' Said he, 'I am twenty-one years of age.' Said I, 'I know you are, and nearly three times that." 'Well,' said he, 'I am not going to sign away my liberties. I am going to run the hog on my own side of the creek.' Did you ever hear the like in your life? A free man! Free to do wrong, did he mean? I am not much of a lawyer, but I am enough of one to know that nobody is free to do wrong. Freedom of speech simply means that a man has got to be responsible for what he says. He must talk in accordance to law, or he is not free even to talk. There is no signing away of liberty about it; it is simply a reform.

"There is another excuse that is made for not joining this movement. Some men say, 'I would join, only you take in too rough fellows.' They are toney, those kind of fellows. [Laughter and applause.] Did that blessed being who came from the right hand of His father to save sinners select from the lawyers, the doctors and the merchants and the 'toney' fellows to do His work? If I believed in that thing I would be a Sadducee. Why, it is the most contemptible thing in the world. Who knows but some of us fellows will make great men yet?—I mean some

of the young men. I don't suppose I will ever make a very great man. [Laughter.] There is one thing sure, though; We will never make great men unless we quit drinking whiskey. ['You would make great drunkards.'] Yes, we might make our mark, but the mark would be on our noses." [Laughter.]

Speech of General Joe Geiger, well-known throughout the West, and delivered recently before a large public gathering:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is the first time I have had the privilege of appearing in this hall or presenting myself before any audience in Cincinnati upon the temperance question, and when I look about I feel, because of the scattered condition of the audience and everybody being strange to me, a little like the boy in Western Pennsylvania. A gentleman was going along and asked a boy whom he met if he knew where Jake Kleinfelder lived. The boy said he did, and the stranger asked him to give him the necessary directions to find the house. 'Well,' said the boy, 'you see our barn down there? well, you go to that and then you go about a quarter of a mile beyond, where you come to a lane. You take that lane for about a mile and a-half, and then you come to a branch. You follow that branch for a quarter of a mile, when you come to a slippery-elm log, and you look out for that log, stranger, for it's a three-cornered log. You go on about a mile further, and then you

come to a plum thicket, and then, and then, stranger——'

"'And then, what?' demanded the traveller.

"'Well, then, stranger,' said the boy, scratching his head, 'then I'm blamed if you ain't lost.' [Laughter.] I feel pretty much as if I was lost here in the same way to-night, without a single familiar face before me. There is satisfaction, however, in the thought that we are all engaged in the same enterprize. Daniel Webster once said that the people of the United States had one country, one constitution, one destiny; and if we are to succeed in this enterprise we must be united, as I think we are, and have but one purpose. We must give it all our influence to bring it to perfection. Many persons we talk to on this question say they have no influence and it is no use for them to try to do anything. Now, when a man comes to the point of saying he has no influence, the sooner he pegs out the better. He is of no use in the world, he is a mere incumbus And yet if you tell such a man he has no influence he will get mad at you and denounce you. Every man has influence. The human mind, like the earth, will produce something. The earth will produce trees and fruit and cereals, or briers and weeds and mullen stalks, and the products of the human mind may be either valuable or worthless. We want you to engage in the right, to go with us in this cause. We want a general consolidation of our people for the furthering of our cause. The Union will not be perfect unless all classes are identified with it, for every-

thing grand in moral or physical success depends upon union. Once the earth was parched and blistered, and scorched by the heat of the sun. The rivulets were dry, the grass was brown, the leaves were shriveled and the cattle were famishing. Little particles of moisture hung in the air, all holding back and saying to themselves that they could do nothing. But the lightning went tearing through the clouds, and these particles were brought together, forming globules, the rain descended, the grass and the leaves revived, the streams ran bank-full and all nature was glad and blooming.

"It is so in this movement. We are all small particles, but combined we are a power for the accomplishment of this Christian and benevolent enterprise. We want you all. A man was once riding through the wilderness, when he was beset by wolves. He urged his horse on, but still the wolves came nearer and nearer. In his agony of fear he cried out to his nearest neighbor: 'Billy Jenkins! Billy Jenkins, come and save me.' He received no reply, and the wolves gaining upon him at every bound, the distressed traveler cried, 'Ho! everybody, come and save me.'

"So we cry to you to help to advance this great moral reform. We call particularly for the lost and the destitute; we call for the drunkard; we call for the loafer; we call for the thief; we call for the criminal. We go down to the lowest dregs of society. We want to shelter the lazaroni, to take care of the destitute. We are going after the lost sheep. Christ

came to save sinners, not the righteous. The trouble is some men have no practical belief in the practical doctrines of Christ, and go stumbling about in their blindness to the truths of the Bible, doing no good to anybody. When we reach down and try to snatch from the jaws of hell men who are plunged into almost irretrievable ruin, and to bear them back on the wings of love to the throne of the Father, we meet with opposition; opposition to the advancement of humanity; opposition from the high-toned, negative opposition from the leaders in your churches, and sneers from the lofty and learned. You have plenty of good church-goers who would not aid a fallen brother, because they think it would be degrading to their high natures. Many of them are ministering at the altar, and when it comes down to a practical effort to rescue a man who is absolutely going down pell mell to destruction, they pull their sacred garments about them and thank God that they are not like other men. [Applause.] This doctrine was put forth long ago, and it has come down to us through many generations. The meanest and most malignant man referred to in sacred history is Cain. He was a bold, bad liar, and when he had slain his brother, the Almighty called upon him to come forth from the bushes. He was asked where his brother was, and replied: 'I know not; am I my brother's keeper?' How that expression has run along through the generations of man from that time to this? How it has comforted the heartless; how it has soothed the hypocritical Christian; how it has

been the excuse of the mean and designing—'I am not my brother's keeper!' Christ came to redeem sinners, to raise them up, and give them a chance. He didn't teach the doctrine, 'I am not my brother's keeper.' Now, will you adopt the words of the murderer Cain, or will you strive, with Christ's example before you, to help to raise the fallen? I believe you will take up this cause and carry it triumphantly through. You are a little weak down here yet, but I believe you will soon come up to the standard. In Columbus we did.

"A fellow asked me some time ago whether we, who have taken an interest in this movement, would 'stick.' I told him of course we would. You remember the story of the man who had but a slight acquaintance of postage-stamps, and on putting one on a letter wrote above it, 'Good, if the thing sticks.' Well, that's just our case. We're good if we stick, and stick I know we will. We are going to stick in the interest of our physical, our domestic and our financial health, and we propose to conduct this movement without appeals to the authorities. We don't even propose to adopt the rather ingenious plan of Mr. Herrick for breaking up the saloons of Circleville. The grand jury up there came to the conclusion once that they would try to put a stop to the sale of liquor, and called Herrick in one morning as a witness. He was asked if he had drank at any of the so-called groceries in town that morning, and answered that he had at all of them. 'What did you drink?' was the next question. 'Gin,' was Her-

rick's reply. 'Did you pay for it' he was asked. 'I did not,' was his response. 'Do you intend to pay for it?' followed up the foreman of the jury. 'No,' said Herrick, 'I do not; I see what you brought me here for, and I tell you if everybody adopts my plan of drinking up their liquor and not paying for it, the saloons will be closed up a good deal quicker than the grand jury can shut them up.'

"No," said the General, "we don't propose to close the whiskey shops up that way. We have another plan. We think if we take the calves away and quit milking, the cows will go dry." [Laughter and applause.]

On the same occasion as the foregoing, Elijah Delaney, of peculiar singing qualities, and somewhat attractive character, was called on for a song; whereupon he essayed a stage effort and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Very unexpectedly I am called on to-night to sing. I have been accosted two or three times to-day about being a 'Murphy boy.' They undertake to charge Mr. Murphy with not being very much of a reformer. They say he has been a bad man. Well, about that, I have come to the conclusion that old Aunt Dolly did, when her old Massa told her that if she didn't work she couldn't have any bread. She said it didn't make any difference. Her bread should be given, and her water would be sure; that her Heavenly Father would give it to her. Her Massa told her just to wait and see

whether she would get it or not. He didn't believe her Heavenly Father would give her much. At night, when Aunt Dolly went to prayer, some mischievous boys took some bread and threw it into her cabin through the roof. When she came back and saw the bread she rejoiced, thinking the Lord had sent it. Then the boys came and told her 'The Lord didn't send that bread to you. We threw it down through the roof.' Said she, 'I don't care. It's God's bread, even if the devil fetches it."' [Laughter and applause.]

Then came the song:

BROTHER LIGE'S SONG.

"'Brudders don't you want to be dar?
Yes, my Lord.
A sitting in de kingdom,
To hear Jordan roll.

Chorus—Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll.
I want to go to heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll.'"

[Applause.]

Several more verses were rolled off by the brother, assisted by four young colored gentlemen. The success of this song was pronounced, and it will perhaps be inferred, from the sample verse given above, that it was more appreciated for its melody (which must be left to the imagination of the reader) than for its verbiage.

Remarks of Thomas O'Neil, a well-known brewer of Philadelphia, who was converted to total abstinence under Mr. Murphy's efforts, a short time since. This brief address was delivered in the Temperance Tabernacle, in said city, and in the presence of a large meeting:

"I feel very much like an old Methodist preacher who was very popular in this city some years ago. When he got filled up, and couldn't very well contain himself, he sung, 'Hallelujah, hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' He has been known to jump over the pulpit when he got into those enthusiastic strains. I do not know but I feel like jumping myself. I think I hear a man down there say, 'That is Tommy O'Neil.' Yes, that is Tommy O'Neil. But it is not the Tommy O'Neil you met down at Lambert's the other day, or at the La Pierre. It is another man altogether. [Murphy—"Thank God for that."] The man you met at those places was a fool, a lunatic. The man you see here now, is sane. He has been brought from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan into the service of the living God. And through whom, let me tell you, there is not a more popular fellow in the city of Philadelphia than Tommy O'Neil. [Great and continued applause.] I am sure you would all keep quiet if you knew who this was. It is the first attempt I ever made in my life to make a speech. I want to tell you who the fellow is that is speaking. This is his card. It commences 'Thomas O'Neil,' and right underneath, in small italics, is printed 'O'Neil and Company, Brew-

ers.' Why, sir! you don't know what kind of a man you have got. You have captured a brewer. [Mr. Murphy—"I will shake hands with you for that." Shakes hands. Applause. Mr. Murphy—"Let us hear the rest of this man's speech, so that we can understand what position he has occupied, and, by the blessing of God, what he intends in the future."] I think that is about all there is to say. Are you satisfied? I was a brewer in the city of Philadelphia; and, I presume, the only Irishman that ever attempted anything of the kind in this city. I am happy to say I have abandoned the business. I did not like it, and it did not like me. I lost all that I had in it, and I believe that it was the province of God that I should lose it."

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF MR. THOS. H. LEABOURN, A REFORMER.

"This country has awakened to this great issue; and this great movement is progressing from one end of the land to the other. Day after day, and night after night committees are coming, from many States, and asking Mr. Murphy to send speakers to aid them in the great cause. But we are going first to awaken thoroughly the city of 'Brotherly Love,' the great Centennial city of the Union, where Independence was first proclaimed, where the old bell first proclaimed liberty through the land. [Mr. Murphy.—

"Ring it again."] When we get all to sign and become decent men, then we will make the sound of the glad tidings to go forth into other lands. Every man who has any regard for his own honor and that of his family must sign this temperance pledge. I feel it was the grandest day in my life when I attached my name to it. I followed King Alcohol too long. When I commenced to drink I was far better off than I am to-night, I had an honest name and character, and I could look every honest man in the face."

AN IMPORTANT DEPARTURE.

Ex-Judge George M. Curtis, of New York, a criminal lawyer, recently before the public as counsel for Joe Coeburn, has joined the temperance movement, and said:

"I have become quite satisfied, from my long acquaintance with all classes of men, politicians, journalists, merchants and others, that the demon rum means moral, physical and financial bankruptcy to its victims. There is no escaping this fact; it is at the bottom of all evil, it is the one great intolerable curse in all grades of society; its powerful seductions, awful powers, its relentless persecution of its devotees, its ultimate, often deferred, but inevitable result are clear to me, and shall be clear to all whom my warning voice can reach, to all who are not yet already deaf to reason, lost to feeling, or blind to facts."

Mr. Curtis spoke with visible earnestness, his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and his whole frame quivered with emotion. This new departure into the total prohibition camp is a great surprise to Mr. Curtis' friends and political associates.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SKETCH OF MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A FEW words, in reference to a lady who has engaged a large share of public attention during the past year or two, appear to be called for in this connection. Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, has evidently been raised up, under God, for a great work in the interest of the fallen. She has come to the surface, as have many others, not knowing the extent of the ground she would find it necessary to occupy. Having been prepared for the work of a school teacher, when the proper time came, she entered upon her duties with the purpose of contributing her share in rendering the declining years of her aged mother as easeful as possible. While in this calling she became distinguished in her church, at home, both as a worker and speaker. It was evident that she was endowed with superior abilities. Her remarks were always forcible and reasonable, and often rose to the full character of eloquence. In

this way she became known as a valuable assistant, wherever, in the work of God, her sex did not interfere with her presence before an audience.

JOINED THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE UNION.

Having had occasion at one time to visit the city of Pittsburg, during the active operations of the Women's Temperance Union there, she became deeply interested in the subject of reform as promulgated by that organization, and enrolled her name with it. Subsequently, she took part with those who visited taverns and saloons, and held prayer in them. In this way her mind and heart were directed along the important paths of Temperance. She was convinced that she could honor her Divine Master more in that cause than in any other field of activity. She preferred, and fully selected it.

SENT FOR BY MR. MOODY.

After her return to her home, and during the successful labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Boston, a cry came up from the coasts of New England, reaching to the Great Lake City of the West, "Come over and help us." In other words, Mr. Moody sent all the way to Chicago for a lady of deep piety, and zealousness and magnetism of character—one adapted to public work—to come among the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of New England, and act as a leader. It was Mr. Moody's

opinion that the women of the North were as a dry and well-prepared magazine, upon the subject of temperance, wanting only ignition; that some devoted and able member of the Women's Temperance Union of the West, with the torch in hand, could make havoc among the forces of King Alcohol, and his miserable vassal and dupe, King Gambrinus.

A CHOSEN VESSEL.

Miss Willard was chosen. And in due course of time she was enabled to call together audiences of three thousand people, and to see many persons turned away for want of accommodation. She was admitted to be a chosen vessel, at once honored of men, because called and honored of God.

The addresses of Miss Willard were remarkably entertaining and effective—always abounding in instruction. And when speaking upon the subject of intemperance, she warmed into a life and power that frequently struck, with great force, the very deepest chords of feeling. Women gathered about her, to strengthen her hands, who had suffered from intemperance, and whose influence was but fuel for the latent fire that burned continually within the bosom of our heroine. The sympathies of her whole nature ran out to the drunkard and his family.

HER APPEARANCE, ETC.

The appearance of Miss Willard commended her also greatly to her hearers. She is somewhat slender

of form, has a countenance indicating great kindness; a bright, steady eye, which is generally shielded by glasses; the Grecian type of features, brown hair, and, altogether, a tidy and winsome presence. Added to all this, is that noblest of woman's embellishments, modesty—which is apparent both in her manner and subject.

All her appeals have been founded upon, and mixed with, Scripture truths. She constantly has kept the eyes of her mind upon the Cross, as the sure and only safe direction for every creature degraded by his appetite.

Through this young woman's instruction, hundreds have been qualified for work, and sent forth against Rum, Debauchery, Profanity, and Satan.

The following address was delivered by Miss Willard, at a Sunday Morning Breakfast, given by the Francis Murphy Committee, in the Annex to the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, just before the temporary close of the continuous meetings:

"We have caused to ascend with our prayers the hymn 'I need thee every hour,' and I wish the response to that in your hearts might be, 'O, bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.' That is our part, 'I come to thee.' Your heart and my heart are citadels the king of kings and lord of lords cannot force open. Our hearts are like the Englishman's cottage into which Her Majesty cannot enter without

permission. We are either saying to Jesus, 'Enter thou, if thou dost love me,' Or we are saying, 'Stay without, with thy locks wet with the dews of many a night waiting and watching over me.' Every one of us is in one of these two states of mind. Ask yourself in which of these two states of mind am I? Am I saying, enter thou Lord, or am I saying, stay outside, O Lord.

BREAD WITH ONE HAND.

"I cannot tell when I have been so happy as I have been here this morning. The praise of these meetings has been re-echoed by many a heart. Christian friends have spread the table to satisfy the earthly need as well as to satisfy the heavenly thirst. We must give the bread of life with one hand and the New Testament of the Lord Jesus Christ with the other. Christ rather than see the most repulsive beggar go hungry would perform a miracle, though he never would perform a miracle for himself. He had compassion on physical suffering and on diseased souls, and we are all alike when it comes to that, we all have a like need of him.

TEMPTATION.

"My life has been hedged about by safe-guards as your lives, dear brothers, have been hedged about by temptations. I have the quiet and sweet influences of home where you have been battling with tempta-

tion in the streets, and running the gauntlet of the rum-shops, and met often without one kind word, and you have thought without any one caring whether you were successful or not. You do not know how people did care, but in those days people did not get into line and tell you of it as they do now-a-days; they did not tell you that we are all tied together by a common humanity. My temptations may be on a different line from yours, but they are still temptations, and nobody can know of them except God who came to reconcile me to Himself.

BE HEALED BY THE DIVINE TOUCH.

"So when I stand here this morning and speak to you of Christ, I am speaking of one in whom I did not once believe, and perhaps you do not this morning. Many of you have been reared in Christian homes, and have heard this Bible read and have been taught that little prayer which has lain away in your memories:

> "'Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

"Oh, let that be the voice of your heart this morning. Pray to the Lord to keep your soul, and He will keep it as well as He will keep that of a little child. Consider whether you will be satisfied with having your hunger satisfied for an hour and leaving the divine hunger in your souls remain unassuaged for-

ever and ever. Is it best to help a man for a little while, or to give him such strength that he will help himself forever and ever? It is much better to hold up Christ to them than it is to give them bread and stop there. It is better to heal a man's broken arm by a divine touch than it is to put it into a sling. It is a kind action to put it into a sling, but if you have the power to touch that arm and make it well, would not that be better. It is just so with human souls. It is better that they should be healed by the divine touch than to stop after relieving their temporal wants.

DOESN'T KNOW HE HAS THE APPETITE.

"I never saw in an audience more kindly thoughtful faces than I see here this morning, and I pray to God that in the brotherhood of Christ we may come into the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. He says, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.' Don't you know that well enough? He is a servant bowed down with a pack on his back so long as he serves sin, but when Christ makes a man free he is free indeed. Some people say of a man who has drank for many years, 'He has drank so long that his nerves have become diseased; you need not talk to me about this being cured, it is impossible to cure him because he still has an appetite for drink.' I do not read in the Bible that when Daniel was thrown into the lion's den their teeth were extracted, but that they did not bite him. I simply know that

when a drinking man takes Christ for his saviour, drink does not tempt him any more. He does not know that he has got the appetite, and that is just as well as if he did not have it. He will never know he has it so long as he holds to the loving hand of Jesus. He came on purpose to keep us out of dangers and difficulties.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

"I saw a man stand up in the Tabernacle in Boston, he was a man from Canada who had been under this power all his life. He was a noble kind-hearted fellow, but he had the trade-mark of the drink-demon branded upon his face. He had been a drinking man for more than thirty years. He said, 'In my pocket next my heart I have carried my whiskey flask many and many a year, but I have now turned it out and put into its place a New Testament.' That is a prescription I want to give to any others who are in the same bondage. Christ says: 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

VISIT TO PITTSBURG.

"Dear old Pittsburg has such a record in Brother Murphy's work. I think how I looked out on those vast crowds last February and heard them sing:

"'I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.'

"I thought what a reanimation of dry branches there was when I heard the chorus:

> "'I am coming, Lord!
> Coming now to Thee!
> Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood
> That flowed on Calvary.'

"And I remembered how three years earlier—four years it is now—I, a quiet Western school teacher, came to Pittsburg because I was so interested in this movement. I had never cared for it before, but I saw it was my duty from that time forth to let alone the products of the brewery, the vineyard and the still. And I gave my help to the cause of temperance because I wanted to help humanity. I am not talking to you a theory, but of something practical that came to me in hours of pain and danger, when I thought I should not live till morning. It came to me to say: 'Oh, God, I have heard about thy laws, but I have never cared for thee, but let me be strong and I will give my life to thee, I will do just what you tell me.' And there came peace to my heart that came straight from the God of Heaven. Every one can get this peace from heaven that desires it.

WHAT A SCENE.

"I went to Pittsburg when this temperance movement began. It seems curious to me now that I should go there to learn about the crusades. There I met thirty women going to a saloon, I wanted to

be in the midst of them. A school teacher said to me, 'Go with me, we are both of us school marms.' We went down Market street, and we stopped before a saloon; one of the women said, 'We are going to have Mrs. So-and-so, pray here;' pointing out a gray haired woman, 'because through that door her boy walked to the pit of perdition. After learning to drink in that place he never was a man again, he never comforted her heart or home; he has gone to ruin. Now his mother is going there to pray.' Oh, what a scene it was. As men passed along the streets they took their hats off, even the newsboys stood there with sober faces. There gathered around us a packed crowd of men and boys all standing with their hats off as prayers were said. I wanted to pray for these men, and my heart went out to God for them in that old Pittsburg Saloon. Then we sang,

> "'Jesus, the water of life will give,
> Freely, freely, freely.'

"Some of those young men seemed to know the hymn and their voices joined in with ours. This was but the beginning of a better day; this is the better day. This is the day when young men and maidens are thinking how they can help along the cause of Christian temperance.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

"I leave this question for you to take home with you; what think ye of Christ? Christ asks a gen-

self. He does not want you to think of him in *any* way; he tells us just *how* to think of him. He does not want you to think for other folks, that he came to do great good upon the earth. He said: 'If the son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' 'If I be lifted up I shall draw all men unto me.' 'This is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.'

"In the days of Napoleon there was a grand review held in Paris, the different regiments were out in their holiday attire and Napoleon was seated upon his splended charger, as he looked around upon his soldiers he carelessly dropped his reins; the charger bounded away, when, out from the ranks, sprang a tall grenadier, and throwing himself in front of the horse he seized the reins and presented them to the Emperor. Napoleon said, 'thank you, captain.' The man was nothing but a private before, but the Emperor said, 'thank you captain.' The man said, 'of what regiment.' The Emperor said 'of my own guards,' and leaving the man standing there he went on. If this man had been like some of us toward the great captain of our salvation he would have said, 'the Emperor will forget about it,' or 'he did not mean it,' or 'there must be some mistake,' and he would have gone back and taken his place in the regiment. Instead of this he laid his gun down and said 'anybody can pick that up that has a mind to, I am a captain.' Then he walked over to where the generals were standing. They said: 'Fellow what do you want? your place is in the line.' He

replied: 'I am a captain in the Emperor's guards.' They then began to be respectful and they asked him, 'how do you know?' '*he* says I am,' the man replied. He had not any of the outward signs on him; he took the Emperor's word; simply, that, and nothing more. Shall you and I do that this morning? Shall we not receive Christ into our hearts? The moment you give your heart to Christ he takes it. Let your next breath be a breath of faith, and your next pulse be a pulse of faith. God cannot lie, his promises are true; he has promised and he will perform.

"WHAT CHRIST IS DOING."

"A dear little sunday school girl came to a friend of mine the other day and said, 'dear teacher, I am converted.' The teacher said: 'I will examine your evidences, what makes you think you are converted?' She replied: 'In the book, mother read it to me, if children want to come He wants to have them, I wanted to come and I believe He wants to have me come because He said so.' What better reason could she have found? What think ye of Christ? Are you thinking of him for yourself, taking him to your own heart? A gentleman went in an orphan asylum to try and get a little girl to take home with him, the matron brought them out and he looked in this and in that face and walked back and looked into other faces and then he said to the matron, 'I do not think I will take any to-day.' He was too much of a gen-

tleman to say he did not like them, and so he said he would call another time. The matron said: 'There is a little girl who came in this morning but she is all mud, I will wash her face and bring her in.' The gentleman said: 'Bring her in just as she is.' She was brought in; she had a confiding look as though she was ready to believe everybody. The gentleman said, 'I lost my little girl and I want a girl to take home with me,' she looked into his face and said: 'You look like a good gentleman.' 'Will you go home with me?' 'As you like.' 'What is your name?' 'Rosie Brown.' 'Have you father or mother?' 'My father and mother are dead.' 'Will you call yourself Rosie Lee after me? my name is Lee.' 'Yes.' 'Will you go along with me now?' 'Yes.' The gentleman turned to the matron and said: 'I will take the child home.' As he passed out a friend came along and said: 'What have you got there?' he said to Rosie, 'Tell him.' Rosie said: 'This is my papa and I am going to be his girl, my name is Rosie Lee.' The man took her into his heart and she took him. That is what Christ is doing; the moment we give ourselves to Christ we say: 'I am a Christian.' We do not care about these clothes that are not very nice. He has garments of righteousness for you.

CURIOUS IDEAS.

"People have curious ideas about sin. They will say: 'I am a sinner, I have been a drinking man.'

The reason you are a sinner is because you do not love what God loves, and you do not hate what God hates. I did not until I was converted. How are you going to get to love what God loves? By letting him make us do it.

"TEMPERANCE MAKES US ONE."

"I have but one more word to say. Look around and see these flags, and it reminds us that temperance makes us of one brotherhood and one sisterhood; we forget about our different flags and nationalities. We have one God, Lord over all blessed for evermore. It makes you in foreign lands feel as if you were at home. That reminds me of a new year's call made by a foreigner. A lady believing that new years' calls, when received according to the prevailing fashion, was productive of harm, thought she would receive them in a different way. She asked me to join her, and when any one wanted to turn over a new leaf we would ask them to leave their autographs with us, and we would pray with them if they desired it. I went at nine o'clock, and had hardly taken my seat there and got ready for visitors when I heard a tap at the door. They did not need to tap because it was new years, and so I thought it must be a stranger to the place. I went to the door and there stood a young man and woman, whom I knew to be foreigners by their complexion. I found the young man had mustered all the English he had to say in one sentence, and that was: 'I will sign

the pledge for my wife,' and he pointed to the lady. I asked him a question and thought he would say something more, but he knew no more of the language. When he put his name to it such curious writing I never saw; I do not know to this day what language it was. He went over to this dear young lady and put this pledge in her hand and kissed her on the cheek. The tears rolled down over her cheeks and I knew that woman was happier than many a woman when presented with the title deeds to vast estates. I pointed to a motto, which said, 'Trust in God.' I thought he could read the letters, as they were peculiar, but he could not read a word of it. I then pointed to heaven, to their God and my God, and I knew then it touched their hearts, the tears were in their eyes, and we knelt together, and in my English speech I asked God to bless those strangers. There together we invoked his presence and blessing. It is said, 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and we may say one touch of temperance will make the whole world kin, if we go forward blessing and to bless.

Closing words of a speech, by Miss Willard, at a late Murphy meeting:

"The rank and file are marching on. The work of the pioneers is not lost. The fanaticisms of yesterday are the reforms of to-day, and shall be the splendid victories of to-morrow. It is something to get

a view of the promised land even if you only get it from Pisgah's top. And I hazard the prophecy, that if we do not see it, the time will come when that which takes away the brain, and hardens the heart of men, and makes them cruel towards those they love best, shall be banished forever from the land. Yesterday what did you see? You saw Wilberforce standing in the British Parliament, amid the scoffs of those about him, saying, 'I move the abolition of slavery in her Majesty's Colonies.' To-day the name of William Wilberforce stands in the peerage of British names. Yesterday our Lloyd Garrison, with a rope around his neck, was egged in the streets of Boston. But even while living his brow was encircled with the gratitude of millions of slaves. Look back and you see a Galilaean carpenter standing alone, saying: 'The words that I speak unto you are spirit and are life.' You know that He was without a treasury, still He has so worked upon the mines of gold in this world, through the transmission of His spirit, that the grandest temples erected bear at the top of them the badge of His humiliation.

"You know His Gospel has spread to every shore. You know He has enthroned himself in millions of hearts. O! Christ! what hast Thou not done? Coming down through the centuries, Thou hast come down through the Gospel, binding up the broken-hearted, and this day Thou hast an empire wide as the world. Thou dost command. Thou art King on the Earth this day. Thou dost go on to triumph more and more. Thou art in this temperance move-

ment. It is Thyself that lifts men into kindliness, even from the depths of the gutter. May we yet say, every one of us:

> "'In the Cross of Christ I Glory,
> Towering o'er the wreck of time,
> All that's bright in human glory
> Gathers round its head sublime.'"

Remarks of Miss Willard, at a meeting in Boston, recently:

"We wish that everybody would get converted. It is the only true life—to be born of God. The world is not all converted yet, though Christianity is the simplest problem that man has to encounter. There is no government so grand and so incalculably satisfactory to the Lord God, as the reign of temperance. Within the sacred influence of school and church there nestle in this broad land of ours, protected and covered by the star-spangled banner, two hundred and fifty thousand rum shops. To carry out the business of these groggeries requires five hundred and fifty thousand of America's citizens. The net revenue is six hundred and fifty million dollars, but that is not all. Seventy-five per cent. of all the murders in the country are committed through the influence of rum; fifty per cent. of all the insanity in the country is the result of drinking; eighty-six per cent. of all the criminals in the land become such while staggering under a load of liquor; ninety-six per cent. of all the

drunken youths leave a fond, but agonized mother's arms to go to the black perdition of strong drink. Every year one hundred million of our best and brightest men reel into eternity and a drunkard's grave. Every year the statistics tell us of five hundred thousand steady drinkers and one hundred million moderate drinkers, and last of all are millions of handsome, intelligent lads going tramp, tramp, tramp to a drunkard's destiny. The bar-room is but the school of American politics. Each year one hundred million drunkards go

STAGGERING UP TO THE BALLOT-BOX

to deposit the vote which shall elect to the responsible government of this mighty republic the candidate whom their drunken intelligence taught them to be the proper person. What a sad reflection this is for us to-night!" Miss Willard made a very eloquent appeal to her hearers to arouse themselves, and by their Christian endeavors free society and politics of their curse.

"What have each one of you done? Who, tell me, has saved one human soul from the pit of the blackest darkness? You have taken from fifty to five hundred dollars per year from the liquor dealers; you have given to industry the strong arm and well-developed muscles of mature manhood; you have placed the keystone in the broken arch of home; you have given to the Commonwealth a conscientious ballot, and you have given to Christ's church another

member. Dear brother, you can have those shackles that bind you broken off if you will. No matter what your sin, Christ can break the shackles. I tell you, young man, that drunkenness is the ripe fruit of moderate drinking. Give yourselves then on the side of total abstinence. If there are any here who do not feel the need of taking the step, I beseech them to do it, that they may set an example to their weaker brother. May you, one and all, know in your hearts the importance of total abstinence. I wish we could act as united as our forefathers did. Men and women of New England, see the heritage your forefathers and foremothers have given you! Will you not stand heart to heart for total abstinence? How true is it that "now is the accepted time." There is a time for every purpose and every work in this world. The time has reached us.

THE TIME TO WORK

has come. How many in this assembly are pledged on the side of total abstinence? I ask those who are not, in the name of God, to place themselves there. Sometimes, they say, a woman's fingers can undo bars and bolts in the human heart which men cannot move. I think this is so, and if it is, sisters, why can't we do all our influence will enable us, to overcome this terrible tide of horror? Many of you have heard the story of the confession a murderer made in his cell to a Christian minister. He said: 'If people had only come to me before, and told me

these things, when my heart was young, my life might have been spared.' At last his sullen, tigerish, cold and hardened heart was broken by a woman, who by some little kindness found the door to his heart and the flood-gate to his tears. God help us, one and all, in Christ's dear name to participate in this glorious work."

Extracts from subsequent speeches by Miss Willard:

"IN FAVOR OF FREE WHISKEY."

"One hundred thousand of our best citizens die every year from strong drink; behind them are half a million steady drinkers; behind them are a million moderate drinkers; behind them two millions of occasional drinkers; and behind them all, dear mothers, come the boys tramp, tramp, to the drunkard's doom out of their boyhood! Our law-makers will restrict the public schools and enact tariff laws, but are all in favor of free whiskey."

"BACK IN THE SHADOWS."

"I think of my constituency, these sad-faced women all over the land, who sit to-night beside the darling embers of their blasted hearthstones. As I think how they have prayed and have thought the heavens were brass and have said to me 'I think that God is dead.'

As I stand here to plead for them, oh, may God stir right up in your hearts that you and I, as fortunate people, blessed and lifted into heavenly places in Christ Jesus, may have something to do about it. Those prayers must be answered; God shall avenge His own elect. Women have given the best hostages to fortune, they send their best beloved out with fearful legalized snares set along our streets, beyond the arms which held them long. Their boys have gone forever. Oh, by the danger and the pain they bear, by hours of patient watching over beds where little children lie, by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them your strong arm, your kindly open hand, your generous heart, your earnest prayers that God may speed them in their work for temperance. Give them every possible aid to turn into activity, to turn into wholesome results the wonderful power that has been so long pent up in their souls. How they set back there in the shadows."

"COFFEE HOUSES."

"There are two modes of promoting the reformation of men addicted to intemperance. One is from without and the other from within. The former proposes by the establishment of reading-rooms, coffee-houses and other counter attractions to protect against the enemy by removing temptation from the victim of appetite and securing for him a comfortable and safe retreat. This is to prop the man up from without.

The other plan contemplates building him up from within by bringing the grace of God to his heart, and by throwing the light of the Gospel upon his darkened and blinded life lead him up from that devious pathway leading to destruction wherein he has been walking."

"LET NONE PREACH CREAM AND PRACTICE SKIM MILK."

"Oh, let us be guided in our daily life by the Golden Rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them;' or, in the common nineteenth-century phrase, it would be, 'Put yourself in his place.' Yet if I were a prisoner, and anybody was to put himself in my place he would have to think about it for a while, and after being released he would lead such a life that he would never get put in again. If we are to put ourselves in others' places, then let us go to those who are prisoners of drink and try to lift them, just as we do those on a more material scale. May it be the prayer of our life that profession may not take the place of performance in our lives. As an old farmer said, 'Let no one in this world preach cream and practice skim milk.' By His grace removing idols out of our hearts, by the implantation of God's peace therein through prayer, may you say, 'I will by His dear grace have for my motto: 'Christ, make my life a flaming zeal for Jesus, wrought in me by the Holy Ghost.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS.

Col. Drew, an eloquent Gospel Temperance orator, has labored efficiently for some time past in New England and parts of the Middle States. The following were his closing remarks before a meeting at the Tabernacle, in Philadelphia, lately:

"A man seventy years of age who had pawned every article of furniture, and even the tools of his trade, to gratify his desire for drink, finally came through from drink to sobriety. I asked him to make a speech, and he said: 'After I signed the pledge, I made up my mind I would pass the saloons without stopping, so I got up all steam, and, almost running, got by them one after another, although with great effort; at last I felt I must go into one, but I kept up a quicker run and got home.' 'Perhaps,' said he, 'you remember that in one of the wonderful voyages of Sinbad, the sailor, he was sailing along with his ship and he came near a mountain of loadstone, and he instantly felt that first one bolt was drawn out of his ship, and then another, until finally the ship went down. Just so when I go by a rum-mill. I feel that a bolt of my resolution is drawn out, and then another, and I am careful or I will go to pieces.' So I say to those who have recently signed the pledge, that they must redouble their exertions if they would not fall. Set all sail when you go by those rum-holes,

and after you get by them several times it will be easier for you. I like this temperance pledge for the universal brotherhood it infuses. It makes no difference between the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated. It stretches out its blessed arms to every man suffering from drink, be he high or low, and says to him in effect, 'Come with us and be saved.' It goes out into the highways and byways, into all the alleys of the great cities and searches out men. What for? For honor? For money? For emolument? No. But because they are human beings made in the image of our heavenly Father, and because they have capacities, every one of them, for a reformed and regenerated life. That is this Temperance Gospel. It is a part of Christianity, as all temperance movements must be. It is a Christian temperance movement because it recognizes the great doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and teaches every man, who wants to worship God in an acceptable manner, to try and do something for his fellow-man. Go out here on any one of the streets and you will find a man reeling and staggering with drink, with no money, no friends, no opportunities, no position. You don't know him. Nobody knows him. You might pass him a thousand times on the street without looking at him. You might pass him a thousand times, thinking that to save him would not amount to anything. Bring him here; give him the pledge; put a new garment on him; a new song in his mouth, and you do not know him. Can you calculate the issues that depend upon

this single succoring of this unknown and obscure man? This man may have a family; they are made happy; his children are freed from their heritage of shame; his wife is relieved from her apprehensions and sorrow. He probably has a dissipated neighbor who says, 'Here is Jones, look at him, he has a clean collar on, he is bringing a carpet into his house.' And soon they say, 'there goes a piano into his house.' His comrades in his work who formerly used to say to him, 'Let us go in and take a beer,' ungrammatical, as well as silly, look at Jones and say, 'His children dress better than we do, it is because he does not spend that twenty-five cents for beer.' And each one says, 'I will sign the pledge as he has done.' What have you done? You have saved one unknown man, picked up in the streets at midnight; but for all you know, and for all any man knows, you may have, by bringing him to the pledge, started a current through this population, a current perpetually deepening, widening and growing purer and better; a current of piety, usefulness and strength, flowing through the ocean of ordinary humanity, as the Gulf Stream flows through the sea."

The world-renowned Evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, has done a glorious work on the side of temperance, in Boston, during the past number of months. His appeals are worthy the attention of Christians and reformers everywhere.

"HE WILL FORGIVE AND HEAL."

On Friday noon, February 16, the Tabernacle was again crowded, and Mr. Moody preached his third discourse from the words, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities," in the 103d psalm. He dwelt especially on the word, "Forgiveth," saying: "That is what the Lord wants to do with every man and every woman gathered in this building to-day. But he does more than forgive. You might have a prodigal boy that would go off like the one we read of in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and in some foreign country contract some disease and come home and repent of his sins, and ask you to forgive him, and you might forgive him, but you could not heal him. But the Lord does more than forgive: He forgiveth all our iniquities, and healeth all our diseases. Now, some people say they have become so addicted to strong drink, that it has become a disease with them; never mind, bring it to Christ—He will heal all thy diseases. I would not give up a man because his own power over himself is gone; it is the power of God that is going to save him, not his own; and if a man is so given to drink that it is a disease, don't become discouraged and think there is no hope for that man. 'He forgiveth all thine iniquities, He healeth all thy diseases, He restoreth thy soul.' He forgiveth and healeth. If a man only brings his disease to Christ, if he only brings this appetite to the Son of God, God is able to forgive him and heal him. But He does more than

forgive and heal. A man may be forgiven and healed, but Christ redeemeth his life, not from the power of Satan, but from the hands of justice. Every man who has sinned and transgressed the law of God, oh! 'He redeemeth thy life from destruction'—that is what God wants to do. He will redeem every drunkard in this town if he wants to be redeemed, and is willing to be redeemed for God's glory, if his aim is to glorify God. A man need not come to God to get rid of his appetite if he means to be an infidel, to sow tares if he means to fight against God. Perhaps it is better that he should

GO INTO A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

than to sow tares and do what he can to destroy the Lord's works. He does more than forgive, heal, and redeem, He 'crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.' He crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. Every child of God that has been redeemed is crowned with loving kindness and tender mercies, and the blessings of Heaven. But there are a great many people who have the crowns, but are not satisfied. I have no doubt that a great many crowned heads in Europe are dissatisfied, and they do not know what peace and comfort are. He does more than crown—He satisfieth. There are five precious things that the Lord gives every one that believeth in Him: Forgiveth all thine iniquities, healeth all thy diseases, redeemeth thy life from destruction, crowneth thee with loving kindness and

tender mercies, and satisfieth. You can not get any higher than satisfaction. What does a man want more than that? That is the top round of the ladder, and the angels of heaven can not get any higher; the redeemed in glory can not get any higher; that is the very highest to which we can go, my friends. Satisfieth—God will satisfy every one of us if we will only come to Him. That it just what He wants to do. Oh, may God help us to come to Him to-day. No wonder the Psalmist says, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul;' he had got something to bless the Lord for, and if you will only take Christ as God's gift, and your way and your portion, you will have something to praise God for. I hope every man that is a slave to-day to strong drink will come just as he is, and ask God to heal all your diseases, to redeem your life from destruction crown you with loving kindness and tender mercies, and satisfy your soul. He can do it. He longs to do it. God will grant your requests. The sinner wants to get in the place of receiving and put God in the place of giving, and then salvation will flow into his soul. Before we have a few moments of silent prayer, I would like just to make a statement that may encourage you to pray. At the young men's meetings and at other meetings which we have had, at the Friday meetings, and at the small meetings this week, there have been a great many who have been, as we believe, saved by the answer to prayer. They have been deprived of their appetite for strong drink. It shows that God is already commencing to answer our prayers. I say this

to encourage you to pray. It has just been reported about again that those who have been drunkards and reformed, don't stand, and now that is being denied. I have just got a letter this week from Philadelphia; for I had heard that one of several hundred men who had been saved in that city had fallen, and so I wrote back there to inquire about it, and I got this letter in answer from the man himself, saying that he had only been down for a few days, but he had been raised again by the power of God, so that the very day this letter was written he was leading the noon prayer-meeting. He had been one of the greatest drunkards in Philadelphia, but God had heard and answered his prayer. Some may say that because these men have been saved, it is no sign that they have been reclaimed. A great many of us Christians have done a good many things since we were converted that we ought not to have done, and I don't see why we should cast these men off because they have fallen. Instead of trying to help them some seem to rejoice at it and call their neighbors' attention to it, and say, 'Now see how that man has fallen.' Let us try to raise them up instead of rejoicing in their fall. It seems as though you were doing the devil's work when you rejoice at a man's fall instead of trying to raise him up. Go to work and get him away from the devil if you can. The devil has got him down—a good many are trying to help the devil keep him down. Because a man has fallen again it is no sign that he has not been reclaimed. I tell you Christ will heal the backslider and get him on his

feet again; He has saved hundreds of men in that way.

HOW A FIFTEEN-CENT SCRIP SAVED A DRUNKARD.

"A man came into our meeting in the Hippodrome the last night we were there, and I have been anxious to hear how he was getting along, and this week I heard from him. He was not only a tramp, but he had got down about as low as any tramp could get. His will power was all gone. He had no rags to cover his nakedness. He was as filthy and as far gone as any man I have ever seen. He came into the Friday meeting and stayed to the second meeting, and some friends prayed with him; whether they effected any change in him, at that time, I don't know. He told them he didn't know anything about Jesus. He said, 'He won't answer my prayer, I am so great a sinner.' But this was his experience, as he narrated it to me afterwards. He said he had a fifteen-cent scrip in his pocket, and he said the first day after, 'If the Lord will help me keep that piece of scrip twenty-four hours I will take that as a token He will answer my prayer. If I shall just be able to walk through the streets of New York twenty-four hours without spending it for whiskey, I will take that as an answer to my prayer.' He had no place to lay his head, but wandered about the streets all that time, and when he came back to me afterwards and I asked him how he was getting along, and all he said was,

'I HAVE GOT IT NOW.'

I heard from him last week, and he said, 'I have got it now.' He hadn't spent it for whiskey. [Laughter and applause.] He says, he intends to keep that piece of currency as long as he lives. God help him to do it! [Cries of Amen.] That shows how God can save the poor drunkard. Let us believe in prayer Before we have a silent prayer, I would like to read a request from a little child? 'Dear Christain (written in a childish hand), will you please pray for my father; he is a drunkard, and for that cause I am without a home, and when you pray for him, remember me, a little girl.' O, may God bless the little girl, and may God hear our prayers and save that father. Let us have a few moments' silent prayer Let us all pray."

After a season of silent prayer, Mr. Moody introduced to the audience Mr. Sawyer, who had come from Chicago to take charge of the work of reform in Boston.

Mr. Sawyer spoke at some length in a rapid and forcible manner, and gave an extract from his own experience, at Mr. Moody's request, in which he said he knew what it meant to be houseless and homeless, a poor miserable leper, given up to strong drink for twenty years, but saved through the blood of Christ four years ago.

He had been a boy with Jordan, Marsh & Co., and was doing well and had many friends, but the enemy

overcame him. He got on the road to Jericho, got stripped of his raiment and beaten; everything was gone and he hadn't a hope on earth. It was while in this condition—a wretched drunkard—that he stumbled into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, and fell asleep in a chair. When he awoke, the lawyer told him he understood his case, said he had been there himself, told him how he was cured by the grace of God, nine years before, and how he had been kept ever since. But it was hard for him to believe it, the cure seemed so simple; and then the lawyer told him the story of Naaman, and said that the very reason he hesitated to accept it was because it was so simple. He took him at his word, turned his back on Jericho, and faced the promised land. He stopped drinking and went to praying. He forsook his evil ways, and had been happy ever since, and trying what he could do to bring the same blessing upon others. Mr. Moody then rose, and the following brief colloquy took place:

Mr. Moody.—"Has your appetite come back?"

Mr. Sawyer.—"No, sir"

Mr. Moody.—"Has God entirely destroyed your appetite so that it never troubles you?"

Mr. Sawyer.—"I would not like to say that God takes away the appetite, but he covers it up so that we don't know where it is if we live near Him. When we don't live near Him, Satan finds it again and plays on it. But if we live near him we don't know where it is."

Extracts from Mr. Moody's late temperance discourses:

THE "RUM DEVIL" TO BE CAST OUT BY PRAYER.

"I think this rum devil is the worst devil we have, and we are not going to cast him out by great meetings and lectures, but by prayer. Now there are some women in Chicago that have had a daily prayer meeting every afternoon at three o'clock right along for two years, and I do not know of anything that has made the same impression on me as those meetings. While I was in Chicago I used to drop in, steal in and stand behind a post to see how it was done. There were three to five hundred men and women gathered there at this meeting conducted by ladies, and there were from twenty-five to one hundred drinking men, some of them so drunk that they had to take them out because they were noisy, and when they were sobered off they would bring them back. During the past two years they have taken the names of fifteen hundred men, and they are following them up. Now what they do can be done in Boston. What we want is that Jerry McCaulay affair. He has a meeting every night. It is known all over New York, and when a man feels that he needs prayer he goes down there and they pray for him."

"NO MORE WHITEWASHING."

"The church of God has been asleep long enough. We do not want any more whitewashing, we want

men recreated, and then they will have power to overcome this terrible appetite, to hurl the cup from them and live as God would have them live. I want to throw this out as a suggestion, and if the praying men and women in this audience think they would like such a meeting let them do what I suggest. It is easy enough to come up to this anniversary and clap your hands, but we want those who are willing to work three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. It is a long, steady pull, but we want it. It seems to me this work is in the very air. I believe we are going to put this terrible curse away, and I trust there is a time coming when if there is a minister of the gospel that stands in the pulpit and advocates a moderate use of liquor, the men and women will get out of the church as Lot did out of Sodom. [Applause.] I tell you, get a man that encourages this traffic out of your church. We want clean hands to carry the pure gospel from the churches. We want the church right, and then we will have power with God and man."

THE BIBLE WAVE RISING.

"I like this organization because it is stirring up the church, and I believe it is about the only organization that reaches the question. We have this church so pure and holy, and when the church takes hold of this matter and reaches a helping hand to the drunkards and tells them that there is hope for them, they will come flocking in. That has been demonstrated

in this city and in Philadelphia. During the past few weeks we hear tidings from that city that are wonderful, and we hear them from Pittsburg and Ohio. The Bible wave is rising in the West, and I hope it will sweep over the land. Let that be our prayer and that be our work."

WORDS OF POWER.

At a temperance meeting in the Philadelphia Tabernacle, held April 6th, 1877, Mr. Samuel P. Godwin, President of the Franklin Reformatory Home, made a few telling and forcible remarks, which had a pronounced effect upon the large audience present. We extract the following from them as worthy general perusal. He said:

"I could say a great many words when I behold a man on my left hand, who has been the subject of my prayers for the last twelve months, giving testimony in behalf of this great work. If Brother Murphy had accomplished no other good in the hands of the Lord but the turning of this one young man to Christ, he would have done more than you or I have done in a lifetime. It is nothing for you and I to stand up in behalf of total abstinence, but it is something for these dear souls that have dared to do right and to conquer. I feel like bowing down in reverence at the feet of men who have dared to come boldly and sign the pledge and keep it through the

grace of God, and we ought to do all we can to advance the interest of such men. Let us do all we can to replace them in their position in society and the family circle, and lift them up to true manhood."

Words like these can only come from the heart, and from one of noble proportions.

We make the following extract from an eloquent address by Hon. William Moran, at the Temperance Tabernacle, in Philadelphia, May 6th, 1877:

"I would rather be the instrument of accomplishing the good which Murphy has brought about, and have his power over the affections of the people, than have the eloquence of a Cicero or a Demosthenes, or be President of the United States. Should that great reformer remain with us one whole year, I verily believe there would be no necessity of appropriating $800,000 for the support of our Almshouse, $250,000 to the House of Correction, and a million of dollars to the support of a large police force. Two-thirds of the amount thus expended, was due to the rum traffic. Our government pensions those who become wounded in its service; and he saw no reason why the rum-seller should not be compelled to support the pauper and the criminal, made so through his furnishing the means. By the success of the temperance movement, taxation would be reduced, and thousands of now desolate homes made happy. The true remedy for all ills resultant upon intemperance is total abstinence.

'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' is the only motto which will yield protection to the tempted; and I would to God that all who hear me would adopt it as their own.

"The people of this city and State owe Mr. Murphy a debt of gratitude which they can never repay. His work will live after him, when he shall have passed away and received the rich reward which is doubtless prepared for him in the heavens."

At the meeting of the Ninety-third Annual Convention of the P. E. Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Bishop W. Bacon Stevens treated the subject of Temperance as follows:

"The temperance question is occupying much of the public attention at this time. How far the present movement as seen in this city, differing, as it does, from all previous efforts, will secure permanent results, cannot at present be known. We do know, however, that a great good has been accomplished; we do know that it takes by the hand the drunkard in his poverty, without work, and without, perhaps, a friend, and does not say to him, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding we give him not those things which are needful for the body, for it finds work for the workless, bread for the foodless, garments for the naked, shelter for the houseless—friends, Christian friends, for the friendless. It is a noble illustration of the true union of faith and works, and hence the

remarkable success which has attended these efforts to reclaim the intemperate. We cannot but speak respectfully, thankfully of this work. Not to do so, methinks, would be to incur the rebuke our Lord gave to John, who, when he complained to Jesus, saying, 'Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him because he followed not us.' 'Forbid him not,' replied the large-minded Jesus, 'for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me, for he that is not against us is on our part.' For though these men do not profess to work miracles, yet if by the grace of God working through their instrumentality, they can bring the once drunkard and hitherto ferocious men to sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed in their right minds, then I think we may see God's hand in the work, and feel assured that at any rate it is not against it."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FAMOUS LECTURER HEARD FROM.

Of course, nearly all men in our country know of the name of John B. Gough, the eloquent. For half a life-time he has delighted the people of our large towns and cities with his rare eloquence and inimitable humor. But few may know, however, that he

is earnest and bold in advocacy of Gospel Temperance. At a recent meeting, in the Boston Tabernacle, he sat close by Mr. Moody, who, before the close of the services, said: "Mr. Gough says it is very hard work for him to keep still, and he is liable to break out at any minute; but I ain't going to let him say anything now. I tell him he can talk to you five hours to-night if he wants to."

Thus, the famous lecturer was announced, and, when the evening came, the Tabernacle was crowded, whilst many hundreds were turned away. The lecture itself was one of his very finest efforts, and produced a powerful and magical effect, throughout, upon his hearers. We give a verbatim report here of the speech, since it was made in the interest of gospel temperance, to a gospel temperance meeting, and in a real gospel temperance spirit. It will certainly amply amuse, and repay, every one, in its perusal. We think our work would be incomplete did we not send forth this latest, newest and best of Gough's addresses.

We are told that, in its delivery, he began deliberately, warmed up as he progressed in his subject, and gave to it the gestures, attitudes, looks and tones required. There was continued and deafening applause, as the remarkable "hits" of the speaker fell, one after the other, upon his audience. We urge upon every one the perusal of this:

MR. GOUGH'S GOSPEL TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

"I think no person could occupy the position I occupy to-night without being weighed down under a sense of the responsibility of the position—to speak to such an audience of thinking men and thinking women as are assembled in this building to-night. I am to speak to you on the subject of temperance, a theme that is very dear to me. When I look back to thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, and remember the hand that was laid on my shoulder as I walked the streets of the city of Worcester as forlorn and hopeless as any man that ever stood or sat within the walls of this Tabernacle, remember the utter prostration with the desire for better things, but no hope; with ambition for something better, but no expectation; with pride enough, but no energy, no freshness of feeling, and although thirty-five years have passed since the day I signed the charter of my freedom, and it looked upon that paper like the signature of Stephen Hopkins on the Declaration of Independence, I remember distinctly the feeling, the sentiment, the circumstances of that time, and they were brought before me this afternoon very vividly. But I will not occupy time in speaking of my own personal experience; I come to you with the result of thirty-four, thirty-five years' observation among the drinking men and among those who are engaged in the noble work of reform, and as they all say I use more illustration than argument, tell more stories than I

use logic, I wish to relate an incident that occurred in my own experience but a short time since.

"A young Scotchman called to see me, who showed me his diploma as a physician. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, a fine-looking fellow, as handsome a man as ever walked the streets, but being marked and scarred by this enemy. After some conversation he left me, and his last words rung in my ears; his last words brought the tears to my eyes, and I think I shall never forget them. Standing before me, he said: 'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gough; you have given me your time, and you have told me the truth, but it's na use, and there is na hope. Shake hands with me, will you, I am a lost laddie,' and he went away. As I saw him going out, stalwart and strong, in the pride of health, 'I am a lost laddie,' my eyes filled with tears, and in the night I awoke, hearing the cry of a despairing man, 'I am a lost laddie.' How many lost laddies are there to-day, in these United States; how many are there in this city of Boston, and I could not help thinking this afternoon as I think now, as I look upon this audience, what are we assembled for? To bring home, and freedom, and salvation to lost laddies in Boston, to tell them there is hope for them, to stir them up to exercise the power God has given them, to break their fetters, to stir them up into a natural ambition to battle with the evil that has held them so many years, and stand up free men, saved, saved by the power of the grace of Him who is able to save to the uttermost all those that come unto Him.

HOW DO MEN BECOME DRUNKARDS?

"Now I want to say a few words, and they will be to-night, with very little connection, all bearing, as far as I can make them, upon the question: How do men become drunkards? I maintain this, that every man who becomes a drunkard, becomes so in trying to be a moderate drinker and failing. Now there are some men that can drink moderately. I should be very foolish to stand before an audience like this and say a moderate drinker is worse than a drunkard, that if a man drinks he must become a drunkard. There are men who can and do drink moderately, and there are some Christian men who can and do drink moderately. Now I want to say a word or two to moderate drinkers before I go farther. They are the hardest cases in the world to move, because they have not lost reputation, they have not lost property, they are not bearing the terrible burden of their sin as some of these intemperate men are, and therefore they are hard to reach. 'I never hurt myself by drinking; I don't see that I am injuring myself in any degree by it,' and they are the hardest cases in the world to move. So I want to say at once to the moderate drinker, You can drink moderately, perhaps—there are some men that can not for certain. I could not be a moderate drinker; I could no more be a moderate drinker than you could blow up a powder magazine moderately, or fire off a gun a little a time. [Laughter.] I have tried it and

failed. You say you are a weak-minded man. Very well, have it at that if you choose. I tell you, sir, if I am so weak-minded that I can not drink moderately, thank God I am strong enough to let it alone altogether. [Applause.] I want to say to moderate drinkers, drink if you will, drink if you must, but don't you dare to tell these young men that you set them a good example. How do you know?

"I was once in a town in New York and saw a church that was building with a very superb, symmettrical spire. From a small window, high up, a plank was pushed out about ten feet, and held by ropes fastened within. Again I saw a man get out of that window and step right on that platform without falling. How many of you could do it? How many of you? I saw a man on the sidewalk halloo to him. He put his hands on his knees and looked down and hallooed to the man. Now that man could stand on that platform, and did, but if I had set my foot on that platform, the moment I saw the depth of one hundred and thirty feet below me, I would have gone down. I could not help it. No logic, no argument, no mind, no will, no genius, or intellect could have helped me. I could not help myself. Now I say, sir, if you can stand on that plank and you tell me you set me a good example and you induce me by your encouragement to follow your example, because it is a safe one, to stand on that plank, and I fall, what then? Your skirts are full of my blood. It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom they come. You tell the young

man you set him a good example—how do you know? If there was a bridge built over a gulf, to fall into which was utter ruin, that hold one hundred and fifty pounds, and you weigh one hundred and thirty, it is a safe bridge for you to walk on as much as you please. Here stands a man that weighs two hundred pounds, and you tell him to follow your example. 'I don't like the looks of that bridge,' he says. Don't be a fool, I have walked it for ten years, and it is safe; don't mind what others say. Now you follow my example, in moderation—don't get into a rush—exercise your self-control—step there—now another—step in a moderate way—don't get excited.' So he goes on till he sets his foot on the centre, and crash! he goes to destruction. Did you set him a good example? No, because you did not take into consideration the difference between your weights. Do you dare to tell that young man 'You are safe, I am a good example,' unless you have studied his susceptibilities, and that takes a lifetime to tell.

"Now, you say if a man can not drink moderately he is weak-minded. What do you mean by weak-minded? It requires more strength of mind, firmness of purpose, decision of character, more of an iron will, to break a bad habit you have acquired. Did you ever try to break a habit—any little thing, for instance? There is a young lady whose fingers are marred and disfigured. What is the matter? She bites her nails. Can't she break the habit? I have known girls to work for months before they could get

rid of the habit of biting their nails. I knew a man who had acquired the habit of reading with his elbow on the desk in front of him, and he would twist his hair around his fingers. Some one said: 'What are you pulling your hair out for? 'Why,' he said, 'I acquired the habit and I can not read with comfort without doing it.' I knew a man who made up his mind to give up the use of tobacco. He used to use Cavendish plug tobacco, and he put his hand in his pocket and threw the plug away, saying: 'That's the end of it.' 'But,' said he, 'that was only the beginning of it.' Oh, how he wanted it. He would lick his lips, and he chewed tooth-picks and anything he could get to keep his jaws going. But nothing would satisfy him. His mouth tasted as if it were full of cold cream all the time, and his very tongue seemed to be curled over with intense desire. Well, after he had worked a day or two in that way he said: 'I am not going to suffer like this; I will get some.' He bought a plug and said: 'When I want it awfully I will take it.' He did want it awfully, and he took it out and—he thought it was his better spirit striving—he held it in his hand. 'I love you, and I want you, but are you my master or am I yours? I am a man and you are a thing; I am a man and you are a weed. I want you, but, you black devil, I will master you yet if I die for it, for it never shall be said that I, a man, was mastered by a thing; yes, I will.'

"Now there are persons that tell us that it is harder to give up the use of tobacco than the use of drink. Do you believe it? Do you believe it? I grant you

it may be to a man that takes one glass of ale once a day, and does not care whether he takes it or not; but when the appetite lays hold of a man, how many men in this assembly to-night can testify that it is an awful struggle—a terrible fight? What will not a man do and suffer and give to get drink? In my experience of thirty-four years I have come across some fearful cases. What will not men do to get drink? I will give you one case as an illustration. A gentleman said to me: 'It seems very hard while I have been fighting drink all my life it should come into my own house. Now I have five children, four daughters and one son. Three of the daughters are married and my youngest is living with me, and my only son is dying without hope.' He had delirium tremens a second time. The physician, who told me the circumstances afterward, said that he went to see him. 'Now,' he said, 'Charlie, you know me; you know I am your friend, and you know I will tell you the truth. You have a hard siege before you, my boy; you have a tremendous fight; you have some suffering to go through; but I think I can pull you through it by my skill and God's good providence and your own physical strength and your constitution. I think I can get you out; but if you ever stand on your feet again, my boy, never touch a drop of liquor, for if you do you will have all this come back again, and you need not send for me, for you are a dead man.' The young man was a clever young fellow—smart, as we say. He looked up and said: 'Doctor, you say I have to suffer. What do you know about

it? What do you know about it? Suffer! I suppose you could tell people how you take a man's leg off; but could you tell how the man felt when the saw touched the marrow? Doctor, if you can prove to me that there is no physical suffering in hell, I will cut my throat. Doctor, I have had great spiders draw their soft bodies with hairy legs all over my face and in my mouth. I have had green flies buzz in my ears, crawl—ah, ah, ah, they are coming now,' and in less than two minutes two men were holding him, in convulsions. Ten days and ten nights he suffered—I was going to say the torments of the damned—and when he got on his feet—the third day he was on his feet—he went into a saloon and said; 'Look here, give me a little brandy, just a little, because I need it;' and he gave it to him. 'Now,' said that father, 'that boy is dying in such awful agony that his friends can not look upon him.' Can you imagine a power stronger than that? When a man undertakes to break that habit, I tell you he has a work before him.

"Did you ever see a man fighting drink? Great beads of sweat on his forehead, tears rolling down his cheeks, blood trickling from his head where he has bitten his lips in the agony of fighting against the desire that cries through every nerve of his system. Gentlemen, no man who has not experienced the power of that appetite can form any conception of it. My whole heart's sympathy goes out to the struggling man fighting this desire for drink. Now, in our treatment of the drunkard we are very

much in the habit of treating him as if he were a reckless fellow that did not care what became of him. Did any man ever apostrophize drink, and holding the glass of liquor in his hand say: 'Here I stand in vigorous health, fine physical development, in ambition; I have a mother and sisters that cling to me with loving affection; I am respectable and respected; I look into the future with confidence; my ambition is high and my hopes are bright. Now with this I will ruin my health; with this I will blast my prospects; with this I will stain my reputation; with this I will destroy my manliness; with this I will break my mother's heart; with this I will bring disgrace upon all who love me; with this I will burn out the last principle of violated truth, and a poor, half putrified carcass, men shall sweep me away as with the pitiful leavings of the dram-shop, and in after years I shall be spoken of with bated breath. I will take my first step toward that consummation in taking this, my first glass.' Was there ever such a consummate fool? and yet men are doing it—doing it in Boston, doing it everywhere—with more horror to themselves than the mind of man can conceive.

"Now the drunkard is the victim of the custom of society. What is drunkenness, I ask you to-night? in our acceptation of the term—I am not speaking of God's view of it; we will come to that presently. In our acceptation of the term, What is drunkenness? The inability of man to stand drink. You can not judge of a man's drunkenness by the quantity he drinks, but by the effect that quantity has on his

nervous system. A man once said to me: 'I hate excess; a man that drinks to excess is a beast.' I said: 'Then I hope you are with us.' He said: 'No; I hate total abstainers. The total abstainer is cowardly, and the man who drinks to excess is beastly. I stand on the manly principle of moderation, self-denial, self-control, and I say to young men, Follow my example, and by the exercise of these qualities you will show your manliness; exercise your self-denial and self control, use liquor in moderation, and don't made a fool of yourself.' Then we hear everywhere, only coming to us sometimes in different shapes. I say to such a man, what is excess? 'Drinking too much.' What is drinking too much? 'Drinking to excess.' I know it is, but I will ask you a plain question: Would six tumblerfuls of toddy in a day be excess for you? 'For me? Six? In a day? Well, no. I think I could stand it.' There is the point. Now, according to that man's theory, if a man drinks as much as he can hold, and stands it, that man is developing, isn't he? [Laughter.] If he drinks two quarts of whiskey in a day and stands it, there is a sign of self-denial and self-control and self-government in the moderate use of intoxicating liquor; if he drinks a glass and does not stand it, that must be a sign of the utter want of self-denial and self-control in the excessive use of it. What is moderation and what is excess? In our estimation of it—because our estimation of drunkenness, when we come to look at what God says about it, is a very low estimation of its iniquity—we do

not think much of people who get intoxicated—once in a while. Did you ever hear a man say: 'Don't call me a thief; I will knock any man down that calls me a thief; I know I steal occasionally, but I am not a thief!' Did you ever hear a man say: 'Don't call me a liar; I know I lie once in a while, but I am not a liar!' Then a man says; 'I am no drunkard; I get tight once in a while; I have been tight at musters and at military suppers; but I am no drunkard.' Now if a man lies once, he is a liar; if he steals once, he is a thief; and you do not call a man a drunkard till he gets drunk about two-thirds of his time. Simple intoxication is so common that we almost make sport of it. I heard some ladies once in a car talking very loudly, and one of them said: 'Oh, it was perfectly splendid; I never laughed so much in my life. We went to sleigh ride, and were going to have a dance and supper at the hotel, and some of those young men went to the bar, and I never saw them get so drunk, and I laughed so, he, he! When we were ready to dance, some of those young men were in such a state that they could not dance with their partners, and they were in such a state! What do you think! When we were all ready to go home and the sleigh drove up, the landlord put some of those young men to bed, and I laughed so! The next morning it was perfectly splendid, I never laughed so much in all my life.' Now here were a number of young men so drunk that they could not go home and could not dance

with their partners, and it is matter for laughter and is such fun.

"In a certain town in Connecticut a man came into his house drunk. He had a little boy three and a half or four years of age, and he came forward to meet him with both of his arms extended. Had the father been sober, the boy would have been nestling in his father's bosom, but he was drunk; he seized that boy by the shoulder, lifted him over his head, and dashed him right through the second story window. Sash and glass and all went out, and on the paving, among the mire and bits of broken glass, lay a child with both thighs fractured. There is another phase of the fact that you laugh at, and that is, that when a man is drunk he don't know what he is about, and whether a man laughs or cries, shudders or chuckles, whether a man holds his sides with merriment or the marrow in his bones stands stone cold, drunkenness is debasing, degrading, imbruting, blasting, and scathing to everything that is bright and noble and manly and Godlike in a human being, whether you laugh or cry. [Applause.]

"Now a great many people say that a man who would throw his child out of the window is a brute. Ah, my friends, it is very easy to call men brutes. I worked for thirty-five years among the drunkards, among criminals, and never found a brute among them yet, never. Dickens has said somewhere in one of his works, 'Mrs. Toggers was a hard woman, yet in her heart, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a remote corner was a door, and on that door was written

WOMAN.' So, on the heart of the biggest drunkard in Boston, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by and covered over with cobwebs, is a door; find that, and that is our business, and knock; no response! What then? Knock on, persevere; remember, Christian men and women, remember Him who stood at the door of your heart till His locks were wet with dew, and remember that this is a brother man, and knock on, and by and by the quivering lip and the starting tear will tell that you have been knocking at the heart of a man, not the heart of a brute. I have often found in my experience that just as quick as a man adopts the principle of total abstinence, it seems to open the flood-gates of feeling that have been pent up for so many years, or turned almost, I was going to say, from tenderness into bitterness. I remember one little fact. A man said to me: 'The queerest thing that ever happened to me in my life, was when I put my name on the temperance pledge. I was a pretty hard case, my wife used to be afraid of me, and my children used to run away with fear when I came in the house; it was but a word and a blow, and then a kick, and the minute I put my name on that temperance pledge, the thought came across my mind, I wonder what my wife will say to this? Queer, wasn't it? The first thing I should think of was my wife. But I went home, and I made up mind that I would tell her all about it. Then I thought if I went in and told her all of a hurry it might make her faint or something or another of that kind. Queer, wasn't it?

Another time I would have went home and knocked her down and kicked her up again. Now I was going home thinking how I could break it to my wife and not hurt her! So I made up my mind I would break it to her easy, and I got to the door; she didn't faint away; I saw her leaning over the embers of the fire; she didn't look up; I suppose she expected a blow or a curse as usual, and I said, 'Mary.' She didn't turn; I said, 'Mary.' 'Well, Dick, what is it?' I said, 'Mary.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Can not you guess, Mary?' And she looked round at me, her face was so white. 'I say, Mary.' 'Well?' 'I have been to the meeting, and put my name down on the pledge, and taken my oath I never will take another drop.' She was on her feet in a minute. She didn't faint away, poor soul; and as I held her I didn't know but she was dead, and I began to cry, and she was not dead; she opened her eyes, and got her arms right round my neck, and pulled me down on my knees, the first time I remember ever going on my knees since I was a boy, and said, 'Oh, God, bless my poor husband,' and I said, 'Amen.' And she said, 'Help him to keep that pledge,' and I said, 'Amen,' and she kept on praying, and I kept on hallooing, and you never heard a Methodist halloa like me, until I could not speak a word I was so hoarse. It was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last.' I could give you scores of just such cases. I spoke once to an audience of outcasts. It is an awful sight to see. There were two persons came up to sign the pledge. You never saw such a

couple; I could not describe them—indescribable; the woman's dress—dress! She had some ragged ribbons tied round her waist with a bit of rope, and above her waist nothing but an old shawl, that was twisted round like a rope, brought across her shoulders, fastened like a Scotch hat at her side, dirty, brazen-faced, hair all down, her eye as cold as a piece of gray granite; her husband looked as if the drink had scorched up his intellect, and he looked more like an idiot than anything else, but they signed the pledge, at least they made their mark, and the secretary was making out beautiful embossed cards; the man said: 'I want to get one of them certificates.' She gave him a nudge, 'There is sixpence to pay for them.' 'I want one of them certificates to show that I belong to the society.' There was every evidence of a family jar going on between them. A gentleman came in and said: 'Good people are you going to sign the temperance pledge?' 'I have signed it, sir; me and my missus, and that is my missus, and we have signed, and I want to join the society and get a certificate.' 'Why don't you?' 'There is sixpence to pay.' 'Oh, that shall make no difference,' and turning to the secretary the gentleman said: 'Here is a shilling, make out the certificates.' The woman looked as hard as ever, the certificates were about to be made out, and the man was asked his name, and gave it, and got his certificate, and then they asked the woman her name; she clenched her fists and looked straight before her. 'Madam, your name; we are waiting for you, if you please; we would

like you to have the number next to your husband's.' Her husband offered to give her name. 'No, no, we want it from the woman herself. Madam, we are waiting for you; and at last she lifted up her clenched fists; I thought it was to strike somebody, but it was to brush away a tear, and then came another, and another; then she put her hands to her face and the tears ran down the back of her hands, and then she suddenly looked round and unfastening that shawl, she shook it out and spread it over her back and held it with both hands across her bosom. Not one word of kindness had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of woman, and she stood crying like a child. I tell you when a man or woman takes a turn to go right, the very act of turning to go right softens the heart and opens it to good impressions. [Applause.]

"Now I want to speak more particularly for a few minutes to those who have suffered, and if there are any here who are suffering from the effects of drink, you know as well as I can tell you the power of the appetite, you know what it is to break it off, you know the awful struggle that there is, and I have heard a great many men say, since Mr. Moody has been preaching here and in Chicago and in New York and in Philadelphia, that if the drunkards become Christians they can reform from the drink. A great many men have said to me: 'I can reform without becoming a Christian.' I am not one of those who will say to you that you cannot quit drink unless you become a Christian, but I say this, within my expe-

rience, that nine out of ten who try it fail. There are men who have abstained from drink all their lives who have been afterward drunkards and have died with no belief in the power of the grace of God. I will give you an illustration of what I mean. A gentleman that I know married into an excellent family (and he says I may tell the story and give his name at any time) and got so far abased that he could drink a quart of brandy a day; how he stood it no one knows; a man of a strong constitution, splendid physique, but he drank his quart a day; a good business man, and his associates were very much distressed about him. He had a lovely wife and three boys, and one day he was in the house and he said to his wife: 'Come, my dear, and sit on my knee.' She came and sat, and then she said: 'If my husband didn't drink I would be the happiest woman in Canada.' 'Well,' he said, 'my dear, I married you to make you happy, and I ought to do everything I can to make you happy; and if that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live.' That was seven years ago, and he has never tasted a drop from that day to this. He cut it off just as clean as you would cut off a piece of cheese. That man had a mighty will; but I want to tell you something else. Walking with him up Young street one day last winter, he said: 'You see that red saloon. I have gone two blocks out of my way many a time to keep out of the way of that. When I come in sight of it, and begin to feel queer, I turn right down Front street; but since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I

can go right by that place, and if I find the slightest inclination to enter, I can ejaculate the prayer, God help me, and I go right along.' The first was a risk; the second was absolute security and safety. [Applause.] It will not do for us to say a man cannot quit drink unless he becomes a Christian; but he is running a risk every day of his life, and nine out of ten, if not nineteen out of twenty, fail.

"I want to lead men to this point. If you will reform, exercise all the power that you have left—all the energy that you have, and trust in God, *and it is a sure thing, sure.* In Ohio I went into a car, and there was only one vacant seat, and I asked a gentleman if I could occupy it. He said: 'Yes, Mr. Gough, I will be very glad to have you.' 'Thank you, sir, for your courtesy.' He said: 'I heard you speak last night, and I went home to my wife and told her I would never drink any more liquor. I never made a promise like that before. I am a man of my word, and she knew I meant it, and I supposed she would be tickled about it and pleased, but instead of that she looked at me in a half wild sort of a way, and burst out crying, and then went down on her knees. I am not one of that sort; don't believe I have been down on my knees since I was eight years old. As for church, I don't know what the inside of it looks like. When I saw her down on her knees I didn't like it, and said: 'What in thunder are you on your knees for, can not you hear?' I went to bed sulky, and when I got up in the morning I wanted whiskey and nothing else. I tried to eat some break-

fast; the more I chewed it the bigger it grew; I could not swallow it; nothing could I take but whiskey; I must have some whiskey. I am a man of some property, and I am going now to see a piece of property which I bought when I was drunk. I am going among friends and among temptation, and I would rather be carried home dead to-night than carried home drunk. I am a man of my word, and I never broke my word to man or woman, and I am proud of the fact.' We went on a little while and his eyes began to fill with tears. He said: 'Mr. Gough, you may think it very strange of me, but I have been on my knees myself this morning for over an hour.' 'Have you?' 'Yes, I have; the first time in my life that I can remember since I was a little boy.' I said: 'My friend, keep there and you will go home sober to-night.' I tell you, they may make as much sport of prayer as they please, and say that it is abominable nonsense to talk about prayer-gauges and such stuff, but do you believe a man ever drank a glass of liquor while he was praying to God to keep him from it? No. Then there is a philosophy in prayer, if nothing else. Let a man keep in the attitude of prayer and then he is in the attitude of resistance to drink. [Applause.]

"Then there is another point I wish to speak upon, and for my life I would not conflict in any way with anything that Mr. Moody has said. I think he and I believe the same thing, only there are two ways of putting it. We have been told—I don't know that the leaders of these meetings have said it—that if a

man gets the grace of God in his heart, it takes away his appetite. I am not one of those that would speak slightingly of the wonderful, illimitable, infinite power of the grace of God, but while one man may have that appetite taken away from him by God's grace and Spirit, there is another man who may have that appetite left in him to try him. When Paul prayed that the thorn might be removed out of his flesh, his prayer was only answered by 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I know there are men that are good Christian men that are struggling and fighting to-day against this appetite. A minister of the Gospel writes me: 'I was deposed by my church for drunkenness; some of them had confidence in me and they gathered together and formed a little church, and we worshipped in a hall; I preached for them six or eight weeks; I then came down to Boston to buy hymn-books; I met with a friend who asked me to dine, and I drank a glass of wine, and for three days I knew nothing, and now I am ruined for time, and I fear for eternity.' I have a letter from a minister of the Gospel who says this:

"'My grandfather died of delirium tremens, my mother died a drunkard; I have inherited an appetite for liquor. When I went into the ministry I sought the hardest work I could get, and went as a Home Missionary; I am now broken down; I have covered my whole life with prayer as with a garment; I have spent hundreds of dollars at water-cure establishments to wash this devil out of me; I have gone without animal food for two years, yet I tremble every day

on the awful verge of the precipice of indulgence.' Now mark me. I don't say that the grace of God can not take away every particle of that appetite, as the infinite power of God can cure every disease, but what I want is this: that no man shall go away from these meetings filled with the new sensation that comes to a changed man; when the battle face to face comes, he is away from such influences as these, and says: 'I have the grace of God in my heart; I have no appetite now.' But let one of these men who have been drunkards and who have abstained for ten years, take one glass, and see if he hasn't got the appetite there. Like the slumbering fire of a volcano, that one glass will rise into fury, drenching, perhaps, body and soul in the lava of drunkenness. Now, then, if I have any grace in my heart—I know that that has been taught in this Tabernacle—if I have any grace in my heart it prompts me to pray, 'Lead me not into temptation;' I have His word for it I shall never be tempted more than I am able to bear, for there is a way of escape for me from every temptation, but if I have such views of the grace of God that will induce me to say, 'I have so much grace that I can now walk into the temptation and that grace will save me from falling,' it is very doubtful to me whether such a man has the true idea of the grace of God. Therefore, I say to reformed men, Christian men, your hope is in Jesus to keep yourselves unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it. Men may say to me: 'Have you this appetite?' I don't know, and there is only one way in which I can test it, and

my daily prayer is: 'God help me to avoid the test. I can only know whether I have it by testing it, so I shall die in blissful ignorance of the fact. But although it is thirty-five years since I signed the pledge, I will not put to my lips intoxicating wine at the communion table. I have not and I never will. [Applause.] I have known cases of fearful falling from the first swallow, because drunkenness is a disease, and a good Christian man said to me to-day only: 'Three weeks ago I had the most awful struggle against my appetite,' and a gentleman said to me, holding me by the hand, the other night: 'God bless you, Mr. Gough, I am fighting an awful hard battle.' I said: 'Do you feel secure?' 'Secure in Jesus, Mr. Gough.' Oh, I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is the strength of the movement to-day. From one end of the land to the other do we hear of Christian temperance associations. Oh, if in the Washingtonian days men had been as wise as God has helped them to be now, what a wonderful revolution would have been effected then! It was a great tidal wave that rose all over the land, but there was an ignoring of Christ, there was nothing to do with religion, nothing to do with praying. I used to go to places to speak, and they would say: 'Mr. Gough, we have got a lot of reformed men here, and must not have any politics or religion talked.' It was so all over the country. And what was the result? Washingtonianism has utterly failed to gather into the harvest those who might have been saved if it had not been for the repudiation of everything, savoring of

religion and Christianity. Now, to-day, beside these grand principles, we look into the future and see the light which stands tip-toe upon the mountain-top that shall usher in the day of triumph by and by.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I shall detain you but a minute or two longer. Some of us remember when we fought a hard battle for temperance; some of us remember the riots in Faneuil Hall, when the liquor-sellers declared that we should not occupy that platform, and for three successive nights they beat us off, put their own chairman in the meeting; we remember very well when it was a reproach to be a temperance man, and temperance men were persecuted. Now it seems as if—I was going to say it was becoming popular, but I don't like that word popular. I believe the principle is becoming universal from Maine to Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and it is because it was begun in prayer, and it will end in thanksgiving. [Applause.] The women of Pittsburg before Christmas met together for prayer; it was the outcropping of the women's crusade movement; that phase of it has passed away, but the foundation of the movement was prayer, and they continued praying even when they gave up the saloon visiting, and what is the consequence? From 60,000 to 70,000 in Pittsburg and Allegheny City alone, the past three months, have signed the pledge! It is in Cleveland, in Omaha, in all the West, away down in Maine, it is reaching to San Francisco, it is everywhere, and Christian men and women are being raised up to do battle against this fearful enemy. Breth-

ren, we are working against an awful foe, and it needs all our strength and shrewdness and all the power we have for the fight. When we put our instrumentalities and our agencies forth, let us cry to God to help us for His own name's sake, and to make these agencies, so feeble, successful. By and by we shall stand in the circle unharmed and saved, and the fire shall rage harmlessly around us while we give the glory of our salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever.

"May you and I meet in that land where the song shall be, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world,' is my sincere and heartfelt prayer; and I thank you very gratefully for your patience and courtesy to me to-night." [Prolonged applause].

PART IV.—IMPORTANT FACTS, INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES OF REFORMED MEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STORMING THE DEVIL'S DEN.—FRANK MURPHY IN RAMCAT ALLEY.—MARRIAGE.—DISPATCH.

IN EVIDENCE of the unselfishness and extensiveness of Mr. Murphy's efforts for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-man, as well as on account of its peculiar character, we give place to the following from the Daily *Express* of Philadelphia:

"Midnight witnessed an impressive scene. Frank Murphy, escorted by Sergeant Pearson and a couple of police officers, and accompanied by a full delegation of newspaper men, was standing in the garret of the tenement house on Ramcat alley and St. Mary street. Lying on the floor (some in a nude condition) and standing around him were colored and white women. Some of the latter hid their faces in their hands, while others welcomed the visitors.

"'I am married, and my name is Mrs. Annie Howard,' said a fair-haired woman, with a soft voice. 'I have seen better days, and I still trust in the Almighty. I love my husband, and he is good to me.'

"Some of the rooms were even wretched, and the inmates sullen and constrained, while in others Mr. Murphy was greeted with great cordiality.

"The 'bosses' of the rooms paid a rental of $4.50 to $7 per month. They sub-let them to several families. Some were occupied by eight or ten persons. The atmosphere was so close and fœtid that several of the visitors were forced to seek the fresh air of the street.

"'These properties are owned by a wealthy retired Market street merchant,' said the sergeant. 'He is now in Europe living on the proceeds. The agent is a Mr. Dunlap, and the rental of the two buildings amounts to $2,100 a year.'

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED.

"In one of the rooms Mr. Murphy was most cordially received by two fine-looking black men, both of whom had signed the pledge. One of them (John Folk) was a banjo player. He had lamed his foot in the army.

"'Are you married to Ellen?' asked Mr. Murphy, pointing to a woman who was lying on the floor with her face closely covered up.

"'Well, I'm married in a certain way; I ain't in the regular way, because I ain't got the money to pay for a minister. It's all I can do to raise money

enough to eat; and I give folks I know a rest here in the room rather than let them stay on the streets. They can't pay because they've got nothing.'

"'Well, will you marry her if I pay the minister?'

"'Oh, yes,' he cried, candidly. 'That is if she says so; I love her well enough.'

"'Will you consent, Ellen?'

"'Yes, I'd like to very much,' she replied as she threw the bedclothes off her face, and accepted Mr. Murphy's extended hand.

"'Then, come up to the Annex building on next Sunday morning and we'll have a marriage; I'll pay the minister,' said Mr. Murphy.

"John took down his banjo and played 'Down the Swanee River,' while Mr. Murphy's son, who accompanied him, passed around the hat and a dollar was collected for the player.

"This put John in great glee, and he sang 'Yaller Girl Picking Cotton.'

AMONG THE BARREL HOUSES.

"It was almost too late an hour for the visit, but Mr. Murphy had been detained from starting out at half-past ten o'clock, as had been arranged. Many of the barrel houses were closed, but Mr. Murphy visited those that were open, and was everywhere received with respect. Many said they had heard him speak, and all appeared to have a cordial welcome for him.

"The reporter left them still climbing the rickety

stairs at one o'clock this morning. It was surprising to see so few drunken persons.

"'I guess they must have known Murphy was coming and kept on their good behavior,' observed an officer.

"'How can a man stand over a range all day without taking a drop of porter now and then?' asked one respectable colored man who had been a sailor.

"'Take coffee instead,' replied Mr. Murphy. 'Its like a steamboat. If you pile on grease and oil you will kindle a hot fire, but it soon wants replenishing; but put in good coal and you have a solid fire. So it is with coffee and bread. It's substantial, while the porter and gin give nourishment for only a time.'

"'Dat's de God's truf,' exclaimed John Green, the ex-sailor; 'I guess I'll have to try it. Anyhow I'll be up to your Sunday breakfast, Mr. Murphy.'

SPECIAL DISPATCH.

"THURSDAY, 3 o'clock, a. m.—Francis Murphy and party have just returned from their excursion to Hell's Half-acre. If any man is hard-worked in the Lord's service, it is Temperance Murphy."

FLOWERS.

These beautiful little objects in nature have had their share of attention in the work of Francis Mur-

phy. He is not only given to pretty little button-hole bouquets, but they do not appear at all amiss, or show anything like a strained association, when pinned upon his coat and in close proximity to his genial face.

Some of the best of his converts have been caught by them, thus proving Mr. Murphy's claims for constant little acts of kindness toward the fallen.

One of these we will here make mention of. At the Philadelphia Tabernacle, on the evening of May 31st, 1877, a Mr. McMullan, who had just signed the pledge, said that he had been brought to the step through the presentation of a flower by Mr. Murphy. He then promised to be present in the evening and sign the pledge. He had redeemed that promise.

Another instance, is that of William J. Jones, Esq. He was encountered while intoxicated, by Mr. Murphy, upon the public streets. The lecturer stepped up to him, and taking the little bouquet from his breast put it upon that of the inebriate. The effect was to induce the well-known "Deacon" to attend Mr. Murphy's meeting and sign. In regard to this case, we will add, there are few men in this city or State better known than "Deacon" Jones, as he is familiarly called. He has for many years been connected with the press. At one time he held an honorable position, but, from a too great indulgence in intoxicating liquors, his power and influence as a writer became gradually weakened. A man of ability, had he abstained from the intoxicating bowl, he would to day have occupied a high place, com-

manding the respect of the people, while peace and plenty, happiness and contentment would have been his. Faithful to his pledge, he will soon take the position which is fitted for him and become a most useful citizen. For years the efforts of his pen have been made under the influence of liquor, and most grievously against himself. This reformation may prove a monument to the power of Francis Murphy.

One of the noblest instances of faithfulness and devotion in the present temperance struggle, is found in the able and affable Secretary of the National Christian Temperance Union, Mr. John L. Linton. He had acquired wealth and influence through his superior skill and intelligence in business, and not long since erected a very elegant home, at a delightful spot, on the banks of the Delaware, not far from Philadelphia. Having inherited a hospitable and genial nature, he prepared for the generous entertainment of his friends, and had built in his home a wine-cellar, costing in the neighborhood of $10,000. That we may furnish the fact intended in these remarks, as briefly as possible, we will use the words of Mr. L., and say that "It was the wine-cellar that caused the loss of the entire home, and the temporary ruin of its builder and owner." To-day Mr. Linton is an active, well-known, efficient temperance man; is high up in the scale, among those who have found refuge in reform; and holds also an honorable place among

the most active of the philanthropic men in the front rank of Murphyism. He has, through many months, given his entire time, and freely of his money--of which he has yet a share—for the success of the Reform Movement; and has been instant, in season, and out of season, in individual sacrifices, refusing all compensation therefor. Such men cannot be kept back; and we predict for him something of a palatial character, both here and hereafter, *minus* the wine-cellar.

"THE FLOGGERS FLOGGED."

In the State of Wisconsin a great work has been inaugurated by Rev. G. S. Allen, of Colorada. Having begun the campaign in the State Prison, in which 275 out of 350 convicts signed the Murphy pledge, and donned the "badge of blue," the work spread quickly, until a large portion of the State yielded to its influence. From professional men of celebrity, down to noted bruisers, every grade and condition were soon in the embrace of the now distinguished goddess Reform. An incident, of some interest in the work, is furnished us in an uprising at Sheboygan Falls. There, a few years ago, a Methodist Minister was fearfully beaten, by a mob, for having dared to speak from the pulpit against intemperance. In this movement a great meeting was held in the city, and the most signal of all successes was the result. The "floggers" themselves were flogged, as has been re-

marked, and a new condition presented. Bankers merchants, business men, mechanics, working-men, and tavern loungers, were dredged in promiscuously, until the place was so cleaned that an opponent of temperance would have perhaps met with the fate of the Methodist Minister referred to, had he essayed a speech.

RESULTS OF THE MURPHY MOVEMENT.

The following paragraphs are from an Evening Daily of the Quaker City:

"Pen cannot fully portray the glorious results accomplished by Mr. Francis Murphy in the temperance movement inaugurated by him; but now and again, some of them come prominently to notice, and are deserving of more than ordinary commendation. Amongst the latter, we would now refer to the practical efforts put forth by Mr. Charles P. Hower, business manager of the Merchants' Advertising Company.

"Although quite a young man, his devotion to the cause of temperance has been so earnest and steadfast, that he deserves a statue of gold erected to him. Nowhere in history can be found a similar case, where one so humble and modest, in so short a space of time (less than three months) secured employment for over one hundred men who had signed the pledge. This is practical Christianity, and indicates genuine philanthropy, and the spirit of a public benefactor.

"In this single instance, what benefits have resulted from Mr. Murphy's labors in this city? God has showered upon him his richest blessings, and we sincerely trust that there will be no cessation in the labors of all interested in the cause of fallen humanity, until our city, State and Nation have become the citadels of temperance."

"THE HARDEST DRINKER."

The manner in which the Murphy men are conducting their onslaught, against the greatest of evils, will be seen in the following sentences from a speaker at a meeting in the West:

"Mr. Raper, being called for, said, he had been at Versailles to hold a meeting in the interest of temperance, lately. He inquired of a minister, 'Who is the hardest drinker in the place?' He was answered: 'He lives two miles from here.' They procured a conveyance and went to see him. The man was greatly surprised when told that they wanted him to come to the meeting and sign the pledge. He was prevailed on, and did come, and did sign the pledge. Since then he learned that that man and others whom he influenced had been converted and become Christians."

"MR. MURPHY'S POCKET-BOOK CONVERTED."

"At a recent meeting, in the Iron City, several men testified to the value and sincerity of the great Apos-

tle's labors. Captain Sturdivant gave a brief history of the life and conversion of Mr. Murphy, and bore the highest testimony to his character and liberality. The people need not be afraid of Mr. Murphy becoming rich. His pocket-book was converted along with his head and heart. Mr. Swartzwalder spoke in high terms of Mr. Murphy's love for the fallen and of the great happiness he had brought to thousands of once happy homes."

"SUCCESS BY THE LAW OF LOVE."

At a meeting in the Queen City of the West, Mr. Best of Pittsburg, said: "He didn't intend to make a speech, for he thought if he should he would fail. He signed the pledge in Pittsburg, and had kept it inviolate. Although it was a hard task, he undertook it, God being his helper; and he knew that with that help and the sympathy of good men, those who sign the pledge can and will succeed.

"It is not only the redemption of the drunkard we labor for—there is the poor mother's heart to be made glad, the poor weeping wife's tears to be dried, the little children to be lifted up. His own four little children had suffered enough, through his intemperance, to have killed them. There is one law that makes men better, and that is God's law of love. Human legislation has failed in this matter, but this law of love will succeed."

MURPHY AND THE "FIRE SHARPS."

A recent visit to some of the fire houses, in Philadelphia, led Mr. Murphy to a new idea. "Why does such a man as you drink?" he asked of a fine, stalwart "laddie," whose face bore slight indications of recent dissipation.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "we must have some stimulant when we are soaking wet at a fire, after being up all night, and that keeps up the appetite."

"Wouldn't a good cup of coffee and a sandwich do as well, if not much better?"

"Yes," was the laughing response of all hands. "But how in the world are we to get the coffee and sandwiches at midnight or daybreak, when buildings are threatened on all sides?" "You should be served by the authorities. Come up to the meetings and sign the pledge in a body, and I will endeavor to create an interest in the public mind so that you will be supplied with a good cup of coffee and plenty of sandwiches, as you are holding the pipe or passing on the water."

"Go ahead," was the response. "We are with you."

"REFORMERS RECOGNIZED."

At a western meeting, Mr. Hall told "of an excursion of a fire company to Sandusky, a few years ago.

Every man of the fire company left Pittsburg drunk, remained drunk while in Sandusky, returned home drunk, and some of them kept drunk for several weeks after they got home. He was one of the company. After Mr. Murphy had taken him up, and set him to talking, an invitation came from Sandusky for workers. He and a Mr. Hill were detailed to go there. He went reluctantly. On their arrival they were recognized; and, the result was, the citizens stood aloof from them for about ten days. But when the people saw that they behaved themselves, they began to visit their meetings, and before they left, 2,500 persons had signed the pledge; and at an election since, a Murphy man was elected Mayor of the city."

"A MOTHER'S LOVE."

A temperance worker recently spoke as follows, at a Cincinnati meeting:

"The good book says, 'Can a mother forget her sucking child?' He told of scenes he had witnessed in which women do forget their sucking children. Can they do it? Yes, they can, and they do. Dr. Guthrie, the well known Scotch clergyman, was offered a baby by its mother for a glass of whisky.

"A mother's love! He illustrated it by a most thrilling account of a child carried away by an eagle to its eyrie on a mountain crag. Several attempts

had been made to scale that crag and save the child, but all failed. At last the mother made the attempt and succeeded. What nerved her to the effort? A mother's love. And yet there are fathers and mothers in this city who are bartering away that love for that which robs them of everything dear to humanity."

"SLOW PROGRESS."

A Mr. Ludlow, of Springfield, Ohio, said, at a Murphy meeting, a few weeks since, "He sometimes got discouraged, but he remembered that his old class-leader had said to him when he was a boy, and felt somewhat discouraged at his slow religious progress, 'Never mind, lad, you'll get out of the brush by and by.' He related many instances of the evil effects of using intoxicating liquors, upon men, a long list of whose names he could call, who had spent fortunes and gone down to drunkard's graves. In Springfield they have had but one to fall out of five thousand. There is something in this movement that has never been in any other. He saw one hundred men in a Bible class that had never been in a Sunday-school in their lives before."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CHARITABLE GIFT.

WHILE Captain Cyrus Sturdivant and Mr. R. O. Stevenson were on their way from a Murphy meeting in the Quaker city, they accidently met with a woman and her drunken husband on the sidewalk, the former trying to help her tottering companion along. Immediately they stepped up, and offered their assistance, which was accepted by the wearied woman. They accompanied the pair to their home, where there was every indication of the very impoverishing effects of a course of inebriation. In the room, into which they were ushered, there was neither a chair nor block to sit upon. Then the wife, who seemed to be possessed with something of intelligence, narrated to these kind-hearted men how she had been reduced, through rum, from affluence to penury and want; whereupon Captain Sturdivant gave the woman about one-half of the small amount he had with him at the time. On the following morning the poor woman purchased some beef-steak and coffee, and prepared herself and husband a comfortable breakfast out of the very charitable gift of the previous evening. The husband was greatly surprised, at the inviting repast, and wanted to know "how she had come by it?" She replied, that "the gentlemen from the temperance meeting, who had helped him home, had kindly

furnished the means for it." He was so overcome by the act of generosity, that he determined to attend the Tabernacle meeting and sign the pledge. At the next opportunity, he gave his name to the reform movement, and is now one of the thousands who from having lived dissipated lives, are given to soberness and industry.

HOW AN IRISHMAN QUIT SELLING LIQUOR.

The following incident was narrated by Mr. Murphy in one of his Tabernacle talks:

"I was speaking upon the subject of temperance in New Brighton, Connecticut. After I got through, a lady came upon the platform, and, taking me to one side, said: 'I wish you would please come to my home.' Well I was delighted to hear the sweet musical voice of my countrywoman and I went home with her and her beautiful daughter Mary. She said, before we reached home, 'I wish you could see James, my husband.'

"He had bought property in New Brighton and it had since increased very rapidly in value; it had cost only two thousand dollars and it was now worth forty thousand. He was a moulder by trade, and came into wealth, and, being possessed of true Irish hospitality, he was always ready with a drop of the creature. Having arrived at his house, his wife called to him, 'Come down, James O'Connor.' James

came down, and I said: 'How are you.' He looked kindly into my face and said, 'I am all right.' I said, 'James, I am afraid you are all wrong.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'just take a drop.' So he went to the pantry and brought out his bottle in grand style, 'and now' said he, 'give us a little boiling water and some sugar.' 'If you please,' said I, 'I can not touch it.' 'Ah,' said he, 'you're the temperance man?' 'Yes,' said I. We then talked and reasoned together. During this time, I noticed a little mark over the forehead of the mother, and she had a welt of her hair brought down to cover it. I said: 'Mrs. O'Conner, what happened to your face?' She said, 'Don't say anything about that.' A countryman of mine sold her husband liquor; there he spent his nights; and that was the origin of the mark. I said to her: 'Will you tell me where this countryman lives?' She told me, and I spoke to him about it. He was a true Irishman, and he loved the family, and he said: 'If it has made James O'Conner put that mark on his wife, never shall I again sell a drop of intoxicating liquor.' And he never did, and he has made a respectable living since he quit selling it."

"RUM KILLED THEM."

The following affecting incident was also told by Mr. Murphy:

"A dear countryman came to America in search of a fortune. He had a beautiful family, and was a stone mason by trade. He had brothers in the city of Portland who represented a large amount of wealth, and he thought he would go into the liquor traffic.

"My brother engaged in the business. He had a beautiful son whom he took in the business with him; and he had two beautiful girls. He commenced in the liquor traffic and he made a large amount of money. When his son was twenty years of age he had twenty thousand dollars' worth of property. His son drank constantly and kept on drinking. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, this boy, this darling of his life, was taken with the delirium tremens and died; his father was at his side. His dear mother, who had been so proud of him, worried and walked up and down her home until she sickened and died from a broken heart. I was personally acquainted with the father. I knew him to be a genuine noble-hearted Christian man. But he commenced to drink, and to such an excess that his own two brothers had him arrested and carried to the county jail.

"While he was incarcerated I made it my duty to visit him. I wish I had the power of a Dickens, to describe the man. He was in one of those little dark cells, and had nothing on him but his pantaloons, his hair was standing up on his head, his hands and fingers looked liked the claws of an eagle, they were so spare and thin. When he saw me he came to the door, and in his sweet loving way he said, 'Ah, Mr. Murphy, that's you.' And the tears ran down his

cheeks as he spoke of his darling boy. Poor Willie died, whipped into eternity with the scorpions chasing him, whilst his father held him.

"His sister was one of the finest girls in Portland, and she, poor Mary, took to drink, and died from the effects of intoxicating liquor. I have attended the funerals of the father, mother, son and daughter; and I saw them placed side by side in the grave yard.

"There is no marble slab, to-day, to tell of the last resting place of this mother and her children, but if the truth could be written over their graves, it would be said, 'Rum killed them.'"

"THE RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE."

This valuable incident was furnished by Miss Willard, in her farewell address at Boston:

"I carry many, many sweet memories away from Boston of true, kindly girls who clasped my hands and said: 'We will try to do all we can to help the world along;' of others, many of older years, who have showered blessing upon my head; of men, kind and brave, who have told me 'God bless you;' but there is one thing, the sweetest that has come to me in Boston. A young man, gentle, cultured, a graduate of Harvard University, with everything at his feet, everything to be enjoyed; and yet 'the club-room, you know. The Senior's party, you know,' comes along so casually that people don't think any-

thing about its influences until it ensnares a man. Harvard had educated him in all that her cultured curriculum could give; but she had not educated him in that belief which will recreate a life and lift one up in Christ Jesus. 'To please his young wife,' he said, he came to the inquiry meeting—to please her because she had been so kind; he was sorry to say he had not always led the life he ought to have led. Right there I looked him in the face and said: 'Can you, *will* you hold this belief that you have? Will you take Christ for your Master?' 'What? Do you ask me that? Why, I was scoffing at Moody in the Tabernacle only last night; and you ask me to put away the whole tide of years and years—the momentum of which bears me right along? Why what do you mean? I came here to please my wife.' 'Yes; but there is but one bell that rings from Genesis to Revelation, and its voice is 'To-day—to-day, if you would hear his voice harden not your heart.' Remember, probably this is your last chance—your only time. You set that interior faculty, your will, against the whole past. God's spirit will help that will, or if your will is weak He will do it all for you, if you just give up to Him.' 'Do you mean that?' 'I do; I mean it because I have tried it myself in so much of doubt, so much of temptation of soul, that I can never tell you all.' 'I will this day come to Christ,' said he; and humbly the young man went down upon his knees—probably for the first time in many and many a year. That was the turning point in his destiny; that was the right-about-face, which meant an

exalted manhood, which meant a happy home, a lovely wife, a home that was a home to go to."

GOING TO SATAN'S DOMAINS."

Miss Willard narrates the following:

"For three years I have been to Old Orchard Beach every summer, and to several other places, where we continued through the summer this work. It is not put away then, but lasts right through, and this next summer will be the same subject—Gospel Temperance. At some of those meetings the ladies said they wanted some of our reformed men to speak, and so they brought out one man who represented one class to whom we go as temperance workers. He related his experience, and told how he had been in every clime, and in every prison in every place he had visited, on account of his one besetting sin—drunkenness; how he had been buffeted on every shore, and cuffed on every sea, and had had many a policeman ask him in a gruff voice, 'Where are you going?' He said when he was visiting a ship-mate he met a lady who asked him the same question, but in a kind, calm voice: 'My brother, where are you going?' 'Well,' said he, 'as near as I can find out I am going straight to his Satanic Majesty's domains.' She took out her Bible and said: 'I am trying to go just the other way. These are my credentials.' In a short time

she had him in a crowd of fifty women, and there they prayed; there they sang

> 'The mistakes of my life have been many,
> The sins of my life have been more.'

and since that time he said he had not drank a drop. The other class we go to is the well-to-do; those who have genius; those who have education; those who have culture.'

HOW THE WOMEN WERE "STARTED."

It may be interesting to many persons to know how the women of our country began their great efforts against intemperance. The following is the account given of its origin by Miss Willard recently:

"A Boston man went to Ohio, and in the town of Hillsborough lectured on 'Our Girls.' That man described how his mother, after having been driven to desperation by the intemperance of his father, went to the man who had sold him liquor and asked him if she might pray for him. He consented, and with tears in his eyes promised never again to sell liquor to her husband. At the close of the lecture a Presbyterian clergyman arose and said that the women had heard what one woman had done, and asked that the women of Hillsborough might unite in such a work. The ladies remained and decided that Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a drunkard, should lead the

movement. Her son, a lad of fourteen, heard what was said, and hastening home, told his mother that they had got her into business over at the church. The husband was in the next room, and he said: 'I guess, mother, you'd better not go, it's all folderol.' 'Well,' she answered, 'the men have been at it long enough, and it is time for the women to try their hands now.' The next morning the husband said: 'Well, children, it's no use for us to say anything to mother, there's where she gets her marching orders'—pointing to the family Bible. Then the 146th Psalm was adopted as the hymn of the crusade. Mrs. Thompson went to the church, a prayer-meeting was held, conducted by women, and then they went to the first saloon, where the Bible was read, though it had never before been heard except in ridicule. So the crusade began, and the speaker declared that she was glad that she was one of those engaged in the work."

"THEN SHAKE!"

At a meeting in the Temperance Tabernacle, in Philadelphia, the first two signers were considerably intoxicated. They came forward to the table during the exercises and attached their signatures to the book with no little difficulty. "I am drunk now," said one of them, "but I'm going to do it. Will yer keep it, Charlie?" he asked his companion. "Yes." "Then shake," and the men squeezed each other's

hands and made their promise more binding by shaking hands with the usher who was stationed at the table, and called upon him to witness their agreement. Then they rolled down the aisle and disappeared.

"I'M UNRAVELING!"

Mr. Charles Wenzell, the reformed sporting man, of Pittsburg, who has done valiant work for temperance, tells of a man who went home from a drinking spree, and, on looking around for something to eat, found some bread and milk in a bowl, into which a ball of thread had fallen. He swallowed the thread as well as the bread and milk, but an end of the thread stuck in his teeth, and, as he drew it out, it came arm's-length after arm's-length, until, becoming alarmed, he called out: "Maria! Maria! come down here with a light; I'm unraveling!" And, adds Mr. Wenzell, that "is what we want you to do, boys. We want you to unravel the chain that has been entwining itself about you."

"WON AND SAVED."

At a collection taken recently at a temperance meeting, a man went up to the platform, when Mr. Murphy said: "I know you have a good heart."

"Yes," replied the man, "your kindness has won and saved me." The incident was a pleasing one and affected the whole audience.

"I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS."

A few weeks ago a saloon-keeper in Dover, Delaware, who patronized his own bar very liberally, stepped into a back room where men were at work about a pump in a well. The covering had been removed, and he approached to look down, but being very drunk he pitched in head foremost. He had become so much of a bloat by the use of strong drink that it was impossible to extricate him in time to save his life.

There was great excitement in the town. Men and women who had never been inside of his saloon before, were first to rush to the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the bereaved family. As he was being dragged from the well and stretched out dead upon the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor dealer from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first shock at thus finding one of his best customers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a crusader, and said, pointing to the wrecked victim: "I made that man what he was. I lent him his first dollar and set him up with his first stock of liquors, and he is now worth $10,000 or $15,000."

Looking him full in the face, she responded:

"You made that man what he was—a drunkard,

a bloat, a stench in the nostrils of society, and sent him headlong into eternity, and to a drunkard's hell? What is $15,000 weighed against a lost soul, a wasted life, a wife a widow, and children orphans?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word left the house.

RUM-MADNESS.

From an account, lately furnished us, of a visit to the Orange County, N. Y., Insane Asylum, we record these lessons as suited to this place and work:

"'All incurable,' said the Superintendent. 'That little melancholy looking fellow, shuffling along this way, is Johnny Landon, well known two or three years ago on the road between Port Jervis and Milford. He came from England a few years since with $3,000, and married a wealthy girl in New York, moved up the Erie, and run a freight wagon. His wife and four children had to leave him, he used them so badly. Two years ago he was brought here. Rum fixed him.'

"Amid this Babel of yells and shrieks, a middle-aged man sat at a table absorbed in a game of checkers which he was playing, his right hand against his left.

"'Maybe you know that man?' said Mr. Goodale. 'Hello, Mapes. Playing it alone?'

"The patient looked up. I was astounded to recognize in the greatly changed features the genial

Capt. Perry Mapes, once the well-known owner of a line of Hudson river steamboats, the partner of Col. E. R. Abbott in the Rathbone House, Elmira, and a few years ago owner of a large hotel in Hornellsville. Know him? No man was better known from New York to Buffalo.

"'What brought Capt. Mapes here?' I asked of the keeper.

"'Rum,' was the reply."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHAT RUM WILL DO."

THE words and facts herewith given were taken from the lips of Mr. Gough, the orator, and are worthy the attention of every reader:

"A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come home!' He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name, if necessary), 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked out and down the

hill. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!' 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!' That minister said further to me, 'One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife, in one grave, and I attended the funeral.' The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and god-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. We are, are we not, to fight till the day of our death?"

THRILLING STORY.

"At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be li-

censed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it, one man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"'Yes!' she said, 'look upon me, and *then*, hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess*. *Look upon me!* You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know that I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with her shred of a

finger to the minister, deacon and doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"'The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's words!' And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, 'I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!'

"The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and

physician, hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, 'Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?' the unanimous response was 'No!'"

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

The following is furnished by Colonel Drew of Washington, D. C., in illustration of what can be done toward reform, by a resolute and good intentioned man:

"A man I knew in Washington kept a grocery on Pennsylvania avenue and Ninth street and kept liquor in connection with his business, but it was by no means his principal business. One night he sold a quart of whiskey to a blacksmith who lived in an adjoining square. When he came to his store Monday morning, he was told that the man had become intoxicated during Sunday, and had built a fire for his forge Sunday night, and had fallen into it. The shop and forge was burned, and the man too. The dealer walked across the square and saw the man's charred body, and he then walked back to his store, called down his employes and rolled out every barrel of rum, gin, spirit and every cask of wine, and staving the heads of the barrels in, he let it run into the Potomac. He shut up his shop, and never sold a drop afterwards. That man did that though he was in debt for goods in his store, to-day he is worth $500,-

000; and he never sold a drop of rum since he shut up his store. The name of this man is J. Savage, of Washington, an Irishman, and one of the greatest defenders of this cause in this country."

"A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE."

The following narrative of Mr. John Tennyson, was taken down as uttered at a Murphy meeting in the Tabernacle, Philadelphia, a few weeks since:

"If I were to take the time to tell you all the benefits I have received from signing the pledge, you would have to 'amen' me down like Brother Murphy. I am doing well, better than I ever did before. I have been lifted from the depths of a life of degradation into a better life. A few weeks ago I was discarded from a home of luxury and ease to that of woe and want. Nine weeks ago last Saturday night, I entered Concert Hall in a semi-intoxicated condition. I took a seat in the remotest corner of the hall where I might hide my tattered garments from the rude gaze of the people, and you may know how much interest I felt in the meeting when I tell you I fell asleep, and was not awakened until Mr. Murphy was making his closing speech. The next day at noon I signed the pledge and have not since regretted that step.

"Soon after the war I became intimately acquainted with a young man whose life in this world bade

fair to lead him on to fortune. His was a jovial disposition, frank and open hearted, and it was his wont to meet with convival friends on a set night and make a time of it. One cold winter morning in the year 1868, after indulging more than usual, that morning he proceeded to his work, which consisted in putting a tin roof upon a building. He had been there only a few hours when making a mis-step he fell backward through the skylight, a distance of forty feet and was picked up in a lifeless condition. An eminent physician was sent for, who said: 'I can not add tortures to his miseries, he can not live.' He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his relatives were sent for, and the first at his bedside was his mother. As she bended her slender form over the bed of that oldest son, with an agonized eye she looked into the eyes of the physician, saying: 'Oh! sir! can he live? Can my boy live?' She did not want him to be sent to a drunkard's grave. The physician replied: 'We can not tell, his life is in a higher power than ours.' All through that dreary winter she carried him nourishment and consolation. He was removed to her home only to rise from that bed a cripple for life. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that that man and myself are the same person. I hate the vile groggery; it has robbed me of the use of a good right arm, it has invaded our social and family circles and removed our best friends. Oh, men, arise and assert your liberty by enrolling your name on the roll of honor. Oh, men! why bow ye down to images of stone? Now, rise! be free! trust in the God above,

for with him is mercy and goodness. Come forward then to-night and sign the pledge. Take the advice of one who has known the miseries which result from the use of intoxicating drink, and who is now free from it and enjoying a life of temperance."

"FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER TO THE FOOT."

The following words were uttered by Mr. Frank Burns, of Pittsburg, at the Murphy Tabernacle, in Philadelphia, a short time since:

"I am amazed at the immense size of this building, which I expected so little to see. I came here to-day to see Mr. Murphy, because I have been so weary with the work in Pittsburg that I wished a little rest; and, I thought I would get a little rest by coming to see him, as he has been a friend to me. As I was sitting here to-night my thoughts went back to a little over five years ago, when I was in your city, about to leave it for Pittsburg, accompanying my father's body home. He died, while on a visit here, of pneumonia, after five days illness. I was at that time attending Jefferson Medical College. When he died I became heir to a fortune of over $80,000. As I was his only child, and as my mother had died four years previously, I did not have the right people to counsel me. I spent a portion of my time in this city. I then went into the liquor business in New York. I next went down to Pittsburg

and got married, and made a wedding tour to Europe, through Ireland and England. I assure you Irish whiskey did not improve matters with me. I returned, and, to make a long story short, I gradually went on till I got from the top of the ladder to the foot almost. Thank God to-night I am saved; but I might have been saved sooner. About four months ago I had a drinking spree of about five days. I had not heard of Mr. Murphy being in Pittsburg, but one morning I met brother David Hall, who asked me to come and hear Murphy. I said: 'All right.' I didn't know where Murphy was. I thought it was some new saloon. I said: 'Yes, I would as soon drink Murphy's whiskey as anybody else's.' So he took me up to the University and we saw Murphy. It was not the Murphy I expected to see. I signed the pledge. I have been saved through the instrumentality of Mr. Murphy, by the grace of God, from a drunkard's grave. I do not come here to praise him. But I know the good he has done me, and I know what he has done for Pittsburg."

"CAUGHT IN THE MURPHY NET."

Mr. Harry Rawle had been engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor in Pittsburg. He came to the conclusion that he had better stop the business, and sign the pledge. Recently he was invited to give his testimony before a large meeting, when he said:

"This is the first time I have ever been before an audience in my life. Brother Murphy has asked me to say a few words. I will say them in my own way. I kept a saloon about four years, during which time I have drank a good deal. I was often told I had better give up drinking. I took a quiet drink very often until Murphy came to Pittsburg. One day I thought I would drop in and see who Mr. Murphy was. I went in. A gentleman who knew me said, 'I had better come up and sign the pledge.' I said: 'I don't drink much; I do not think it is necessary for me to sign it.' He said: 'I have seen you when you have had too much.' I said: 'I am in the business, and I cannot sign it now, as I have nothing else to do.' Some lady said: 'We will pray for you.' I said: 'I will be thankful to you for that.' I went home and told my friends I had seen Murphy. And was asked what I thought of him. I said: 'He is a nice kind of a man; that was all there was of him.' I did not take much stock in him. Nevertheless, after a little while and a varied experience, I was caught in the Murphy net. Just before Murphy came away I signed the pledge, and have kept it ever since."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WAY TO MASTER THE APPETITE.

Mr. John H. Love, of Philadelphia, said before a great Tabernacle meeting:

"At the age of sixteen I had an iron constitution. For twenty-five years I was a moderate drinker. I could start on five glasses and keep on drinking and still remain pretty sober. The habit was increasing upon me year after year, and my appetite for drink got stronger and stronger, so that I could not do without it. The accursed stuff was dragging me down into the lowest depths, and poisoning me. I had power over everything but that. Whiskey had the mastery over me. Now, thank God, since I have signed the pledge, I am master; and, by the help of God, I will be master. It is something noble for you, young men, to throw the cursed shackles from off your feet. There is not a man living but can stop drinking and be a man. This country is large. There is not a man in the country, or city, but what there is employment for, if he will go about it in the right way. Some say: 'There is no use in my signing it, I cannot keep it.' Whenever the temptation comes to you, even if you have the whiskey poured out, get on your knees first, and I will guarantee that the whiskey is thrown on the floor, and you will go off feeling a better man. I have had trials, but I can look back and say I am master now."

"WOULDN'T RETURN TO IT FOR $100 PER DAY."

Mr. Charles Wenzell, the reformed sporting man of Pittsburg, narrated his experience in Cincinnati, at a large meeting. He remarked, "That no doubt some in the audience knew him from days gone by, when he was in an entirely different occupation. Last October he had a drinking saloon in Pittsburg, and sold it out—not because of a sense of the impropriety of his calling, but simply because the saloon was not paying. He went to New York for the purpose of embarking for South America, but didn't go, for reasons he need not state. He spent all the money he had to pay for his passage, and in obedience to an irresistible desire returned to Pittsburg. He did not return to resume his old business, for that was not tolerated under the law. He had been a card player for twenty-three years, and had made his living that way. He couldn't explain why he went back to Pittsburg. Having nothing else to do he attended a Murphy meeting. After the meeting he was asked by a newspaper reporter what he thought of it, and carelessly answered that he thought 'Murphy was on a pretty fine racket, and making some money by charging twenty-five cents a head at his meetings.' The next day he attended a meeting in a church, the first church he had been in for twenty years. He attended other meetings, and resolved to join the church and sign the pledge. He called upon Murphy and asked his advice, and what he would do

after giving up his old ways, and how he could make a living. Murphy replied, that God would provide a way, and referred to the Scriptural teaching about the Father feeding the sparrows and clothing the lilies of the field. 'But,' queried Wenzell, 'I am no sparrow.' Murphy answered, "Try it, and you will be provided for.' The speaker did give himself to the church, and signed the pledge, and severed himself from his old associations. He would not return to that business again if he was assured that it would yield him $100 a day, in exchange for the bright and beautiful life in the future for him. He felt confident that there was hundreds to-day in the business he had abandoned, who would quit it in a minute if they could see the means ahead of them by which to earn an honorable living. He enjoined them to try the experiment, and declared that they would be well taken care of."

A PATHETIC STORY.

At a Gospel Temperance meeting in the Boston Tabernacle, a few weeks ago, Mr. D. L. Moody introduced Mr. William Torrence to the audience in the following words:

"When I went to Chicago last October I received a letter from a Glasgow minister, enclosing one from a father in Scotland, written to this Glasgow minister, asking him if he could not get me to look after

his boy who was in America; that the last he heard of him he was somewhere in Chicago. Mr. Sawyer took this letter and search was made for the young man. Weeks passed away, and just before we left, a little while before we left, in one of the second meetings a young man rose for prayer, and when we came to inquire his name it was this young man that we had been looking after for weeks and months. One thing I suppose that drew me out toward him was his name was Willie, and that is the name of my only boy, and this Scotch father went on to tell how he loved his only boy, and if I could only find his Willie and bring him to Christ how thankful he would be. That Willie is here to-day, and I am going to make him tell his own story."

Mr. Torrence said: "I have been a drunkard. The hot blood of shame comes to my face to-day as I stand before this immense audience. But there is a thrill of gratitude in my heart that I can stand here and tell you that I am not now a drunkard. That is a thing of the past, and by the grace of God I stand before you sober, redeemed, regenerated, saved. Twenty-years ago I was a bright, happy boy starting out from a country village in Scotland to finish my education. I went to Glasgow with the prayers of a father and mother that hoped to see me shine to society. They thought a brilliant career was before me, but alas, how their hopes were blighted. In the city of Glasgow I commenced to drink and fell in with friends that led me on. I was an apt scholar. Day by day I got deeper and deeper into the vortex

until a few years ago, the last link in the chain was forged, which bound me to a drunkard's life. I was bound hand and foot, body and soul by this terrible curse of intemperance.

"I left my native land a few years ago, after I had broken my wife's heart, and laid her in the grave. She was the truest friend I ever had; when all friends forsook me she stood by me, and when I closed the big coffin lid over her pure white face I shut from my sight a true friend that God had sent me. She was a Christian woman, her father was a clergyman, and I nipped her young life. Whiskey did it. I loved her as I loved my life, but she died after we had been married three years, and then, driven to despair and remorse, I left my native country without saying good-by to kith or kin.

"The ghost of that pale face haunted me for three years, drunk or sober, at home or abroad, asleep or awake, it haunted me and drove me almost to madness. I tried to drown my sorrow, but there has come to my heart a different hope; instead of that ghost of my wife's pale face haunting me, there has come to me now the hope that by-and-by we will meet together, and if we did not live long together in this world, I feel that by-and-by, in the endless years of eternity we will be together.

"She left me a little daughter, and when she was a baby I used to perform the little offices devolving upon her mother, who was sick, and the child was very fond of me. I have only seen her once since that time, but now I am on my way to Scotland to

see my child. She wrote me a letter some time ago which said, 'Dear papa, I am very glad to know you are a good man, and you are coming back to see your little daughter,' and she sent me a thousand kisses, and I am going to have them. I am going back to be embraced by my father and mother and to attend my sister's wedding. But I have also an invitation to another marriage, and that is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and I have accepted that invitation and shall be there.

"I am going beside the grave, in that cold church yard, where lies my wife, and to stand there before God and thank Him that I am able to come and utter that prayer, 'Oh God save me and keep me,' and God has done so. Five months ago I went into the Tabernacle in Chicago without a hope and without a friend. What took me there I cannot tell you. I sat and listened to such testimonials as by the grace of God I am able to utter before you to-day. I went into the second meeting, and arose for the first time in my life for prayer, and the prayers of Christian people touched my heart.

"Mr. Sawyer came forward and asked me my name. I told him and he started, and I wondered what could have been the matter, and he said, 'My dear sir, we have been looking for you for two months nearly; fifty praying men and women of Chicago have been praying for you.' I certainly could not understand this, because I did not know there was any one cared about me. He then told me of the letter which had been sent to Mr. Moody. I

could not stand the knowledge of this fact that my father and mother were still looking after me.

"In this condition I was led to Mr. Moody's room and Mr. Moody knelt down and prayed for me, and that prayer is still riveted upon my mind, and will be as long as I live; and then Christian people took me in hand and told me I was not the miserable, degraded, wretched creature that people told me I was; that if I had no friend in this world I had a friend in Jesus; that if my earthly father and mother were seeking for me these many years, Jesus was seeking for me and had tried to save me; that such a lost wretch as I might be saved, and that truth sunk down into my heart as it never had done before.

"In my young days I was told all about this, but I didn't understand it, but that morning the Lord of Glory flashed into my heart that it was true and I was led then and there—I was partially intoxicated at the time—to yield myself to God, and I did so; and that night, in my room, I begged and prayed to God to accept such an unworthy sinner as I was, and ere the morning sun shone there came to my heart a still small voice that said, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.'

"A few months ago I started out in business; I hadn't a cent; I hadn't anything. I was engaged by a firm who thought they might trust me. People said I would not stand. I could not stand it myself, but I started out strong in the Lord and I stood, and I am here to-day sober. I have traveled all over the Northwest, through Minnesota and Illinois. I

represent a respectable firm, travel with plenty of money and live at the best hotels, and I have honored the Lord for all He has done for me. But above all there is a peace and hope, not the drunkard's hope, but the hope that the Christian has of eternal life. I begin now to realize what life is, and I want to live now, not for myself, but to help those who belong to the class of which I once formed a part.

"I have had temptations on the road, but I overcame them. The first week I started out, when I was in a large hotel I asked for a pudding and I found it swimming in brandy sauce. I tell you the old devil within me smelt it at once, but the Lord was with me, and I called the waiter and said 'take it away for I am afraid of it,' and I asked the landlord as a duty which he owed to the class to which I belonged that it should be written on that bill of fare that there was brandy in that sauce (applause), and I went to my room and thanked God I was saved from that. My father wrote to me that he was afraid I should fall, because I was a commercial traveler again, but I replied I was a commercial traveler and traveling with the Lord, and He was with me, and that he need not be afraid, and in such moments of temptation, I whisper into the ear of Him who is mighty to save, and I come out more than a conqueror.

"I left Chicago last Tuesday night, and the reformed men in that city asked me to tell the reformed men in Boston how glad they were to hear that you are trusting in the same God for your salvation.

"The gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the grand cure for the drunkard. With that in my heart I never want a single drop of liquor, because Jesus Christ is there, but while the devil was in my heart he wanted me to drink all the time."

"OUT OF SIX, THE ONLY ONE."

Wm. T. Haines, Esq., of Chester, Pa., at a Murphy temperance meeting at West Chester, said that this was the first movement in which he ever had faith. He said no one but a born idiot would argue that drinking is a blessing to anybody. He stated that the reason he had signed the pledge was that he remembered that out of six men who started as young men together, he was the only one left. They drank and they filled drunkard's graves. Two had died by their own hands, two more had died even while they were drunk.

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

A Boston lawyer writes, under date of May 16th, that " he had been a drinking man for years, and lately had become completely subjected to the appetite. He had tried again and again to break off, but in a few days he would find himself in some favorite rum shop. Last Sunday afternoon he went to the Tabernacle and

heard the testimony given there of those who had been saved. That night he prayed twice before retiring to bed. On Monday morning he arose, feeling a marked change. He had his breakfast and went to his business, experiencing no desire to get rum. He went home that night, the first time for months that his family could not smell the liquor from his breath. He was filled with courage, and before retiring prayed again. Tuesday morning he arose, and after breakfast went to business again, passing the doors of rum shops where he had been accustomed to get his morning drink. He felt himself absolutely free from any desire to drink. The third day came and there was no desire for rum. He felt that God had answered his prayers and given him strength to lead a good life in the future."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"BOYS KIDNAPPED" BY INTEMPERANCE.

MR. MURPHY, at one of his meetings, called on a reformed man named Martin for his testimony. He appeared on the platform with his two little sons, aged respectively four and five years, who had been separated for some time from him, on account of his intemperate habits. He said that seven weeks ago he had signed the pledge, and that God had given

him the strength to keep it ever since. When he was drinking he was compelled to commit his children to the care of the Home, but when he took a stand for temperance his children were restored to him, and now he has a happy family and a pleasant home. He said that the best thing for any man to do would be for him to sign the pledge, and then ask the Almighty to give him strength to keep it.

In commenting upon this case, Mr. Murphy said:

"There is no place that has felt such a sensation as was experienced in Philadelphia when little Charlie Ross was kidnapped. The newspapers were teeming with it. I was in Chicago at the time, and story after story and report after report came, describing the event in words that caused the stoutest hearts to weep. Do you know there is hardly a family in this city but what has just as sweet children as Charlie Ross kidnapped? There has been a scene on this stage to-night unrivalled by any scene I have ever witnessed, and that was two dear boys, who had been kidnapped through the evils of intemperance, have been restored to him again, and he is once more a happy man, and clothed in his right mind."

"DRANK UP A BARREL OF MONEY."

At a great temperance gathering in the Queen City, James C. Dunn said, "That only five weeks ago, in Columbus, he little thought he would be before them

advocating temperance reform, but the reformers came to him with words of love, and they touched his heart. He signed the pledge, and for the first time in his life realized what a precious thing life is. Even in this short time of five weeks he has been enabled to look back upon a thraldom worse than slavery. He felt redeemed from the grave.

"Early in life he became a drunkard. His father gave him a good education, and started him in business, and in Western New York he drank up forty thousand dollars in whiskey. He then came out West, to Columbus, and tried to reform. His father helped again and started him in business, but again he was floored. Then he became a clerk and worked a few years, but still beset by the terrible appetite for drink. Then occurred a lapse of reason. His father helped him again, and he found himself in business and doing two hundred thousand dollars a year, but—would they believe it?—he drank that all up; and still another dry goods store. That was three dry goods stores he had consumed in drink. Yes, and he drank a barrel of money besides."

THE ONLY SURE HELP.

At the Tabernacle, in Philadelphia, Mr. J. A. Southwick, a leading merchant said, "That on Easter Sunday night he signed the pledge, and when he did so he gave his heart to Christ. For years he had

been a drinking man, and had several times been prostrated by severe illness, but when he recovered he always went back to drinking. He joined a good temperance society, thinking that he would be safe. For a time he was safe, but the tempter became stronger and he fell. He then thought he could abstain from drinking by his own will, but the same ill-success attended his efforts, and now he could say that no power but that of the blessed Saviour could keep a man firm and true. A man must rely upon a strength greater than his own; he knew it from experience, and would say to all that when they signed the pledge, if they sincerely desired to keep it, the best and surest way would be to ask God to help them."

RAN THE GAUNTLET OF THE RUM SHOPS IN CHICAGO.

At a Gospel Temperance Meeting, Miss Willard recently said, "That as often as she heard the testimonials of reformed men she wished the man she loved best, her brother, could stand on the Tabernacle platform and tell what strong drink had done for him, but he was a thousand miles away and could not testify. She remembered how susceptible he was to religious inflences, his successful college course, his entry into the ministry and the large harvest which he gathered in, and how, when broken down, he went to a physician for medicine and was given a receipt

which was practically a receipt for strong drink. The appetite grew on him, and at last his devoted wife made me acquainted with his condition. When I saw him, he held up the Bible and said, 'Do you believe in this? I tell you that no drinking man can believe in the Bible. I believe in nothing but in the fact that I am going headlong to perdition.' He said a man needed nothing but will, and he promised he would not drink any more, but I need not tell you how he fell." Miss Willard then related how her brother was saved from the curse of intemperance through the intervention of a helping hand and a willing heart in the person of Deacon Willard of Chicago, who preached Christ to him and induced him to again accept Him as his Saviour; and the words of life act as a talisman on that brother and enables him to run the gauntlet of the rum shops in Chicago, and he has stood firm for years.

"FOUR TIMES IN PRISON."

John Murray, one of Mr. Murphy's recent converts, being introduced to a meeting, spoke as follows: "Six weeks ago I was on my way over the hills to the poor house. I was intemperate for twenty-six years. My father left me with a good trade, a large blacksmith shop, and a two-story house. In two years I swallowed them all, and I have swallowed everything that I have earned since. I would work

for a week or two and then go on a drunk for a week or two. I have had the mania-a-potu twice and have been four times committed to Moyamensing prison for drunkenness." He depicted what he had undergone during the first few days after signing the Murphy pledge. For four days he could not take any nourishment, but by the grace of God he had held out.

"GOD DID ALL FOR HIM."

In a New England Temperance Meeting, a Mr. McElwain was the first speaker. He said, "That he was ashamed to get up and say that for twenty-five years he had been a slave to drink, but such was the fact. For seventeen years he was a moderate drinker, but eight years ago he became convinced that he was forming an appetite that was getting the better of him. He joined all kinds of temperance societies, but fell again and again during eight years. He did everything he could in his own strength, but after eight years' struggle, he was drunk from Thanksgiving Day to the first of March. Everybody gave him up, even his little boy's Sabbath school teacher telling the little fellow that his father must die as he was living. Early last March he was a perfect wreck. While intoxicated he went, he knew not how, into a Baptist prayer meeting. He arose and asked for prayers; the minister talked to him and made him

promise to go to church again Sunday morning. Saturday he got up and got more rum. Next day a Baptist brother took him to church, and he went three times that day, intoxicated. At noon the church people talked the matter over and appointed a detail of men to watch him and get him sober. When the rum was out of him he was very weak, and in that condition he was brought to the Tabernacle, where he arose for prayer and prayed himself. He got up from his knees as free from the appetite as any person in the Tabernacle, and it never had come to him in the slightest degree from that time. His home had been changed and his wife and children and he himself were happy. He expressed the hope that those who were trying to conquer their appetite in their own strength might become convinced that they could not do it and surrender themselves to God. He took no credit at all to himself. God having done all for him."

"THAT UNDERTOW OF TEMPERANCE."

At a Murphy meeting in the Quaker City, Dr. J. S. Cram said: "That he was glad to be present, and he was attracted to the place in spite of himself. Six months ago he heard Mr. Murphy in the city of Pittsburg, but he had no faith in him, because he esteemed him as a fanatic, and rather preferred the beer gardens and theatre to the church. He signed the pledge in Concert Hall, after his wife had done

so. She had often desired him to take a stand for total abstinence, but he felt that he would be signing away his liberty if he appended his name to the temperance pledge. Six weeks ago he gave his heart to Jesus, and has experienced a happiness that he had never known before. He thanked God for that undertow of temperance, which had borne him along until it landed him at the foot of the Cross. If the man who signs the pledge does not give his heart to God there will be little hope that he will keep it."

"PREPARATION TO COMMIT SUICIDE."

At a Murphy gathering in Pennsylvania, Dr. Lees said: "He had a curious story to relate. When twenty years of age he married an orphan girl sixteen years of age on three weeks' acquaintance. He began to study medicine, and his family increased of course. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, went through the army without drinking, but was finally taken sick, and came out of the attack a perfect slave to morphine. He had an insatiable thirst for liquor, which soon ate up his library and all the comforts of home. He had made every preparation to commit suicide, but a hand stayed him, and he went down on his knees and prayed for deliverance. Six weeks afterwards he signed the pledge, and now he was a sane man again."

"THIRTY YEARS OF INTEMPERANCE."

Mr. John F. Shorey, of Mass., recently said to an audience:

"My friends, it is a joy to stand before you to-day —a joy of one of the redeemed—redeemed from the lowest degradation of intemperance that it is possible for a man to arrive at. Thirty years ago I took my first drink of liquor. You may think it singular, but, as I remember it, it was on my twenty-first birthday, and to morrow is my fifty-first. I remember taking it down here in Federal street, in this city, and from that time on I continued to drink as a 'moderate drinker,' and so on until the appetite became so strong that I could not resist it. On that day, when the boys think they really are free, on that day I sold myself to Satan, and how well I served him you may well know when I tell you that for thirty years I was a victim to my appetite. It is hardly necessary for me to go through with my experience. Thirty-one years ago I was a Sabbath School scholar at Tremont Temple. I want to say that right here, because there are so many young men around here who think there is no danger of their becoming a drunkard. They say that the influence of the Sabbath School, the influence of the church, the influence of all around them, will keep them from intemperance. But I tell you there is no influence that can keep you, but the power of God that can save you from the evils of intemperance."

"MONEY BROKERS USED TO GET ALL MY CLOTHES."

The testimony of Mr. Samuel McLain, on a recent occasion, at the Philadelphia Tabernacle, was as follows:

"I am thankful to God I am a reformed man, and intend to keep so. I have been so low in the world that I could take the clothes off my back and give them for whiskey. But I would like to see the man who would get me to do it now. I have been despised by a Christian father and mother. I have been thrown out on the world homeless. I am as good a mechanic as there is in the city of Philadelphia, and I worked at my trade before I became a drunkard, but through the effects of liquor it has left me in Moyamensing Prison and the Eastern Penitentiary.

"Since I have signed the pledge I have respectable friends. When I came into this institution I had nothing, but look at me now; and, thank God, I have two or three more suits. The money brokers used to get all my clothes, but they don't get them now."

"FROM FORTY TO FIFTY GLASSES OF LIQUOR A DAY."

In a Boston meeting, a Mr. Jackson said:

"It was not an easy thing for a man who had followed a life of intemperance to get up and confess it, but the gospel temperance work made men strong.

He commenced drinking when he was twenty-three years old, not because he wanted liquor, but because older men invited him to drink, and he continued in that course for twenty years. He finally drank all the way from forty to fifty glasses of liquor a day, and he tried to stop but could not. A year ago last January he became convinced he must stop drinking, the plan of salvation was not new to him, and after carefully considering the matter he asked God to help him. The next day he went into a rum saloon, pushed in as it were by the Evil One himself, called for liquor, poured it out and left the saloon without drinking. The same thing occurred the next day. Could that have been my own natural strength that prevented my drinking that liquor? No. It was the power of God. And since January, 1876, God has kept me from drink, and also provided for my temporal wants."

"ONE OF THE WORST OF DRINKING MEN."

Lately, at a Murphy meeting in Pennsylvania, David Warburton said that "he was one of the worst of drinking men. He had drank liquor in every form, and had been crushed to the lowest condition. He had sold his hat, coat and shoes for rum, and, through drunkenness had sold the wedding ring given him by his wife. He was a disgrace to society, and therefore was not fit to speak. He and his wife went upon their knees and asked God to be with them and to pardon them for their sins. He divided a loaf of

bread with his poor wife; it was all that they had, and it was rum that made them so poor." The speaker's appearance was sufficient to satisfy any one of his life of dissipation.

"TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF SLAVERY."

At a Moody Gospel Temperance Meeting, in Boston, a Mr. McIntyre said: "It is wholly unexpected that I am called upon to-day, but if there is any one thing that I thank God for more than another, it is that He gave me the disposition and willingness when He converted me, to stand up whenever I had an opportunity to testify to His salvation. It is always a sad sight to see a man possessed of ordinary abilities stand up before an audience and acknowledge that for twenty-five years he has been a slave to rum; but such is the fact. For the first fifteen or seventeen years after I commenced drinking—I commenced quite young—I was what they call a 'moderate drinker;' for the first fifteen or seventeen years I thought I could leave off at any time; but I was mistaken. I found I could not quit it;, nothing was of avail except the power of God."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DOWN TO "BUMMER-POISON."

At a temperance meeting lately, William Murray, of Boston, said "he had travelled all the way from the fifteen cent sample-room drink to the five cent bummer-poison, and had been noted for his swollen head, red nose and blood-shotten eyes. He had concluded, 'If he could not be a light-house he would be a candle.' Therefore, he had signed the pledge, and he was going to do all he could to induce others to follow him. Since he had become temperate old friends had returned to him and new ones he found in abundance."

"THE ONLY TRUE PLEDGE."

Recently, at a Gospel Temperance Meeting, Mr. Powers, of New York, said "for fifteen years he was a drinking man, and his business led him into hotels all over the country. He was successful in business, but the dark cloud of intemperance had followed him. Three weeks ago he experienced a change of heart, and every phase of his life was changed thereby. He had been powerfully tempted during the past three weeks, and while dining at a cafe a friend placed a goblet of ale before him to drink. On the impulse of the moment he seized the goblet and threw it across the room, paid his check and left never to enter it

again. He had signed pledges enough to paper the Tabernacle, but they were only idle words. The only true pledge is the grace of God."

"NOT TOO MUCH RELIGION."

Mr. Hall, the active reformer, of Pittsburg, said at a Western meeting, "that he had entered upon a religious life, and hoped to be more religious in the future. Some people say there is too much religion in this thing. There was a time when he would have said the same thing; but it was not so with him now. He urged all to give their hearts to Christ, and hoped that all who had signed the pledge would do so."

"A DRUG STORE TIPPLER."

Mr. C. S. Ritz, of Mansfield, Ohio, said at a gathering: "That he was happy to be there. He did not appear before the people as a reformed drunkard, but one of those sly chaps—a reformed tippler—a man who slips into a drug-store, gets behind the prescription case, takes his drink, pays his ten cents, and slips out again. He had seen gentlemen behind those cases take their drink on the sly, and the next Sunday he had seen them take up a collection in church for the heathen."

"SOLD $16,000 WORTH IN ONE DAY."

Mr. E. L. Menagher, of Gallipolis, Ohio, urged upon a meeting the importance of taking the weary and the fallen by the hand and rescuing them: "For fourteen years he had manufactured whiskey, and had sold as high as $16,000 worth, in one day, in Pittsburg, but he has given it up, and is now engaged in promoting temperance."

PROMISING BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.

Mr. George W. Southworth, of Philadelphia, related, at a meeting, his experience as a moderate drinker: "He had often made resolutions to stop, but he always found his appetite stronger than his mental promises. He concluded that if he stood up before this vast audience and promised never to drink again he could keep his resolution, and so he had signed the pledge."

"A PROFESSIONAL PLEDGE-TAKER."

Mr. John Carrigan said, at a meeting in Philadelphia: "That he had been a professional pledge-taker. His pledges lasted about twenty-four hours, and he had made enough resolutions to fill a fashionable lady's Saratoga trunk. All was sunshine at his home now, and he hoped all his friends would sign the Murphy pledge."

"CAME TWO HUNDRED MILES TO BE REDEEMED."

Mr. Holden, at a Boston Tabernacle meeting, said: "That he had sought God for years, and at last had found him. He tried to drink a glass now and again, but he could not control his appetite. He had a praying wife, who had prayed for him for fifteen years, but now he believed in the efficacy of prayer. He came from Canada, 200 miles, to Boston for the purpose of seeking the Lord, and for three or four days after arriving in the city was wandering about from place to place in a drunken condition, and his friends unable to find him. When he became sober he fell on his knees and asked God to save him from his sins. Since that time he had found the peace of God in his heart, and now, instead of carrying a flask of brandy in his coat pocket, he carried a testament. His appetite for liquor had departed, and he made an urgent appeal to Christians to extend a kind and helping hand to the poor drunkards with whom they came in contact. That was the way to help them and touch their hearts."

"SAVED THROUGH A WIFE'S PRAYERS."

At a great meeting in Wilmington, Delaware, Mr. Daniel B. Hall, in a telling and effective speech, made reference to his wife, who was present, and pictured her anguish, tears and sufferings in days that

were past, on account of his intemperance: "Through her prayers he was saved, and he prayed God that he might ever be able to stand fast and uphold the banner of Temperance."

"BEATEN BY ONE GLASS OF WHISKEY."

Mr. John M. Nesbitt, of Pittsburg, at a meeting said: "That he had studied law, went into politics, became a candidate for Senatorial honors, and was beaten by one glass of whiskey. The morning of the day of election he was seen turning down a glass of whiskey, and the gentleman who saw him voted against him, and that vote defeated him. He owns considerable stock in the town where he formerly lived. He has no money, but he has stock to the amount of ten cents in every brick of every saloon in the place."

"COST HIM $100,000."

Mr. Reynolds, at a meeting in the Queen City, said: "He was a newly reformed man, and that it cost him just $100,000 to learn what he now knows for the first time."

"RATHER HAVE THE RED IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE."

Mr. George W. Hotchkiss, of Bay City, Michigan, a "red badge" wearer, in addressing a meeting, said: "That he had been told of the questionable character

of his badge. But he preferred to carry the red in his button-hole rather than on his nose. He reminded the audience that the principle symbolized by the blue ribbon, if persevered in, would keep the blue devils out of their brains."

"A DOLLAR IN HIS POCKET."

A sailor, Thomas Halliday, at a New England meeting, blessed God that, after an inebriate life, and one of constant poverty, he could now put on a good pair of pants and coat, and have a dollar in his pocket.

"A RICHER MAN."

Mr. Heveron, a Murphy reformer of Allegheny county, said, at a meeting: "That he had been a business man; was a merchant and manufacturer of pig iron for many years; but, through the accursed influence of strong drink, he had been overpowered, lost his property, his reputation, and his character. Yet, he thanked God that, nothwithstanding, he was a richer man than ever in his life before, and felt an abiding interest in temperance."

"GASH IN TEE BANK."

A German, at a Murphy meeting in Pennsylvania, although speaking the English language imperfectly,

earnestly and rapidly said, "I shust vants to tell you peoples somethings. Once I drank so mooch lager beer I vus blind all the vile. Now I drinks no more lager, and I halfe gash in tee bank and gash to gif to peoples vot needs some helps."

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

At a meeting in the Moody Tabernacle, a Mr. Morgan said, "That for years he had been what was called a moderate drinker, though his drinking had cost him an excellent situation in Boston. He described how he had become interested in the Tabernacle meetings, reading of them in the newspapers, and had thus been drawn to think seriously of religious matters. After awhile he prayed to God for light, and when his prayer became the prayer of faith, it was answered. His appetite for drink and even for tobacco was taken from him, and he felt that he could do nothing but shout for joy."

"THE HAPPIEST TWO MONTHS."

At a New England Meeting, a Mr. Hart testified "to the power of God to keep men from strong drink. He was a reformed man, redeemed in the blood of Christ. We must look to a higher power than pledges, promises and our own will. Two months ago he became converted, and they have been the two happiest months he ever passed. He felt stronger to-

day than when he left off drinking, and concluded by pointing all drunkards to the cross of Christ for strength and salvation."

"FAR HAPPIER THAN FOR FOURTEEN YEARS."

At a Murphy meeting in Pennsylvania, Mr. John Martin said, "That he had signed the pledge fourteen days ago, and he would say that he was far happier than he had been for fourteen years. He thanked God that he had been enabled to keep the pledge, and by His power he would never touch it or drink it so long as he should live."

"PLEADED AT THE BAR."

A Mr. Hughes, of Springfield, Illinois, at a large meeting said: "I have never made many speeches, but I have often pleaded at the bar. I don't mean a legal bar, but I mean the illegal one. I have signed the pledge, and I hope you will all pray for me that I may make good my resolve."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DR. HENRY A. REYNOLDS.—BIOGRAPHICAL FACTS.

THE FOLLOWING remarks, taken from the lips of Dr. Reynolds, who is regarded as the head and front of the "Red Ribbon" total abstinence movement, are worthy so prominent a leader and worker. They have in them the ring of an earnest and faithful reformer. The doctor uttered them, not many months since, at a meeting of the National Temperance Convention. It may be proper to remark here that the followers of this Apostle are in thorough accord with the Murphy Movement; are almost identical with it in their methods and successes; and freely exchange sympathies, courtesies, and laborers. They are perhaps of a little later growth than the Murphy uprising, and have no doubt received strength from it. Evidently, both are of the same Spirit—that of the Lord of Hosts. Dr. Reynolds said:

AN INHERITED APPETITE.

"It does not put me out in the least to follow such speakers as the Hon. Mr. Raper, Rev. Dr. Miner, Gen. Neal Dow, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Wendell Phillips, or any other orator, as I do not make any profession to oratory myself. I claim to be one of God's feeblest instrumentalities, raised up by his grace, and trying

to do something for him and for those who have suffered, as I have suffered, through rum. I am one of those unfortunate men who have an inherited appetite for strong drink. I love liquor to-night as well as an infant loves milk.

THE SUFFERING AND COST.

"The love for intoxicants is as much a part of my make-up as my hand, and at the time I left off drinking I had an experience of twenty years. I have suffered from delirium tremens as the result of drinking intoxicants. It hast cost me three thousand dollars for what I know about drinking intoxicants; and I considered my life, previous to two years ago, ten thousand times worse than thrown away. I have walked my father's house night after night, for seven nights and days, a raving, crazy madman, as the result of intoxicating beverages.

"COULD ALMOST HEAR THEM HISS AT ME."

"At the time that I was suffering and upon the verge of delirium tremens, I was obliged to do something I had never done before in order to rid myself of this infernal curse. I had drunk my last drink. I had broken my bottle. I had sworn off before a justice of the peace. I had done everything men ordinarily do to rid themselves of the habit of drinking, all to no purpose. I had delirium tremens, and it would almost seem as though a man who suffered

as I during those seven days and nights would never touch the infernal stuff again; but I did, and several times afterwards I was on the verge of the delirium tremens, so near to them that I could almost look over and see them, and hear them hiss and howl at me.

ENTREATED GOD TO SAVE HIM.

"I was obliged to do something different from what I had ever done before in order to rid myself of this infernal appetite. I knew but very little about the Bible. Drinking men do not read the Bible much. But I knew God had promised to assist those who asked Him in faith, believing, and I threw myself upon my knees, in my office, by my lounge, and asked Almighty God to save me, and promised Him that if He would save me from such sufferings as I had once been through, that, with His assistance, I would be true to myself and to Him, and do what I could to make others happy.

SAVED THROUGH THE PRAYERS OF NOBLE WOMEN.

"At that time a little band of noble women, who had caught the inspiration from the West, were praying in my native city in a public place. Some of these women had been educated in churches where they did not believe in woman's praying or talking in public. Some of them had suffered very much as the result of having drinking husbands and sons.

They had received no assistance from the pulpit, law, or press, and were compelled to do something different from what they had ever done before. So they threw themselves upon their knees at the foot of the Cross, and asked God to give them relief from their long suffering. And I stand here to-night believing myself to be a monument of God's grace, saved through the prayers of the noble women of America, and feel myself to be a beacon light erected upon the breakers upon which I have been shipwrecked, to warn others off from those shoals and breakers.

"DOING WHAT I CAN TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY."

"Since I signed the pledge I have become a happy man. I used to be an unhappy man. I didn't want to live; I dragged out a miserable existence. I would have cut my throat, or blown out my brains, but didn't dare to. Now, I am one of the happiest men in the world. Instead of going about the streets cursing and swearing, I am going about from Dan to Beersheba doing what I can to make other people happy, singing 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' and looking upon the world as my country, and mankind as my countrymen.

"ENCOURAGEMENT AND SYMPATHY FROM FRANCIS MURPHY."

"And I want to say a word here in reference to Mr. Murphy. You may have noticed that we have

been very much together. I met with him during the first of my experience as a reformed drunkard. I received words of encouragement and sympathy from him. A reformed man needs kind words and sympathy from some one. I believe Mr. Murphy to be (I will say it, notwithstanding he is present) one of God's accepted noblemen. I consider it to be a privilege and a pleasure to be with him, and to receive at the present time his kind words and sympathy.

"SYMPATHY BETWEEN REFORMED DRUNKARDS."

"There are a great many people who do not understand that there is a sympathy between two reformed drunkards that cannot exist between a man who has drank and a man who has not. A man who has never drank don't know how it is himself; two men who have, do understand perfectly well, and can sympathize with each other. A man who never drank would condemn, while we would pity one whose appetite is almost beyond human control. Brother Murphy has said that he wishes he could blot out his past life. I do not feel so. I would not have my past life wiped out if I could; not that it is pleasant to recall, but I have been fitted by suffering to sympathise with men who so much need sympathy, and who have so little."

"IT IS GOD'S WORK."

"You have heard, doubtless, of the work which has been going on in Massachusetts and Maine. I

claim that it is God's work, and at his feet I lay all the glory. Judging from a human standpoint, it is a wonderful work, but judging from a spiritual point of view it is not wonderful, because nothing God does is wonderful. A minister said to me the other day: 'Dr. Reynolds, I have often heard of you, and am glad to meet you. I have an offer to make you. I have fifty dollars in my pocket that I will give you if you will tell me how you do this work.' I told him I did not do it, that God did it. I told him that I looked upon myself as one of the foolish things of this world that had been raised up to confound the wise."

RECLAIMED AND FULL-SOULED CHRISTIANS.

"I have a sympathy for the drunkard which I cannot express or explain. I love him as I love my brother; and as the result of going out and taking God for my leader, and acting what I believe to be a practical Christian life, I have the honor and privilege and pleasure of standing here to-night and saying to you, that during the past twenty-one months, ending the tenth of this month, fifty-one thousand men have been reclaimed from drunkenness and planted upon the rock of total abstinence—looking to God for assistance to enable them to keep their feet there. Hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds are full-souled Christians."

"SAVED BY GOING DOWN TO THEM."

"They haven't been saved by cuffs, and curses, and the cold shoulder, but by the hand of brotherly

love and sympathy; not by standing up here and beckoning to them to come up, but by going down to them as Christ did, and giving them a hand through which an electrical thrill of sympathy went, impregnating their whole organization, and making them feel that they have one friend. And if there is a man in God's world who is ready to accept the hand of friendship and sympathy and brotherly love, it is the poor, unfortunate drunkard. These men must be saved by practical Christian work; by treating them as men."

"COMMENCED AMONG THE HUMBLER CLASSES."

"Now, this reform movement is not very high-toned. It is even found fault with because it is not high-toned enough. The reason is because these high-toned people, so called, won't come down. They don't dare to do right. They don't do right. If they did, the reform clubs, instead of being made up of middle-class men and humble men, would be made up in part of those in higher circles of society, who would give it a higher tone; but something keeps them out. But this reform work commenced, and has been carried on, as all other reforms, among the humbler classes in society."

HOW CHRIST DID.

"It was so with Christianity. Christ was the reputed son of a poor man, a carpenter, and was in the highways and hedges most of his time. He didn't

stand up in high places and beckon to men to come up; he didn't judge men by their property, or color, or nationality, or anything except the principle that was in him. He mingled with the most debased and vile and unfortunate and wretched, and led them along, and walked with them, and saved them by kindness and sympathy and brotherly love."

"ABOUT PROHIBITION."

"A word about prohibition. I come from the State of Hon. Neal Dow. I am proud of the State of Maine. I never knew what it was to go to the polls and vote for anything but prohibition, drunk or sober. I rode up to the door in which the ballot box was, got out of my carriage when I was so drunk that I could hardly walk, and always voted for prohibition, and I always intend to so long as God gives me the breath of life. And I want to tell you another thing about prohibition.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT MUST BE EDUCATED UP TO PROHIBITION.

"Prohibition can't succeed until there is a public sentiment to back it up. And I want to tell you how the public sentiment is being raised in Massachusetts. The public sentiment there is in favor of temperance; and it is very much needed to be created now, and is being created by the united efforts of every class of people. This work is not being done

by the women, the Good Templars, the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, or any other in particular; but by the united efforts of all people whom we can get interested in it that have any claim whatever upon being good people.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE ABOVE ALL.

"And if I had time I could tell you something about my work, but I have not. It takes about an hour and a quarter for me to make a twenty-five minutes' speech. But my heart is in the work. I have forsaken everything for this work. I went to Massachusetts without a second shirt to my back, and without one that belonged to me, as the result of working for God in lifting up these men. But I had rather stand up here to-night $10,000 in debt, with my feet planted on total abstinence, than to be worth $50,000 and be where I was two years ago.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"Thanking you for listening so attentively, I want every one of you to pray for me that I may be kept. He who conquers himself is greater than he who conquers a city. I have conquered myself through God. Pray for me earnestly, every time, that I may lift up those who are suffering from strong drink.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALCOHOL HAS NO MEDICINAL VALUE.

There are many who hold to the delusion that alcohol is indispensable as a medicine. Among them are not a few physicians and chemists who have never given the subject much thought. But there are others, chiefly such as have considered the matter fully and intelligently, who are clear and convincing in their position that it is useless and unnecessary. One of these takes the same arguments adduced in its favor as a remedy, and applies them with equal force to the proving of it beneficial as a beverage. Another shows by the peculiar *modus operandi* involved in its so-called support of the constitution, under a temporary failure of the physical powers, that it is not a supporter of vitality; that it is simply "a blind experiment," as Dr. Bostock has said, "upon the vitality of the patient;" that it "supports vitality in precisely the same way that a wild hyena would if let loose, among a crowd;" that it is inimical to life, and absolutely hurtful in sickness.

PHYSICIANS TRAINED TO THE DELUSION.

Of course, there are those who will say, very *sagely*, that they know it has done thus and so—citing remarkable instances of rallying, or of recovery, from

its effects. And there are those, too, who will ask, as has been queried by another, "Why do physicians, who are free from the blight of alcohol, prescribe it in debility, low fevers, small pox, consumption, etc.?" The answer is, that they have been *trained* to do so, just as physicians were once trained not to allow patients cold water in dangerous diseases, in which cold water is now conceded universally to be unavoidably needful.

Alcohol aids the system just as a goad and heavier plough gives the faithful ox more of ease and rest. The human system frets under it—strives to dispel its influence, to rid itself of it; and always suffers, in a greater or less degree, ill effects from its use. It is a high condition of stimulation—a species of poisoning—that can only save life, if even such is the result, where any of the well-known poisons would do it with less of jeopardy.

WHAT DISTINGUISHED MEN SAY.

But let us refer to a few of the most distinguished of medical authorities upon this subject:

Professor Thomas Sewell, M.D., of Washington, says:

"Every independent, honest, sober, intelligent doctor will tell you that there is no case in which ardent spirit is indispensable, and so long as it is used as a medicine, so long shall we have invalids and drunkards among us. Only let our profession take a decided stand on this point, and intemperance

will soon vanish from our country. The day is not far distant when, by universal consent, ardent spirits in every form shall be cast out from the sick room as its last lurking place, its final stronghold, and this without impairing the power of the healing art or limiting its resources. When this is effected, and not till then, will the cause of universal temperance have gained a full triumph. When the light of that day arises a whole class of diseases of the body, mind and moral constitution is extirpated for ever."

—

In the "Medical Gazette," Dr. Carson, of Pennsylvania, thus writes:

"The profession teaches that it is a valuable remedy for disease. The graduate passes into the community, and in dysentery, typhoid and typhus fevers, cholera, and in every phase of real or apparent weakness, prescribes it for his patient; and thus not only fostering that fierce appetite for alcohol, which ceases only with death, but impressing the community with the belief that alcoholic drinks are absolutely essential to the preservation of health and the cure of disease. What can moral suasion do? What can the Maine Law effect in opposition to such a sentiment among the masses, founded, sustained, and encouraged by the voice of the medical profession? Is there a disease of the heart, the head, the lungs, the liver or the kidneys that has not been produced a thousand times by alcoholic drinks? Is there a single one of those diseases which demands their use as a remedy? Alcoholic stimulants are not necessary in the treat-

ment of any disease. Think, gentlemen, of the five hundred young physicians being annually sent from this city (Philadelphia) to the various States of the Union to practice their profession, placing the brandy bottle in tens of thousands of the families as a remedy! Who can calculate the mischief that they will produce? It were better for mankind that they had never been born."

—

In the "Medical Journal," of Boston, Dr. Fuller thus very pointedly remarks:

"The use cannot be separated from the abuse, either as a beverage or as a medicine. We cannot prevent the use of alcohol as a beverage without discarding its use. I think that the profession cannot but perceive that while alcoholic prescriptions are so universal, and while it is recommended as a domestic medicine, it will continue to be used as a beverage, and its lamentable effects will follow."

—

The well-known medical writer, and founder of a successful medical college in New York, Dr. Trall, thus reflects:

"The effects of intemperance may be summed up in a few words—vice, crime, pauperism, social corruption and national decline; and the root of the evil is alcoholic medication. It is true now, as it has ever been, that just to the extent that medical men advise and prescribe alcohol as a medicine will the people drink it as a beverage. The use of alcoholic drinks always did and always will follow in the wake of alcoholic medication."

The "Medical Times," of New York city, an ably managed and influential journal, thus appeals to the good sense of the medical profession:

"The alarming extent to which alcoholic stimulants are being resorted to as a beverage, by the public, should attract the serious consideration of physicians. The opinion is becoming prevalent that stimulus is beneficial. The various quacks who trump their 'bitters' into the market, are beginning to understand this, and have already reaped a golden harvest from a very extensive sale of their nostrums."

—

On one occasion, said Dr. Blakeman, in narrating the instance of a young lady, before the Academy of Medicine:

"In consequence of the prescription of a physician, she was led into habits of intemperance to such an extent that in the course of eight months she was accustomed to take two and one-half pints of brandy daily. She died a drunkard."

—

Professor Benjamin F. Barker, of the New York College of Medicine, said:

"I have known several ladies to become habitual drunkards, the primary cause being a taste for stimulus, which was acquired by alcoholic drinks being administered to them as medicine."

—

In the "Materia Medica" of Dr. Chapin, the following words have escaped the editor's pen:

"It is the sacred duty of every one exercising the

profession of medicine, to unite with the moralist, the divine, and the economist, in discouraging the consumption of these baneful articles; and, as the *first step* in the scheme of reformation, to discountenance the baneful notion of their remedial efficacy."

—

Before the Academy of Medicine, in New York, Professor Post instanced the case of a patient—a young man—who was hereditarily predisposed to consumption of the lungs. Acting upon the advice of a physician, he freely took to the use of alcoholic stimulants, became an inebriate, and died of delirium tremens. In this we have the peculiar wisdom of a class of physicians set before us. Better had he fallen by his pulmonary affection, a thousand fold.

Dr. Post also employed these words: "Even as a medicine alcohol is 'a mocker,' and all the bitters, tonics, etc., which men use who would scorn to enter a rum shop, are disguised assassins in satan's service."

—

Professor Mussey of the State Medical College of Ohio, says:

"I deny that alcoholic spirit is essential to the practice of either physic or surgery. So long as it retains a place among sick patients, so long will these be drunkards."

—

The venerable Dr. Porter, of Portland City, Maine, after an experience of sixty years in his profession, declared as follows:

"I exceedingly regret the exception (in favor of ardent spirit as a medicine) in the constitutions of temperance societies."

—

Professor Emlen, of the Philadelphia Medical College, uttered these words:

"All the use of ardent spirits is an abuse. They are mischievous under all circumstances."

—

Dr. Johnson, curtly said of alcohol:

"I have known it to do much harm, and never any good."

THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY NOT INNOCENT.

Facts and names might here be given *ad infinitum*, did our space warrant, or any further evidence than we have adduced seem necessary. It is unmistakable that the medical fraternity has not been innocent of the destruction of both bodies and souls in thus playing with what is as dangerous, in the sick room, as fire. It has a mission to fulfil in the great work of reform, of an all important kind. If it will but set its face firmly against stimulants, they will soon decline from the tinctures, extracts, and nostrums of the drug-store and quackery; and many shining lights in its own calling will thus be preserved to ennoble its character, and aid in the mitigation of physical suffering among the people.

HOW TO SUCCEED MORE SPEEDILY.

If the work of reform is ever to succeed—as surely it will—it will do so much more speedily, if the great

and heaven-inspired professions of the ministry and medicine will consistently and zealously wield their power on the side of Truth and Temperance.

TWO MORE WITNESSES.

In concluding these reflections, we will advert to two more testimonies of importance touching our subject:

R. A. Law, Esq., a gentleman who has been prominent and active in the work of temperance among boys and girls, thus writes:

"Everywhere I find alcoholic medication the chief obstacle in my pathway. Everywhere the medical profession is the stronghold of intemperance. The people are everywhere indoctrinated with the 'respiratory food' and 'vital supporter' fallacies, and the practice of physicians keeps up the clamor.

—

Professor McCullough, of Dumfries, in the World's Temperance Convention, as early as 1862, uttered this sentence of wisdom:

"The last and strongest fortress the temperance army will have to conquer will be the Medical Profession."

—

To the great healing profession, we say, 'heal thyself.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

ALCOHOL IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE.

As THIS work has the purpose, in its preparation, of doing good, we deem it advisable to show the real character of spirituous and malt liquors. For it is clear that very few persons, comparatively, have any fair knowledge of the general nature and effects, physiologically, of alcohol upon the "human form divine," otherwise they would disdain to use it, much less become its miserable slaves. We will, as briefly as possible, present it, as authoritatively furnished us in the light of science:

"By its chemical composition ethylic alcohol would take a certain place as a food, because it is represented by the symbols C2 H6 O, which show that it possesses carbon or heat-giving properties; but whilst at one time it was considered a food, and was subsequently declared to be utterly useless in the human economy—being eliminated comparatively unchanged it is now generally conceded that it is 'food' of a sort, but working rather more injury than good in the human system. If we take two men of equal vitality, and give one alcohol and keep all food from the other, it is probable that the one who has the alcohol will live the longest; but we know now if human beings are supplied with suitable food, those who take the least alcohol will *cœteris paribus*, live the longest.

So far, we have used the term 'alcohol' in a general way; but pure alcohol is only known in the chemist's laboratory. It has so great an affinity for water that it is only by the greatest care that the chemist can obtain it absolutely pure. He must distil it over and over again, and absorb the water with caustic potash before he can obtain the liquid he wants.

"Now this liquid is absolute poison—if we can conceive it possible that any one would drink it. So energetically does it absorb water that, taken into the system, it would dry up the tissues and destroy life. Suffice it to say that, while alcoholic drinks to a certain extent act as stimulants, it is known that they are really depressants and narcotics. As ordinarily imbibed, they act for a time as stimulants so called. They accelerate the motions of the heart and excite the nerves; they cause a feeling of genial warmth at the surface; but the internal heat is decreased, and when administered in large doses the temperature goes down so quickly and to such an extent that it is readily detected by the aid of a thermometer. As bodily heat, especially in this climate, is synonymous with vitality, it will be readily understood that anything which reduces it, without furnishing the requisite material for the reaction, must of necessity be useless as an article of food."

"IS IT STRANGE?"

Before these facts, is it strange at all that all liquors, malt or spirituous, blunt and debase the faculties of

soul and body? Is it any wonder that the most eminent and wisest physicians, chemists and scientists have always deplored its use? And is it singular that ministers, lecturers and essayists have always felt that it was a subject worthy public exposure?

WHAT LAMB SAID OF IT.

The great Charles Lamb, one of the most charming writers in our language, has cried out from his whole being, "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the death, out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptiaton."

AN APPEAL.

Under such statements can we do less that call upon the people everywhere, young and old, male and female, to put their shoulders to the great wheels of the Gospel Movement wherever it shall appear; to encourage it by word and act; and to extend sentiments and deeds of encouragement to those who have just escaped the powerful grasp of the miserable Demon, whose hands and lips are red with the best blood our nation has ever produced?

Let the pulpit and rostrum, the capitalist and laborer, all ranks and conditions, at least, upon this question, stand together in behalf of a common humanity. Let all remember that, when the sin and curse of rum is washed away, the clouds of pauperism and crime will break from over us, and let in the full light and beauty of peace, prosperity, happiness and righteousness.

CLOSING WORDS TO THE REFORMED MEN.

To the men who have signed, we say, be steadfast! Yes, men, be steadfast! Remember that you stand pledged to lives of sobriety and manliness. Allow no temptation so much as a moment's consideration. Your arch-enemy is wily—yea, the insinuating Devil himself. Give him the finger and he will instantly seize your hand. You cannot risk his company an hour or a moment, with any more impunity than you can a year. When the appetite appears, throttle it. Down, on your knees! You have not strength enough; but God has. Ask Him, and He will give

you victory so that like David, you shall never lose a battle. Ask Him, and He will give you more freely than even you can receive.

Under no circumstances, stand in your own strength! Even God, who teaches temperance and truth, in all things, may turn from you and smite you, as He did Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, if you imagine that in the strength of your own will, you are some great one. Be humble! Trust Jehovah! Solomon said that a lofty spirit in man preceded a fall, and we have ever so found it. Those who most think they stand, always are surest and quickest to fall. Be dependent, then! Call upon God's Holy Spirit! Pray daily, and He will keep your feet.

Is the precious boon of freedom, of soberness, of respectability, and temporal and eternal happiness, not worth so slight and transient a struggle?

Keep before you, also, your obligation! It was of your own volition. You had tried the venomous thing in the glass, and found it stung you. It would have done so again, and again, until you had died in the delirium or disease emanating from its fangs. Thank God, you escaped with your life! You tried, we say, and escaped. Of your option, you chose Temperance. Let it be this, then, forever. Be courageous, be true. And if all others go down in the conflict, and are faithless, stand firm and invincible in the power of the Almighty, and He will put upon your brow a wreath that archangels and seraphims will honor.

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